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MIRTHFULNESS

AND ITS EXCITERS;

OR,

Rational Laughter and its Promoters.

BY

B. F. CLARK,

Pastor of the Congregational Church, North Chelmsford, Mass., from 1839 to 1869.

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To

THE HIGH AND THE LOW,

THE RICH AND THE POOR,

THE LEARNED AND THE UNLEARNED,

This Book

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THREE reasons have influenced me to prepare this book for the public.

1st, A belief that there was a demand for such a book. I had felt the demand myself, and had heard others express a similar feeling. I had purchased two books of anecdotes, of several hundred pages each, in both of which I found but very few truly humorous sayings. I inquired of literary men, and examined several public libraries, in search of a book containing short, humorous, and witty anecdotes adapted to excite mirthfulness, without offending the taste or demoralizing the feelings of the chaste and the pious; and I learned that no such book had been published, but that such anecdotes could be found, scattered through many volumes and periodicals, and laid up in the memories of individuals. Several gentlemen with whom I spoke upon the subject expressed the hope that I would employ my leisure time in supplying the demand described.

2d, Having been unexpectedly relieved from the duties of professional life, and being required to do something for my support, I felt obliged to employ my pen in this service; and, with this feeling, I cast about for a subject on which to write a book. Three subjects were suggested to me, all of which seemed attractive, and all of which I thought would command public attention, and secure a profitable sale, if skilfully presented. For reasons, I selected *one*, with the intention, if my first book shall find a profitable sale, to follow it with another, if not others.

3d, The strong reason which influenced me to give attention to the preparation of *this work*, at the time I did, was *this:* Influenced by the *cruel intolerance* of a few professed reformers outside of my parish, who felt indignant at my success in securing public favor, in opposition to their impracticable schemes to effect a moral reform *by force*, I had torn myself away from a people with whom I had been connected nearly thirty years, between nearly all of whom and myself there existed a very strong attachment. The violence done to my feelings by this rupture, produced by the intolerance of which I have spoken, left me in a state, both physical and mental, which demanded my most skilful treatment. I

knew it would be suicidal for me, at the age of sixty-one, to retire from the world and do nothing. I was invited to take another charge; but I had resolved never to be married to another people. In deciding that I would devote my time and energies to writing for the public, I concluded to begin with a work which I thought would interest my own mind in a manner that would be physically and mentally profitable. The preparation of this book has given me pleasant employment; and I sincerely hope that its perusal will afford rational entertainment to thousands. My own mirthfulness has been pleasurably excited by the exciters I have arranged for others; and if my book meets with an extensive sale, the profits of which shall pay for the plates and bring me in a pecuniary income, I shall experience more pleasure in its *sale* than I have in its *preparation*. The *funniest* thing in connection with this *funny* work, of which I can well conceive, would be the sale of twelve thousand copies of it within twelve months of the date of its publication. This *funny* result can be approximated; and I can be made to laugh heartily and rationally, with unnumbered others of my countrymen, if my numerous friends in Massachusetts and in other States will buy my book, and recommend its purchase to their associates. It is a book for both sexes, of every age, who can read intelligently; for all professions and denominations; for secret societies, clubs, and lodges, of every description, especially the reformatory and clerical; and for isolated persons, who refuse all alliance with others. If my book does not find a respectable sale, and its publication imposes upon me a debt, instead of contributing to my support, I shall be compelled to look elsewhere for exciters of my own mirthfulness. That I may have pleasant feelings, and manifest them in a smiling countenance, that I may enjoy rational laughing with my readers, I solicit their aid in increasing the sale of my book. I do this, assuring them that a large sale will be the *most pleasant* to me of all these *pleasantries*.

B. F. C.

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MIRTHFULNESS.

MIRTHFULNESS.

MAN was the last and best of the Creator's six-days' work. After the worlds were made and hung out in space, commissioned to move in their appropriate spheres, their Maker counselled with himself respecting the creation of his crowning work. The earth being formed, and furnished with plants and the lower grades of animals, the Creator said, "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." In the structure of this wonderful product of infinite skill, the celestial and terrestrial were combined, the spiritual and material were associated. In this noble creature we have an attractive specimen of God's handiwork, — a specimen which declares his skill infinite.

What study can be more interesting, important, and instructive than that of man? "Know thyself" is a direction of pre-eminent importance, — a direction every person should obey to the extent of his ability. As has been intimated, man is a compound being, composed of a material organization, and an intelligent spirit which animates, controls, and moves this organization. The connection between the two is marvellously mysterious, and the combination makes the man. In acquiring an accurate knowledge of this noblest of God's creatures on earth, we must study his several parts. We must consider and understand him analytically before we can properly regard ourselves ac-

quainted with his complicated whole. The two grand divisions of this important compound, the material and spiritual, the physical and mental, are easily distinguished. Their manifestations are wholly unlike: they have no property in common. The one is matter; the other, spirit. The one is inert and insensible: the other is active and intelligent. The former part of this compound has been analyzed. It has been minutely dissected by the skilful anatomist; and by him each system has been described, and every part named, and its design and office stated. By the aid of plates and manikins, books and teachers, and subjects for dissection, the learner may know himself physically. He may study and understand the framework of his body, composed of its many parts, with all its adaptedness to locomotion and varied action. He may acquire an accurate knowledge of the system of straps which cover this frame, through the agency of which its countless motions are effected. He may learn what is known of the nervous system, and with astonishment and delight may contemplate its marvellous manifestations. By this study he may learn the medium through which sensation is conveyed with more than telegraphic speed, and motion is effected. He may acquire a knowledge of the tubes and accompanying apparatus through which the life's blood circulates, and nourishes every part of the whole body. He may study the apparatus for receiving food, and converting it into the life-giving fluid; and, in short, may acquire full and accurate knowledge of this wonderful system of systems, this complicated machine which presents such clear and abundant evidence of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. In addition to this knowledge, secured through the agency of extensive and accurate investigations of anatomists, the diligent student may learn much respecting himself without a teacher. The external members of his body are clearly seen, and their uses known. When he has learned

what he can of his physical, possessing the power to name every bone, to describe its form, its position in the body, and its use; when he can name every muscle, and is acquainted with its position and action; when he has acquired a thorough knowledge of his marvellous system of nerves, through which he feels and produces action; when he has acquainted himself with his internal organs, which change his food to the vital principle, and bear the same with all its nourishing qualities to every part of his person, and which enable him to breathe, and perform his other internal functions; when he has learned the use of his limbs and his organs of sense, and understands how they operate, — he has merely acquired a knowledge of one of the grand divisions of himself. He has acquired a knowledge of the machine, the complicated and marvellously-constructed machine, and has made himself acquainted with its numerous parts and with its wonderful capabilities: but this machine is useless without the power that operates it; and a man cannot be regarded as knowing himself, who has not a knowledge of this power. This power constitutes the second grand division of man, — his mind. Before passing to a consideration of this power, I will remark, that, in many respects, man has his superiors among the lower grades of animals. In strength, in speed, in soaring aloft, and in diving into the depths, many of the lower orders of creatures vastly excel him. Beasts of the forest, monsters of the deep, and birds of the air, possess power and speed, compared with which his is insignificant: and yet he is lord of creation; he has a marked pre-eminence among all creatures on earth; is greater and mightier in an important sense than the king of beasts, or any that roam with him in his forest-home. What gives man his superiority? What makes him lord and master of all creatures on earth? What imparts to him the honorable distinction he enjoys? I answer, His mind, — the principle that animates, controls,

and directs his animal, and imparts to him a resemblance to his Creator. It is his mind that fills his face with intelligent expression; "that perceives, remembers, reasons, loves, hopes, fears, compares, desires, resolves, adores, imagines, and aspires after immortality," and that makes him superior, constitutes him lord. Well trained and richly furnished with knowledge, the human mind is not confined to time nor place in its mighty workings. It flies back through the past, plays with the mysteries of antiquity, views the works of other days, and holds converse with the dead who long since closed their connection with earth. It also glances forward, lifts the veil of futurity, and imagines what will be when the great principles of truth shall be fully developed. Not satisfied with this extensive range, it leaps the bounds of time, and gazes on the abodes of men when they shall have entered upon the immortal future, their endless state of being. By a power of its own, guided by science, or rather borne on scientific wings, it leaves this globe, its native place, and dwells among the stars, the luminous centres of other systems, like our own; and, beyond these vast congregations of worlds, it gazes upon other systems performing their regular revolutions in the immensity of space. Through all these the scientific Christian mind looks up to Him who made them and gave to them their laws, and with him holds delightful intercourse. This is the power that works the human machine, the material part of man, — a power which distinguishes him from other creatures with which we are acquainted. Before attempting a description of this intelligent power, the human mind, I will direct attention to its organ, and the location of the same. The organ of the mind is the brain. Notice its location. It is in the head. It is a delicate organ, curiously constructed, demanding perfect protection to secure its healthy action.

In the language of another, I say, "Look at the brain's

commanding position in the superior and crowning position of the majestic structure called man. Behold the matchless skill of the divine Architect displayed in protecting from external injury this exquisitely-wrought instrument, first by the skull, so elegantly and wonderfully shaped, and so judiciously divided into its various frontal, lateral, and occipital portions, and all these so ingeniously and so strongly joined together by their respective sutures. And, in order still further to strengthen this bulwark of the intellect, we find the skull, again, divided into its external and internal tables, and these supported and united by an intervening spongy substance, which renders it less liable to be cracked or broken. This ossific ball is also strengthened by the scalp; and this, again, is both protected and adorned by a thick coat of flowing hair." The location and protection of the brain show the skill and care of the Creator in providing a suitable palace for this dignified organ of thought, feeling, and action. From the brain proceed, or in it terminate, all the nerves of the entire body; and, to support this organ, about one-third of the vital fluid propelled by the heart is ordinarily used.

These scientific facts, demonstrated by experiments of the learned, show clearly that the Author of our being designed the brain for a noble and important work. All approved philosophers agree that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that "it is the grand centre of all the most delicate and intricate machinery of the human frame;" but all do not agree that "the brain is composed of a large number of organs corresponding to the several independent faculties of the mind, which are a congregate of separate primary powers," and that each faculty operates only through its appropriate organ. All this is asserted by one class of philosophers, confidently asserted, and as confidently denied by others. Some of the latter class regard the mind a unit, and its several faculties merely different

manifestations of this unit, in its different states or modes of action. According to their theory, the whole mind perceives, compares, loves, hates, &c.; and the brain is the organ through which these various operations are performed. This theory makes the mind a unit, and the brain a single organ. What are called the powers and susceptibilities of the mind are its different states and manifestations. The whole mind thinks and feels and acts. In opposition to this theory, we have the one to which brief reference has been made, — a theory of the mind, and its mode of operations, — which is growing in popular favor. This system of mental philosophy claims to have been established by induction. It may be thus comprehensively stated: The brain is composed of a number of distinct organs, the comparative size of which is manifested upon the outside of the skull, so that a skilful manipulator can describe the constitutional character of a person by feeling of his head. "The mind consists of a plurality of innate and independent faculties, a congregate of separate primary powers;" and each of these acts legitimately through its own appropriate organ. These faculties are perfectly distinct from the organ through which they act. They are as distinct as the mental faculty of seeing is from the eye. The eye is no more a part of the seeing faculty than the telescope, by the aid of which heavenly bodies are seen, which are invisible through the unassisted eye; or than the concave glass, which lengthens the range of the near-sighted person's vision.

The classification of this system is interesting. 1st, The animal propensities and their organs occupy the lower and posterior portions of the brain. 2d, The moral sentiments and their organs occupy the superior lateral portions of the brain. 3d, The intellectual faculties and their organs occupy the front of the brain. According to this classification, the intellectual faculties operate through the front portion of the mind's organ, indicating that these faculties were de-

signed to perceive the right, and direct the man in the pursuit of worthy objects, while they guard him against dangers.

The moral and religious faculties act through the crown of the brain, indicating, that, when exercised in accordance with truths and directions received through the intellect, they will exhibit man in his truest dignity. The animal propensities are placed where they should be, — in the posterior and lower portion of the brain; clearly indicating that these propensities were designed to be controlled by the intellectual and moral power. The particular grouping of certain organs is interesting. Take the following illustrations: Upon the highest part of the brain is the organ of veneration. The most legitimate exercise of this faculty is the worship of the true God. Immediately behind this is *firmness*, indicating that man should be especially decided in his reverence for the object of his worship, as the noble and fearless Daniel was. On each side of these organs are arranged, in order, marvellousness, hope, and conscientiousness. The first-named faculty is legitimately employed in contemplating "things not seen and eternal;" things which constitute heaven, and are seen only by faith. Immediately behind this faculty is hope, indicating that the most appropriate and only fully-satisfying objects the mind can rationally hope for are those "within the veil," where the glorious Redeemer is. Immediately behind hope is conscientiousness, indicating that hope should have a firm foundation in moral qualities, in a good character, or it will prove "like the spider's web."

In this system of philosophy, mirthfulness is regarded one of the original faculties of the mind, and is thus defined: "It is that mental power which looks at things through a ludicrous medium, and thus forms humorous ideas and conceptions; a quick and lively perception of the ludicrous and absurd." This faculty is classed with the

semi-intellectual; and its organ is arranged between causality and ideality, *indicating* that it may be *rationally employed.* Whether man's mind consists of *one* faculty, or a *plurality,* it is *certain* he is a *laughing* animal; and that his *laughing,* properly exercised, promotes the health of his body and the rational pleasure of his mind, without detracting from his dignity or his usefulness. I choose to regard mirthfulness as a distinct faculty, and shall so treat it in this essay; but my readers who reject the system I have described will grant the correctness of my position, that man is a *laughing* animal. The infant exercises this part of its nature in a feeble yet attractive manner; and, in passing through the different stages of his minority, his love of laughing "grows with his growth, and increases with his strength."

Children and young people are liable to exercise their mirthfulness *extravagantly;* while, as they encounter the *stern realities* of life in riper years, they are liable to neglect this exercise, and thereby exchange their youthful *cheerfulness* for the repelling *moroseness* of age. Doubtless some persons laugh too easily and too much; but the abuse of a faculty is no argument against its proper use. That the faculty of mirthfulness is a part of man's nature cannot be denied, whether it is a distinct faculty of his mind or not. He laughs, and enjoys laughing; and he possesses certain muscles which would never be used if he did not laugh. But we are told by some persons that it is undignified, unchristian, and wrong to laugh; and, in proof of this proposition, it is said that it is a solemn thing to live under the responsibilities of an intelligent, free, moral agent, who is accountable to the moral Governor of the universe for his conduct. It is also said, that, in the history of Jesus, we have no account of his laughing. We know only a small part of what Jesus did while upon earth; and it is safe to conclude, that, if he had regarded it

a sin to laugh, he would have stated the fact in his teachings. I readily assent to the proposition, that *it is a solemn thing to live* in the midst of such responsibilities as are imposed upon us citizens of earth; but I *deny* that Christianity forbids the cultivation and exercise of mirthfulness: while I claim that *it is both a privilege and a duty to laugh; and they who fail to improve this privilege, and perform this duty, whether they are influenced by constitutional characteristics or by partial views of religion, will not escape the penalties of their folly.*

I have known a few persons, and have heard of others, who refused to exercise their mirthfulness, and suffered for the refusal. Two of this class were associated with me as classmates in the theological seminary. The subsequent history of one of these is unknown to me; but the other died soon after he entered the ministry. In a conversation with Henry Ward Beecher (who was also my classmate) several years ago, I said to him, "You doubtless remember, brother Henry, how you used to vex the righteous soul of brother Casswell, the sombre member of our class, by the indulgence of your mirthfulness?"

"Yes, yes!" he replied; "and Casswell is dead, and I am alive: and that is just the difference between our theories."

An aged clergyman informed me, that, when in the seminary, he had a classmate who adopted the notion, that it was wrong to laugh; and his conduct occasioned more laughing than that of all the other students. His unnatural course unfitted him for social intercourse, and carried him to the grave, after a brief ministry of six months.

A sombre clergyman, who by his remarkably quiet habits, which kept him free from excitement, lived to be old, was one day talking with me and my companion in our house against the "*Beechers*" in general, and "*Henry Ward*" in particular. The latter, he said, had delivered a

lecture on mirthfulness, and thereby had *disgraced* the ministerial office. Waxing warm with his subject, he said, —

"Think of Paul lecturing on mirthfulness! Paul was a *weeper*, but no *laugher*. The Bible speaks of *weeping*, but not of *laughing*."

As he paused a moment, I quietly remarked, "I think the Bible states that good old Sarah laughed on a particular occasion." This remark struck the old gentleman's unguarded risibles, and he burst forth in a hearty laugh, which convulsed his whole system, and greatly amused us who witnessed the scene. While "there is a time to laugh," there are times when laughing is untimely and wrong. Reason, the constituted governor of the human mind, should control this subordinate faculty, and appoint its seasons for action, and direct the same. The benefits conferred by the rational exercise of mirthfulness are various and important. The possessor of a merry heart hath a continual feast, and he sheds rays of cheerfulness all around him. He is a pleasant companion. His smiles, liberally bestowed on his associates, excite in them pleasurable feelings, which find expression in the countenance. Mirthfulness, gently excited, produces cheerfulness, and adds to the attractiveness of the person in whom this faculty is thus exercised. Mirthfulness, suddenly and strongly excited, causes the hearty laugh which agitates the whole body. The woman whose face is ordinarily wreathed with smiles is happy, and a happiness-maker. If a wife, "she does her husband good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She is the light and the joy of his dwelling, the light and the joy of his heart. Either a gentle or a hearty laugh does good, and only good, if produced by unobjectionable agencies, and not indulged too often. Such exercise aids digestion, promotes a healthy circulation in all persons, and confers special benefits upon all classes. It cheers and re-

freshes the manual laborer, rests the wearied brain, and sharpens the intellect of the scholar, and, in addition to the momentary pleasure it affords, strengthens all who indulge in it for the better accomplishment of the severer tasks of life. The physical and mental health of the student would be promoted, and his work facilitated, by a daily laugh that would cause the shaking of his sides and all the parts attached to them.

While mirthfulness is part of our nature, was designed to be exercised, and may be profitably by all classes, its exercise is peculiarly profitable to persons heavily taxed with responsible cares and wearing labor. Wives and mothers, business-men and legislators, and all engaged in the learned professions, belong to this class.

The lamented Lincoln would have been *crushed* by the weighty and distracting cares and responsibilities imposed upon him, if he had not possessed the power of exciting the mirthful in himself and associates by his apt stories and his ready wit. Dr. Lyman Beecher once said, in my hearing, when he was pastor of a church in Cincinnati, teacher of theology in Lane Seminary, and writing for the press, that, but for his systematic seasons of *unwinding*, he would have broken down long before that time. He laughed from principle; and yet I never saw a person appear to enjoy the exercise more than he did.

Statesmen need recreation; in securing which, the faculty under consideration should be largely employed. The same need is felt by lawyers, physicians, and clergymen. The work of lawyers imposes a severe tax upon their powers of endurance, and creates a demand for rest, accompanied with the hearty laugh. The work of the physician deprives him of regular sleep, subjects him to intense anxiety, and strongly excites his sympathies for the sick and the otherwise afflicted. His professional visits are made to families, at times, when they are disinclined to be mirthful. Surely

his class need the exhilarating laugh to keep them from despondings, and a book of choice anecdotes is happily adapted to excite what will supply their need. The work of the clergy is a solemn and responsible work. In contemplating it, an inspired apostle exclaimed, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The man who undertakes to do them "should be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, and apt to teach." He is required "to watch for souls, as one who must give an account of his stewardship." Can any man perform this work efficiently, without early running down, who does not have "his seasons of unwinding," in which he brings into exercise, pleasurable exercise, the faculty we are considering? Clergymen especially need an exciter of mirthfulness near at hand, to which they can resort for momentary relief; and what is there so cheap and convenient, and so effective, as a book of well-selected and well-arranged humorous sayings, such as the one of which this essay forms a part?

Having shown that mirthfulness is an important part of man, a part wisely designed to promote his happiness and usefulness, I will proceed to state how it may be excited. Mirthfulness may be excited by the presentation of a ridiculous scene to the eye, by an exhibition of wit, or the repetition of a well-timed anecdote. A few illustrations will close this essay. To see a very fat man running toward the *dépôt* with puffing exertions, and making almost imperceptible progress, while the cars are approaching, is very laughable, while it is other than sport to him. A few years since, a very corpulent woman undertook to enter an omnibus on one of the streets in Boston, the door of which would not allow her ingress. The sight of this failure drew forth a hearty laugh from the passers-by, — a laugh which should have been suppressed by a regard for the feelings of the unfortunate female. About the same time, Wendell Phillips, in contrasting the politeness of the French with that

of the American people, related the following: In a well-filled theatre in Paris, he saw a big woman enter one of the boxes with the aid of one man pulling in front, and two *shoving after;* and yet there was no laughing at her calamity. Ridiculous scenes are sometimes presented to the eye in pictures. Caricatures of politicians belong to this class. I remember seeing a picture in a comic almanac which greatly amused me. A poor washing-woman endeavored to make her ten small children useful by employing them as clothes-pins. These little creatures were represented sitting on the line, fastening the clothes with their feet. A celebrated clergyman of the last century is reported to have said in a sermon, "If I should see Satan running away with several of my parishioners on his shoulders, I could not conscientiously cry, *Stop thief!*" A drunken man was aroused from his sleep by the roadside, and asked, —

"Who are you?"

He replied, "My name is Cane."

"Are you that Cain who slew his brother?"

"No: I am the Cane who *got slewed!*"

A distinguished lawyer was engaged in arguing a case when he was intoxicated. In his objections to the ruling of the judge, he was reprimanded for the use of disrespectful language, and reminded that he was in the *temple of justice.*

"In the temple of justice!" he replied with a *curled lip* and a *contemptuous tone,* and was proceeding in the use of disrespectful language, when the court interrupted him by saying, —

"Sit down, Mr. Brown; sit down: you are *drunk!*"

"Right, your honor; right: and it is the only correct decision you have made this term."

The mirthful effect of a story is greatly increased by its being skilfully told, and skilfully adapted to the illustration of a point in an argument or in a conversation. John

B. Gough tells the following story in one of his oft-repeated lectures, with tremendous effect: —

A Yankee, walking the streets of London, looked through a window upon a group of men writing very rapidly; and one of them said to him, in an insulting manner, "Do you wish to buy some gape-seed?" Passing on a short distance, the Yankee met a man, and asked him what the business of those men was in the office he had just passed. He was told that they wrote letters dictated by others, and transcribed all kinds of documents; in short, they were writers. The Yankee returned to the office, and inquired if one of the men would write a letter for him, and was answered in the affirmative. He asked the price, and was told one dollar. After considerable talk, the bargain was made; one of the conditions of which was, that the scribe should write just what the Yankee told him to, or he should receive no pay. The scribe told the Yankee he was ready to begin; and the latter said, —

"Dear marm;" and then asked, "Have you got that deoun?"

"Yes," was the reply: "*go on.*"

"I went to take a ride t'other day: have you got that deoun?"

"*Yes: go on, go on.*"

"And I harnessed the old mare into the wagon: have you got that deoun?"

"Yes, yes; long ago: go on."

"Why, how fast you write! And I got into the wagon, and sat deoun, and drew up the reins, and took the whip in my right hand: have you got all that deoun?"

"Yes; long ago: *go on.*"

"Dear me, how fast you write! I never saw your equal. And I said to the old mare, '*Go 'long,*' and yerked the reins pretty hard. Have you got that deoun?"

"Yes; and I am impatiently waiting for more. I wish

you wouldn't bother me so with your foolish questions. Go on with your letter."

"Well, the old mare wouldn't stir out of her tracks; and I hollered, '*Go 'long, you old jade! go 'long.*' Have you got that deoun?"

"Yes, indeed, *you pestersome fellow: go on.*"

"And I licked her, and I licked her, and I licked her;" and he continued to repeat these words as rapidly as he could speak them, until he was stopped by the scribe, who told him he had written two pages of "*licked her,*" and he wanted the rest of the letter.

"Well," said the Yankee, "and she kicked, and she kicked, and she kicked;" and he continued to repeat these words as rapidly as he could speak them, until he was again stopped by the scribe, who told him he had several pages of "*she kicked,*" and entreated him to proceed with his letter. The Yankee then employed his tongue in making the clucking noise by which horses are urged to move, and continued its rapid repetition for some time; when, seeing the scribe throw aside his pen, he said to him, "*Write it deoun, write it deoun.*"

The scribe replied, "*I can't.*"

"Well, then," said the Yankee, "I won't pay you."

The scribe, gathering up his papers, said, "What shall I do with all these sheets upon which I have written your nonsense?"

The Yankee replied, "You may use them in doing up your *gape-seed,*" and bid the scribe and his companions good-by.

This is said to be one of Mr. Gough's most effective stories. The chief part of the effect results from his matchless, dramatic manner of telling it. I will give two illustrations of increasing the humorous effect of a story by its adaptedness to sharpen a point.

The professed prohibitory members of the Massachusetts

Legislature, in 1869, were about equally divided; one portion being called the "*strict*," and the other "*the relaxers*." In discussing the "liquor bill" in the Senate, these two parties opposed each other with great severity. An advocate of a judicious license system, having listened to the sharp, spirited discussion, remarked to persons who asked him how he had been entertained, that the conflict reminded him of a story of the Revolution. A Yankee privateersman, late one afternoon, saw a British man-of-war approaching him in the distance. He put on full sail, with the hope of escaping his foe by the aid of night. He soon discovered that he was sailing towards another British craft. When it began to be dark, the two British ships raised their lights; and the Yankee raised one resembling theirs, which he extinguished as soon as his two foes were sufficiently near each other to see their respective lights; and he took a position outside of the line, at a safe distance, and there witnessed the coming-together of the two British ships, each supposing that the other was her victim. For a time, the Yankee witnessed the conflict between the two ships, each pouring broadsides into the other; and he said he enjoyed the sight, and bade the contending parties good-night, wishing both perfect success. The telling of this story produced a hearty laugh, because of its appropriateness.

The same man who told this story was approached by two prohibitory members of the same legislature, who acknowledged to him that they found it very difficult to frame a law upon the subject of liquor-selling. They said, the more the subject was discussed, the greater the difficulties appeared. He told them that they reminded him of an old deacon, who could talk so well in the conference-room, that he thought he could preach; and made an attempt to exercise his gift one day with the consent of the congre-

gation with which he worshipped. He took the pulpit, named his text, and proceeded a few minutes, when he broke down; and, looking around upon his hearers, he said, "Brethren, if any of you think it is an easy matter to preach, just come up here and try it."

These two illustrations aid in showing the value of such a book as I now present to the public. It will furnish its readers with exciters of the mirthful in themselves, and the means of sharpening the points of their discourse, and of exciting the mirthful in others. With great propriety, my book can be made to adopt the language of a celebrated patent medicine: "*Buy me, and I will do you good.*"

Believing there is a demand for this work to fill an unoccupied place in unnumbered families, as well as in the studies and offices of professional men, I have prepared it with the hope that it will promote the health and happiness of those who may welcome it to their homes, and use it as a means of removing depression, lightening the cares of life, and of imparting rational enjoyment. In presenting the exciters of mirthfulness which I have collected from my own memory, from periodicals and books, I shall classify them, as well as I can, for the benefit of the reader.

The first class will have reference to clergymen. Many of these have been favored with rich veins of wit and humor, which have contributed largely to their own and the enjoyment of their associates. Some have been restrained in exercising their mirthfulness by the mistaken notion that such exercise was inconsistent with professional propriety, and even wrong. Some, of whom the celebrated Dr. Clark, the Methodist commentator, was a representative, have indulged in plays and pleasantries only when excluded from the public. Dr. Clark, while thus indulging with some of his associates, said to them, "We must stop our sport, for

here comes a fool;" referring to a person approaching them, who disapproved of all pleasantries in clergymen. The work of this class is a sober work; but it does not conflict with the proprieties of life, and is not inconsistent with true manliness, which demands the symmetrical development and harmonious action of all the faculties.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING CLERGYMEN.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING CLERGYMEN.

JOHN HANCOCK, a graduate of Harvard College, was the minister of Lexington, Mass., from 1697 to 1752. The following story illustrates his self-reliance and independence. In the latter part of his ministry, while he was quite aged, but still hale and vigorous, and not a little disposed to use his authority, the two deacons, and perhaps others in the church, thought it necessary to put some check upon the good old man. So, on a set time, the deacons went to his house to propose that they should have ruling elders in the church. It was thought to be a difficult matter to propose the business to so lofty a man: so the ablest of the deacons undertook it after the following fashion: —

"We think, sir," said he, "that, on account of your great age, you ought to have some assistance from the church in your numerous arduous labors."

"Ah!" says Mr. Hancock, who knew what was coming, "I know I am old, and I suppose I am feeble too. I thank the church for their kindness; but how do they propose to help me?"

"Oh!" said the deacons, "they thought they would appoint two ruling elders to divide the care of the church with you; but they did not wish to do so without your consent."

"Well, I should like it," said he. "Perhaps they would choose *you* to the office" (the deacons concurred in that opinion): "they couldn't do better; you might be of great help to me. But what do you think is the business of ruling elders?" said he.

"Oh!" said the aspirants to the office, thinking the difficulty all over, "we will leave that to you: you are a learned man, and have studied the history of the Church."

"Yes," said he, "I have studied ecclesiastical history a good deal, and paid particular attention to church discipline and government; and I think I know what ruling elders ought to do."

"We leave it wholly to you to say what part of your labors they shall attend to," remarked the deacons.

"Well, then," said the bishop, "I should like to have one of them come to my house before meetings on Sunday, and get my horse out of the barn, saddle and lead him to the door, and hold the stirrup while I get on: the other may wait at the church-door, and hold him while I get off; then, after meeting, he may lead him up to the horse-block. This is all of my work I ever can consent to let ruling elders do for me."

The office was not filled.

The following shows that Mr. Hancock could be facetious as well as episcopal: —

He once visited a wealthy farmer, one of his best friends, who was in the habit of making him presents from time to time. It was in the forenoon; and the farmer's wife — the husband being in the hay-field — got him for luncheon some brown-bread and cider, and set before him a whole cheese, from which he might cut for himself. He put his knife on the cheese, first this way and then that, as if in doubt where to begin.

"Where shall I cut this cheese, Mrs. Smith?" asked he.

"Cut it where you have a mind to, Mr. Hancock," was the answer.

"Then," said he, "I think I will cut it at home:" so slices of cheese were brought for the lunch, and the whole cheese was put in the minister's saddle-bags.

Rev. Samuel Moody, minister at York, Me., from 1698 to 1747.

Father Moody, as he was called, was a very eccentric man. When Cape Breton was taken the first time, Father Moody served as chaplain. After the capture was effected, the officers of the navy and land-forces dined together. Knowing the chaplain's partiality for long religious services, some of his friends manifested an anxiety that he might occupy so much time in returning thanks, that the food would become cold before they could commence eating it. When called upon to perform this service, Father Moody approached the table, lifting up both hands, and saying, "O Lord! we have so much to bless thee for, we must refer it to eternity; for time is too short: so bless our food and fellowship for Christ's sake."

On a journey, Father Moody spent a sabbath with a clergyman for whom he preached. The clergyman told him that a portion of his audience were accustomed to go out before meeting was done; and he had tried in vain to change the custom. Father Moody said that thing would not disturb him at all. After naming his text, the preacher looked round, and said, "My friends, I am going to preach to two sorts of folks to-day, — saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first; and I would have you give good attention." After preaching to them a long time, he paused, and said, "There, sinners, I have done with you now. You may take your hats, and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." Instead of availing themselves of this permission, the whole class of

sinners present concluded to remain, and hear what the preacher had to say to the saints.

Among Mr. Moody's stated hearers was a young man, who, when he had a new coat or a pair of squeaking shoes, was accustomed to come into meeting late, for the manifest purpose of attracting attention. After having frequently annoyed Mr. Moody in this way, he walked the whole length of the broad aisle one sabbath morning in the time of prayer. The moment he stopped in his seat, Father Moody, with an elevated voice, exclaimed, "O Lord! we pray thee, cure Ned Ingraham of his ungodly strut."

In Mr. Moody's day, the question was warmly discussed by theologians, "Who was Melchisedec?" Mr. Moody proposed to preach a sermon in Cambridge, in which he would answer this question. Public notice was given; and the preacher had a large audience, including the faculty of the college and many of the students. At the close of a very long sermon, containing no allusion to the mysterious high priest, the preacher said, "I promised to inform my audience who Melchisedec was. Melchisedec, my hearers, was the King of Salem." Having made this statement, he closed the services with prayer and benediction.

Rev. Peter Clark, the grandfather of the compiler's grandfather, was the minister of Danvers, Mass., from 1717 to 1768. Mr. Clark was distinguished for learning and ability as a preacher. A colored servant usually attended him when at home and abroad. In time of an extended and severe drought, several of the neighboring churches met in conference to fast and pray over their calamity. Mr. Clark preached a very solemn and earnest discourse, during the delivery of which, a copious shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning, fell upon the parched earth. At the close of the services, the negro servant remarked, "I knew something would have to come when Massa Clark

took hold. I believe, if de rain hadn't come, Massa Clark would have torn de pulpit all to pieces."

Rev. MATHER BYLES, D.D., was pastor of Hollis-street Church, Boston, from 1733 to 1776. Dr. Byles was a Tory; and, though he did not introduce his political opinions into the pulpit, he openly and earnestly expressed them out of it. He severely censured the rising spirit of resistance, largely employing his prodigious power of sarcasm.

This unpopular course caused his dismission in '76. At a town-meeting in May, the year following, he was publicly denounced as an enemy to his country, and was subsequently tried before a special court. The charges preferred against him were, that he prayed for the king; that he remained in town during the siege, and received visits from the British officers. He was sentenced to be banished to England, with his family; but this sentence was changed to imprisonment in his own house for a time. During this imprisonment, a sentinel placed over him walked constantly before his door. On one occasion, the doctor persuaded the sentinel to go on an errand for him, promising to take his place. Accordingly, he shouldered his musket, and performed the sentinel's service during his absence; keeping guard over himself, to the great amusement of passers-by. He was restored to liberty, after a few weeks, by the removal of the guard; but the guard was afterwards replaced, and soon after again dismissed. In reference to these circumstances, he remarked, that "he had been *guarded*, *regarded*, and *disregarded*."

Directly opposite his house was a bad slough in wet weather, of which he had frequently complained, without effecting its removal. Two of the selectmen who had care of the streets, riding in a chaise, stuck fast in that slough, and were obliged to get out into the mud to extricate their

vehicle. Dr. Byles came out, and, making them a respectful bow, said, "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any attention being paid to it. I am very glad to see you *stirring in this matter now*."

In 1780, a very extraordinary obscurity pervaded the atmosphere on a particular day, which is always designated as "*the dark day*." A lady sent her servant to inquire of the doctor how this remarkable phenomenon was to be accounted for, and whether he really believed that the last day had come. "Give my compliments to your mistress," said he, "and tell her that I am quite as much in the dark as she is."

On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Prince of the Old South Church agreed to exchange with him, but failed to meet his engagement. The doctor went into his pulpit, and stated his disappointment; and added, that he was unwilling his audience should retire without at least a word of exhortation: he would therefore briefly address them on an appropriate passage, which they would find in the third verse of the hundred and forty-sixth Psalm, — "*Put not your trust in princes.*" While the guard was standing in front of his house, a visitor asked him what that was standing out there so patiently. "Oh!" said the doctor, "*that's an observe-a-tory.*"

During his trial, one of his parishioners, not distinguished for intellectual brilliancy, bearing the Christian name of *Eben*, but usually called *Ebby*, was giving in his testimony; and, not speaking very audibly, the doctor, placing his hand behind his ear, and leaning forward, asked with great gravity, "What does that *Ebby-dunce* (evidence) say?" To Bishop Parker he whispered on his death-bed, "I have almost got to that world where there are no bishops." Several years ago, an aged lady, conversing with a living clergyman respecting Dr. Byles, the pastor of her youth, said, "He rarely came to our house without a lively flow of wit

or humor; and it was so with all the old people at that day: notwithstanding the gravity of their deportment, they had a remarkable *love of fun.*" Our ancestors of the last century did not enjoy their vigorous old age without the rational exercise of mirthfulness. This fact is well illustrated in the anecdotes here related.

Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D.D., was pastor of the church in Hadley, Mass., from 1755 to 1811.

While his biographer represents him as a very dignified and magisterial man, — declaring, that, when "he entered the schoolroom to hear the children say the catechism, it was perfectly awful," — he says of him, "His wit and pleasantry were abundant, yet always tempered with prudence." He was attractive to young persons; and, when in their society, he was the life of the company. His anecdotes, and sallies of wit, were exhaustless. He loved a timely joke, and it mattered little whether the laugh was with him or at him. It is said of him that he would preserve and respect the jokes made at his expense with as much zest as if they were the product of his own wit. He used to tell the following. When on exchange at North Hampton, he dined with the governor; and Mr. S. offered him, at dinner, some pudding, which he declined, saying that pudding before preaching made him dull. Gov. S. instantly replied, "Did you not eat pudding for breakfast, sir?"

Another story he used to tell was this: On visiting an invalid, he said to him, "It is a long time since you have been able to attend meeting: would you not like to have the neighbors called in, and have me preach a lecture at your house?" The invalid replied, "I should like it much: for I have not been able for a long time to get any sleep; and I know, from much experience, that your preaching will give me essential aid in this respect."

By stipulation with his people, he was to receive annually

so many cords of good hard wood. A parishioner brought a load which contained some soft sticks. Being told of this fact by the doctor, he replied, "And do we not sometimes have soft preaching?"

A neighboring minister, having had his house burned, in which he lost all his sermons, told the doctor that *this* loss was irreparable. "No; it is not irreparable: for I will give you *one* of mine."

By the death of his first wife, he was left with the care of fourteen children, nine of whom were his own, and five those of his wife by a former husband. A lady residing in Boston was recommended to him as a suitable person for a wife. He called at her residence, sent in his request to see her, and declined entering the parlor until he could learn whether she would entertain his proposition. On her appearance, he introduced himself by telling who he was, the circumstances of his family, and the object of his visit; and requested to know something of her mind before going in, as it might be such as to render it not worth a while to go in at all. Her prompt but respectful reply was, that she had long ago made up her mind on three points: one was, not to go into the country; another, not to marry a clergyman; and another, not to marry a widower with children. "Well, madam," said he, "as these conditions all belong to my case, I think I will go in." The result was, that he obtained in this lady one of the best wives that a country minister ever found, and his fourteen children a step-mother, between whom and their own mother they could scarcely perceive a difference in affectionate regards.

Dr. Joseph Lathrop, pastor of the church in Springfield, Mass., from 1756 to 1820, was one day called upon by a blustering fanatical religionist, who abruptly asked him this question: "Dr. Lathrop, do you think you have any religion?" — "*None to speak of,*" was the answer.

A man of the same class called upon the doctor, and said, "Dr. Lathrop, I have not committed a sin for the last eighteen months." — "Indeed," said the doctor: "I suspect your neighbors have not discovered it." When asked if the good people of Springfield would observe a fast according to usage, he replied that he thought his people preferred *feasting* to *fasting*. From my acquaintance with some of the leading citizens of Springfield, who bear noted historical names, I should judge that the ancient preference here referred to is still maintained in that flourishing town.

A person whose life gave the lie to his claim to Christian character applied to the doctor for admission to his church. The doctor asked him if there had been any change in his feelings on the subject of religion: and he replied, there had not; but he regarded it his duty to join the church, and wished to be propounded on the next sabbath. The doctor told him that the church did not send bread and wine to the houses of communicants, unless they were sick; and, as he had not attended meeting for the last six years, he would not be likely to enjoy the privileges of a communicant if he was favored with church connection. The man acknowledged that he had neglected the duty of public worship. The doctor said to him, "Sir, there is another obstacle in the way, which must be removed before the church can consent to receive you. People say you are a hard drinker, and that you sometimes get intoxicated." Well, he said, he had been occasionally overtaken, and had given people occasion to talk about him; but he intended to reform. "And when are you going to begin?" said the doctor. "Why," said the man, "I do not see that I can before Thanksgiving." He was not propounded. Has this man any representatives in Springfield in these prohibitory times?

On one occasion, a man of a morose disposition, who did not belong to his parish, came to pay him some money

which he had borrowed of him. He said, "You ought not to charge me interest." — "Why not?" said the doctor. "Is not my money as good as another man's?" — "But," said the borrower, "the Bible forbids taking usury." The doctor replied, "If you examine the subject, you will find that the passage to which you refer makes nothing in your favor. The Jews were not permitted to lend their money on usury to the children of their people; but there was no prohibition in reference to the heathen." Dr. Lathrop was an eminently happy man, and his happiness was promoted by the rational exercise of his mirthfulness in connection with his deep and cheerful piety.

Rev. Samuel J. Mills, minister at Torringford, Conn., from 1769 to 1833, was distinguished for many excellences in connection with his generous flow of wit and humor. He often introduced humorous anecdotes into his sermons, though he was a solemn and impressive preacher. He was distinguished for his hospitality; and was very generous, especially in the distribution of his fruit. Notwithstanding this trait in his character, the boys one autumn stole his peaches. In a sermon, soon after, he reported a visit he had made in a neighboring town, where the people complained that the boys stole peaches. Hearing this, he said that he expressed his surprise and his abhorrence of such conduct. The reply was, "But, Mr. Mills, don't the boys steal peaches in Torringford?" — "Dear me!" said he, "what could I do? I couldn't lie: I was obliged to answer, Yes." — "In Mr. Mills were combined," says one who knew him, "strength of intellect, comic powers, and deep sensibility." Persons often laughed and wept under the same sermon. On his return from a visit to Vermont, he said, "I was greatly troubled with Vermont musquitoes: a *great many of them would weigh a pound.*" To a neighbor who called on him one evening, Mr. Mills said, "I have been to work to-day like

a dog." — "Not like a dog," responded his friend. "Yes," said he, "like a dog: but of dogs there are many kinds; and one sort never go a step beyond where they are driven." Mr. Mills was extravagantly fond of music, though an indifferent singer. He believed that music was a means of grace. He planned to have a singing-school taught by an experienced teacher in his parish every winter. At the close of each school, he appointed a singing-lecture. One year, this lecture was preached by Dr. Lee of Colebrook, a writer of music. The preacher's text was, "And it came to pass, when the spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand. So Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." At the close of the discourse, according to the custom of the old pastor, he presented himself in the pulpit. "This," said he, "is true doctrine. I have come into this meeting-house a great many times, and I saw that the Devil was here. I wished to begin service; but I did not like to introduce the worship of God while the Devil was in the people. I took up my psalm-book, and read; but I could see him skipping about from pew to pew in the galleries. But, the instant the chorister got up and blew the pitch-pipe, he quit, and all was sobriety and decorum among the young people and children."

Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., pastor of the Congregationalist church at Franklin, Mass., from 1769 to 1840, sometimes indulged in humorous sayings. A person directed his attention to a very neat and well-written manuscript; when the doctor remarked, "What a pity that a man who can write so well hadn't something better to write!" To a young preacher who had pronounced an able discourse in his pulpit one sabbath morning, he said, on entering his study, "I liked your sermon this morning very much. It was well arranged, well argued, and well delivered. I have

but one fault to find with it: *it was not true.*" To another preacher, who seemed to require some mental stimulant, he said, "Did you ever go over Seekonk Plain? Your preaching is too much like that, — long and level." A young preacher who had received valuable instruction from him proposed the following question: "Dr. Emmons, why is it that young clergymen feel so small after talking with you?" — "Because," he replied, "they feel so big before they come here." Another had preached a sermon in his pulpit which touched upon a vast number of topics. "Do you ever mean to preach another sermon?" inquired the doctor. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "What can you say? You have already preached the whole system of theology."

A cavilling sceptic, "given to much wine," fond of putting puzzling questions to clergymen, once called upon the doctor, and proposed this question: "Dr. Emmons, can you tell me what I am to understand by *the soul* of man?" "No," was the reply: "I cannot tell a man that *hasn't got any.*"

At a public dinner, a man claiming to entertain very liberal religious views, being pressed with difficult questions, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom." — "Yes, yes," replied Dr. Emmons; "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottoms?"

Rev. Thomas Mason, D.D., of Northfield, Mass., was somewhat distinguished in the political as well as in the theological department in the early history of our Commonwealth. He was a man of property; and used to let money, the legal interest for which was six per cent. Members of his church, hearing that he took seven per cent for the use of money, appointed a committee to wait on him, and ask if the report was true, and try to persuade him to abandon the objectionable practice. The doctor informed the com-

mittee that the report *was true*, and he had made up his mind that he should lend no more money at *seven* per cent. The committee expressed themselves highly gratified with the decision of their pastor, and were in the act of retiring, when he said to them, "Brethren, I wish you to understand the reason why I have decided not to lend more money at *seven* per cent. It is *this*, — *I can get eight.*" For the truth of this anecdote I cannot vouch.

Rev. Dr. STRONG of Hartford was distinguished for his ready wit. A lawyer of his acquaintance, while attending court in Hartford, met the doctor one Saturday afternoon in a bookstore. In the conversation, the lawyer said, "Well, doctor, I think I shall go over to East Hartford, and hear Mr. Yates, to-morrow. I do not think we can expect much from you, seeing you away from your study Saturday afternoon." — "That's right," said the doctor: "I advise you to go; for I am going to preach to *Christians* to-morrow."

Col. Dyer of Windham, who had served as judge a number of years, had been dropped from office by the action of the legislature; an expedient which had been adopted by other States to get rid of unpopular or incompetent incumbents, and *probably* will be again. Col. Dyer happened to be at Hartford at the next session of the court after he was dropped, and was standing in the lobby with several others who had been similarly treated, as Dr. Strong came out, after having prayed at the opening of the court. Said Judge Dyer, "Why didn't you pray for us too?" — "I don't pray for the dead," was the doctor's prompt reply.

A lawyer by the name of Bacon, a parishioner of Dr. Strong's, walking with a brother-lawyer in Hartford one day, saw his minister approaching, and said to his companion, "Here comes Dr. Strong: I will introduce you to him, and we will have some sport." After the parties met, and the introduction was effected, Lawyer Bacon said, "Doctor,

can you tell us why a hog's head, when baked, is called *the minister's face?*" — "Probably," replied the doctor, "for the same reason that the other end of the creature, when smoked, is called *bacon!*"

Rev. NATHANIEL HOWE of Hopkinton was eminently genial, and full of anecdote. He used to relate the following respecting himself: "I was returning one time from driving a load of timber to market, and, being somewhat chilled by the wintery atmosphere, called at a public-house for warmth and refreshment. My step was unsteady, and my hand trembled, as I went to the bar for stimulant to revive me. The bar-keeper looked at me for a moment, and turned away, saying, 'No, no, old man: I cannot give you any thing to drink: *you have had too much already.*'"

Rev. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.—This distinguished divine acknowledged his indebtedness to the exercise of his mirthfulness for his ability to perform the great work of his laborious life. Most of the following humorous incidents connected with this great and good man are taken from his autobiography. In his early days, he lived with his aunt Benton and her husband, who, according to the Puritan custom, kept *Saturday* night instead of *Sunday;* believing that the Christian sabbath commenced at twilight on Saturday eve, and closed at twilight on Sunday eve. The rule given to Lyman by those who controlled his religious education was, that he might leave the house for play on the latter evening, when *three stars could be seen.* Being an active child, and fond of sport, he hailed the going-down of the sun on the sacred day with transporting joy, and watched with eager longing for the appearance of the three expected stars. Read what he says of himself: "One Sunday evening, I was out playing. The people kept Saturday eve; and the rule was, that children might play on Sunday

eve as soon as they could see three stars. I was so impatient, I did not wait for the appearance of the stars. Bill H. saw me, and said, —

"'That's wicked: there ain't three stars.'

"'Don't care.'

"'God says you mustn't.'

"'Don't care.'

"'He'll punish you.'

"'Well, if he does, I'll tell Aunt Benton.'

"'But he is bigger than Aunt Benton; and he'll put you in the fire, and burn you for ever and ever.'

"That took hold. I understood what forever was, and what fire was."

While pastor in Litchfield, Conn., he was several times called to act as advocate for parties before ecclesiastical councils. "I remember," said he, "one case where I had a severe conflict, defending a young minister whose wife was jealous of him." Mr. Edwards, the keenest lawyer in Hartford, was opposed to him; and Judge Perkins was moderator. The case, as presented by common report and by the direct testimony of several witnesses, appeared decidedly against the accused; but the doctor's rigid and skilful examination showed up the testimony, and established the innocence of the young husband, even in the opinion of the wife, who supposed herself injured, and who, with grateful tears, thanked the doctor for the part he acted. One witness, a schoolmaster, who had boarded in the defendant's family, testified to his receiving visits from a young lady by night. Horror-struck, he had heard them converse in their guilty interviews. On the cross-examination, the doctor asked, "How were the rooms occupied by you and the defendant situated?"

"One at the north-west, and the other at the south-west corner," he said.

"Did you hear what they said?"

"No."

"Did you see her go?"

"No."

"Did you know her voice?"

"No."

"Did you hear any thing more than a buzz?"

"No."

In making the closing argument, the doctor told the council that the schoolmaster's testimony reminded him of a story that old Mr. Dominie of East Hampton used to tell. He was a great hunter, and used to hunt wild geese. One evening, he said he went down to the great pond, where large flocks of geese were feeding. They kept out of reach by day, but came in and fed by the shore at night. "I had put up a small breastwork on the sand," said he, "and lay behind it, waiting. By and by, I began to hear them talk, talk, talk; conkle, conkle, conkle. I trembled. Heard 'em, but couldn't see any thing. At last I drew up, took sight with my ear, fired at the noise, and killed three."

"Now," said the doctor, "it might do to take sight with your ears in hunting geese, but not men."

This story convulsed the council with laughter, and aided the doctor in gaining his case. When travelling upon a steamboat on North River, a pert sceptic drew a crowd around him by his loud talk in showing up what he styled the contradictions of the Bible; among others, that Judas was represented as having hung himself; and also having fallen headlong, and bursting in the fall. Having stated this case, he asked in a triumphant tone, "How can you reconcile these conflicting statements?"

"Why, sir," said the doctor, who was listening with others, "the rope broke, I suppose."

"How d'ye know?" said he.

"How d'ye know it didn't?" said the doctor; and that dashed him. The company laughed, and he subsided.

While listening to a weak and prosy argument in presbytery, Dr. Beecher whispered to a clerical brother near him, "I had rather be *before* that gun than *behind* it." Another opponent of the doctor, member of the same presbytery, had a habit of looking up, and swinging his head to and fro, while he uttered his hard sayings against the New School. In the midst of one of his long and dull speeches, the doctor said to a friend sitting near him, "Did you ever know a man who looked up to heaven for light, and got so little?"

Riding home one night, by moonlight, he saw beside the road what he supposed to be a rabbit, and having a large, heavy book in his hand, hurled it at the creature with all the force he could employ; receiving in return a copious discharge of unmistakable character, which required him to bury his clothes, his ponderous volume, and every thing about him, in order to become presentable. In after-life, being asked why he did not reply to a certain Mr. ——, who was abusing him through the press, he replied, "I threw a book at a skunk once, and he had the best of it. I then made up my mind never to try that thing again."

Dr. Beecher depended upon systematic manual labor, as well as the occasional exercise of his mirthfulness, to maintain his health and vigor. While in Boston, he used to saw all his own wood, and beg the privilege of sawing that of some of his neighbors. The doctor always kept his wood-saw in excellent order. He could file a saw better than he could play the fiddle; and his family regarded the music of the filing preferable to that of the playing. Having sawed all his own wood, and aching for exercise, he looked with envious feelings upon a wood-sawyer, upon the opposite side of the street, at work upon a large pile. Dressing himself in his exercising costume, and seizing his well-sharpened instrument, he immediately joined the wood-sawyer, whom we will call W., and proposed to assist him; which proposal

was accepted. W. had never seen the doctor, but knew him by reputation; and belonging to another sect, and being attached to his drams, he was violently prejudiced against him. He supposed his associate was employed by Dr. Beecher. Thus he said to him: —

"Do you work for old man Beecher?"

Beecher. "Yes."

W. "What sort of an old fellow is he?"

B. "Oh! pretty much like the rest of us. Good man enough to work for."

W. "Tough old chap, ain't he?"

B. "Guess so, to them that try to chaw him up."

W. "First-rate saw, that of your'n!"

This touched the doctor in a tender point. He had set that saw as carefully as the articles of his creed; every tooth was carefully adjusted; and so he gave a smile of triumph.

"I say," said W., "where can I get a saw like that?"

B. "I don't know, unless you buy mine."

W. "Will you trade? What do you ask?"

B. "I'll think about it. Call at the house to-morrow, and I'll tell you."

The next day, W. knocked, and met the doctor at the door, fresh from the hands of his wife, — with his coat brushed, cravat tied, and hair combed, prepared for pastoral duty. Seeing W. before him, the doctor said, —

"You're the man that wanted to buy my saw. Well, you shall have it for nothing: only let me have some of your wood to saw when you work on this street."

"Be hanged," said old W., when he used afterward to tell the story, "if I didn't want to crawl into an auger-hole when I found it was old Beecher himself I had been talking with so crank the day before."

From this time forward, W. was the most enthusiastic admirer and advocate of the doctor; ever ready to affirm

that he was a right glorious old fellow, and the only man in Boston who could beat him sawing wood.

Soon after his marriage, Dr. Beecher was passing a field where his uncle, who brought him up, was mowing. The old gentleman jokingly cried out, —

"Halloo, youngster! they say you have no right to preach; you have never been ordained; you are not in the succession."

"Got a good scythe there, Uncle Lot?"

"First-rate."

"Who made it?"

"Dun'no: bought it over to the store."

"If you had another that was made by a blacksmith who you supposed could trace his authority for making scythes all the way up to St. Peter, and yet the scythe wouldn't cut any more than a sheet of lead, which would you take to mow with?"

"Go along, you rogue! Ho, ho, ho!"

The following, though not printed in the book, may be relied upon as substantially correct in all its parts. The compiler gives it just as it was received from a reliable source.

A suitable time after the death of his second wife, Dr. Beecher decided that he would take to himself a third companion to share his sorrows and his joys. Having made this decision, he resolved to accomplish his purpose by visiting New England, the place eminent for the production of intelligent Christian wives. With his object in mind, a purpose fully formed, he left his Western home at the commencement of the seminary vacation, and, stopping a short time in Boston, proceeded to Bangor, and there, in his earnest manner, told Dr. Pond that he wanted a wife, and asked him if he knew a suitable lady for such a position. His reverend brother thought a moment, and replied that he could not think of one in the circle of his acquaintance in

the State. The reverend aspirant to matrimony, intent upon effecting his purpose, asked this brother to think again. In a short time, Dr. Pond said, —

"There is Mrs. Jackson of Boston, a member of your church when you were pastor there, a most estimable lady; and I think she would make you a good wife."

"I remember her," said Dr. Beecher; "and I think she is just the one for me. I shall return to Boston immediately, and make known to her my wishes."

After a very brief stay at Bangor, Dr. Beecher found his way to the house of Mrs. Jackson, who was highly pleased with a call from her former and much-beloved pastor. The doctor requested a private interview, made known his errand, and proposed the important question, with the request of an immediate answer. Mrs. Jackson blushed, and said, —

"The proposal was wholly unexpected, and she was not prepared to give an immediate answer. She wanted time to think of the subject, and to pray over it."

"Well," said Dr. Beecher, "suppose we pray together now."

Mrs. Jackson assented to the proposal, and they knelt together; and the doctor led in a very fervent prayer, confining his petition to the subject under consideration. Immediately after they rose from their devotional posture, the doctor turned to the new object of his affection, and said in winning tones, —

"How do you feel *now*, my dear?"

"It is exceedingly difficult to describe my feelings at this moment, doctor," was her excited reply.

Within three weeks from that date, the "twain were made one" early in the morning; and they started immediately for the new home of the bride. When the doctor's children gathered at that home to see their new mother, he said to them, —

"Children, I don't suppose your mother loves me very much *yet;* but I intend to behave so that she will."

Rev. WILLIAM M. ROGERS, of Central Church, Boston. — When Mr. Rogers was pastor in Townsend, Mass., where he was ordained, he bore the name of Kittle. One of his Townsend parishioners met him, on a Monday morning after he had preached a discourse which offended him, and said, "Well, sir, I told our folks that the Kittle boiled over yesterday."

"I thought you looked as if you were scalded," was the prompt reply.

At the close of a temperance lecture, which Mr. Kittle delivered in a schoolhouse where were several hard drinkers, one of the latter, as he was going out the door at the close of the lecture, turned round, and cried out, "Mister, can you tell me the way to hell?"

"Yes," said the lecturer: "*keep right on in your present course, sir.*"

Rev. JONATHAN FRENCH of Andover, Mass., had a salary of three hundred and fifty dollars, besides the parsonage and his fuel. His people had neglected to bring him his winter's wood one year; and, on the sabbath before Thanksgiving, he read the proclamation, and added, "My brethren, you perceive that his Excellency has appointed next Thursday as the day of Thanksgiving; and, according to custom, it is my purpose to prepare two discourses for the occasion, *provided I can write them without a fire.*" Before noon, the next day, his winter's wood was in his wood-yard.

The following anecdotes are taken from "The Memoir of Rev. Lemuel Haynes," a mulatto clergyman, for several years pastor of the Congregational church and society in Rutland, Vt., and subsequently a pastor in Granville, N.Y.

His biographer says, "It will be evidently difficult, for those who were not acquainted with this eccentric and extraordinary man, to see the consistency of his very free indulgence in wit, with a uniform and pervading piety." This peculiarity, undoubtedly, improved the character of his piety.

He went one evening into a store where ardent spirits were sold. In his pleasant manner, he addressed the company: "How d'ye do? how do you all do here?"

The merchant, willing to jest a little, replied, "Oh! not more than half-drunk."

"Well, well," said Mr. Haynes, "I am glad there's a reformation *begun*."

Two reckless young men agreed to try his wit. Meeting him one day, one of them said, "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?"

"No," said Mr. Haynes: "what is it?"

"It is great news indeed," said the other; "and, if true, *your* business is done."

"What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes.

"Why," said the first, "the Devil is dead."

In a moment the old gentleman replied, lifting up both his hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "O poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

An uneducated young minister, in conversation with him, remarked that he thought that ministers succeeded well without learning, and that some ignorant ones excelled.

"Won't you tell me then, sir," said Mr. Haynes, "how much ignorance is necessary to make an eminent preacher?"

A minister of the Baptist denomination, of high respectability, thus accosted him: "Brother Haynes, I love you much, and I can cheerfully give you the right hand of fellowship, both as a Christian and a gospel minister; but I want you to follow Christ down the banks of Jordan."

"Oh!" said he, "I am an old man, and the banks of Jordon are a great way off."

"You misunderstand me," replied the other; "here is the creek, close by: what hinders you to be baptized?"

"O brother ——!" said Mr. Haynes, "that is not Jordan; that is Otter Creek."

A minister having had his house burned, and stating the circumstances of the event to Mr. Haynes, he added, that most of his manuscript sermons were consumed with the building. Mr. Haynes replied, "Don't you think, Brother ——, they gave more light from the fire than they ever gave from the pulpit?"

A physician in a contiguous town, of rather libertine principles, in removing to the West, arrived at West Rutland with a retinue of his friends. Mr. Haynes, seeing the doctor drive up and call at the public-house, immediately went there to give him and his family the parting farewell. After the exchange of salutations, Mr. Haynes said to him, "Doctor, I was not aware that you expected to leave this part of the country so soon. I am owing you a small account, which ought to have been cancelled before. I have not the money; but I will go and borrow it immediately."

The doctor replied, that he must have all his affairs settled, as he expected never to return to this part of the country. Mr. Haynes, as he went out to borrow the money, was called back by the doctor, who had previously made out a receipt in full, which he gave to him, saying, "Here, Father Haynes, is a discharge of your account. You have been a faithful servant here for a long time, and received but small support. I give you the debt."

Mr. Haynes thanked him very cordially, expressing a willingness to pay; when the doctor added, "But, Mr. Haynes, you must pray for me, and *make me a good man.*"

Mr. Haynes quickly replied, "Why, doctor, I think I had much better pay the debt."

He accidentally met a heterodox clergyman, who had recently been on a preaching tour in the northern part of the State, and inquired what had been his success.

"Oh! good success, sir, very good, great success," replied the clergyman: "the Devil himself can never destroy such a cause."

Mr. Haynes instantly replied, "You need not be concerned: he will never *try*."

The parishioners of a neighboring clergyman strongly desired that their bachelor pastor should take a wife, and some of them requested Mr. Haynes to urge this duty upon him. Mr. Haynes called upon the clergyman, and presented the claims of matrimony upon him, who acknowledged the force of the argument, and added very emphatically, "I understand, Mr. Haynes, that you have some very fine daughters."

Mr. Haynes instantly replied, "I have sympathy for you and your parishioners: but, really, I have taken great pains to educate my daughters, and much care to prepare them for usefulness; and I hate to throw them away."

Mr. Haynes, meeting a clergyman who was writing a book, asked him if the report as to what he was doing was true; and, being answered in the affirmative, said, "You have just as good a right to make a book as *those that know how*."

Being invited to officiate at a wedding, the bridegroom asked what his usual compensation was. Mr. Haynes humorously replied, "It depends entirely upon the parties. If they are promising and respectable, we of course receive a liberal reward; but, if they are what we call poor things, but little is expected." A munificent marriage-fee was paid.

Rev. Mr. Miles of Temple, N.H., who died there at an advanced age between thirty and forty years ago, was eccentric and witty.

As an article in the town-warrant respecting the painting of their meeting-house was under discussion, and different colors were recommended by different speakers, Mr. Miles arose, and said, "Mr. Moderator, I recommend that we paint our meeting-house *new-rum color;* for, in looking at the noses of some of my parishioners, I have discovered that that is a color which grows brighter and brighter every year."

At the close of a sabbath service, he gave notice that he was going on a mission that week; but added, "I am not going out of town: I am going to preach at Seth Blood's on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock."

In preaching about hypocrites making clean the outside of the cup and platter, but leaving the inside filthy, he said, "For all practical purposes, it would be better to have the outside dirty, if one must be; but even that would be a *sluttish trick.*"

An able clergyman, still living in New Hampshire, enjoying a remarkably vigorous old age, was distinguished for his wit in the active season of his life.

During the first year of his settlement, he intended to visit every family in his parish, and thought he had accomplished his purpose; when he was told that he had omitted *one*, the head of which felt the slight very keenly. He immediately called upon the complainer, and said, "Becoming tired of waiting for a call from you, I have concluded to make the introductory call myself." The man apologized, saying he did not know that it was his duty to make the first call.

A member of his church, becoming offended with a brother, absented himself from the communion two or three times, after which he called upon his pastor, and charged him with the neglect of duty in not looking after his "wandering sheep," referring him to the parable of the man and his hundred sheep, — the man leaving the ninety and nine,

and going in pursuit of the *lost one.* The pastor said he knew it was his duty to look after the *sheep,* but not the *goats.*

The Freemasons celebrated St. John's Day in his village; and the public address was delivered in his church by a brother-clergyman, who asked him to accompany him into the pulpit, and there offer prayer. The invitation was accepted. In praying for the institution, he said, "O Lord! we pray for we know not what. If it be *good, bless* it; but, if it be *bad, curse* it."

He was invited to the dinner, and there called upon for a sentiment. He gave the following: "John the Baptist: He did not feast on pigs and punch and turkeys: his meat was locusts and wild honey. He did not wear an apron: his loins were girt about with a leathern girdle." — "How do you know he did not wear an apron, Mr. M.?" said the presiding officer. "The Scriptures do not inform us that he did," was the prompt reply.

In addition to performing his pastoral duties, Mr. M. superintended a productive farm, and, during some seasons of the year, performed a good deal of farm labor. A neighboring clergyman called upon him in haying-time, late in the week, and solicited an exchange of pulpits on the following sabbath, saying that he had been away from home, and could not prepare for his own pulpit. Mr. M— said his engagements at home were such that he could not accommodate him.

"Well," said his brother, "if you cannot exchange with me, give me a text."

"That I can do," said Mr. M. "Take this: 'I come not to you with excellence of speech,' and you will prove it."

Riding on horseback near his house one day, wearing his farmer's frock, he met a green young man in pursuit of labor, who asked him if he knew of a person who wished to hire a man. Mr. M. told him he did; and, if he would

call at his house, he would soon return, and talk with him.

"Where in —— is your house?" said the rough countryman.

"Oh! I don't live in ——. I live in yonder house," suiting the action to the word.

A clergyman, who succeeded Mr. M. in the pastoral office, came to his congregation one sabbath, and said, immediately before announcing his text, "I am aware that there is strong prejudice in the minds of people against old sermons. That the sermon I am about to preach may not encounter this prejudice, I will assure my hearers that it is not old; for it was first preached in this pulpit less than six months ago."

This same pastor, seeing a number of his congregation asleep, with heads thrown back and mouths open, on a hot summer's day, stopped a few seconds, and, looking around, said, "I should think that some of my audience are better prepared to swallow the *preacher* than the *preaching*."

Rev. Mr. BURCHARD, the celebrated revivalist, having closed a very successful protracted meeting at Cavendish, Vt., some forty years ago, on his way with his wife to Woodstock, in a lonely place met a tin peddler. Stopping his horse, Mr. Burchard rose in his carriage, and in loud and solemn tones exclaimed, "*Stop, young man! you are directly on the road to hell!*" The peddler remained silent a moment, scratching his head, and then calmly replied, "*Just my plaguy luck: they told me, back here, that this was the road to Cavendish.*"

Rev. Mr. SPRAGUE of Dublin, N.H., was a very eccentric man, and, though liberally educated, seemed to be destitute of common sense. Being told that his beans had come up wrong, he pulled them up, and placed the tops

downward. When travelling, he ordered a bushel of oats for his horse; and, when the hostler told him his horse could not eat them, he replied, that he could eat a bushel of hay, and oats were better than hay. When on a visit to Mr. Ainsworth of Jaffrey, wearing a new suit of clothes, the two walked out into a pasture together in which there were some high bushes, that had grown up in land which had been burned over. Not far from those bushes was a black charred stub. While the two were walking near *this*, a black, hornless cow emerged from the bushes; when Mr. Ainsworth cried, "A bear, a bear!" Greatly alarmed, Mr. Sprague asked, "What shall I do?" Mr. Ainsworth replied, "Climb that stub;" which Mr. Sprague attempting to do, got essentially blacked. One day, his housekeeper placed a cooked chicken upon his table, which had but one leg. When he called her attention to the fact, she asked him if he did not know that chickens shed one leg in the autumn. He was sure he didn't. Soon after, on a frosty morning, she called him to the door, where he saw a portion of his flock with apparently one leg each. This satisfied the parson. With all his lack of common sense, he occasionally manifested some wit. He and Mr. Ainsworth differed on some theological points. Mr. Ainsworth believed with Dr. Hopkins in disinterested benevolence. Mr. Sprague rejected this dogma. At a dinner of the ministerial association of which they were both members, Mr. Ainsworth attempted to draw Mr. Sprague into an argument on this subject. The latter refused to argue, saying he was convinced, thoroughly convinced, that there were instances of disinterested benevolence. A brother asked, "Did Mr. Ainsworth's arguments convince you?" — "Oh, no!" Mr. Sprague replied. "What has convinced you then?" he was asked. "I'll tell you what has convinced me," said Mr. Sprague. "The people of Jaffrey pay Brother Ainsworth five hundred dollars a year for just nothing at all."

Mr. Sprague had a small salary. An article was put into the town-warrant to see if the town would increase his salary. When the article came up, he rose, and said, "Mr. Moderator, I beg of you not to increase my salary; for it plagues me almost to death to collect what you now raise." Though poor in the early part of his ministry, he was subsequently made rich by a large legacy from his father's estate. In the hope of being his heir (a hope that was realized), the parish retained him as their minister; though they were not interested in his preaching, and comparatively few attended public worship. He gave notice, one sabbath, that a *strange* minister would occupy his pulpit on the following sabbath. Before the people assembled, he entered the pulpit, and secreted himself there until an unusually large congregation was collected; when he arose in his place, and exclaimed, "*Now I've got you.* I am the *strange minister* advertised to preach here to-day."

The town of Dublin, and the Unitarian society there, inherited the handsome property left by this eccentric man.

UNITARIAN CLERGYMEN.

Dr. David Barnes was accustomed to describe the character of parties he married and buried, and generally contrived to do this without giving offence. Officiating at the funeral of a respectable parishioner who had been guilty of an immorality in early life, the doctor, after having dwelt upon the good traits in his character, at the close of a sudden pause proceeded: "In short, we know nothing against the character of our deceased friend, *save in the matter of Uriah:* and for this everybody forgave him; *but he could never forgive himself.*"

Dr. Samuel West of New Bedford was told that the members of his choir had given out that they should not sing on the next sabbath, in consequence of some difficulty which had arisen. On Sunday morning, the doctor gave out his hymn. After reading it, he said very emphatically, "You will begin with the second stanza, —

> 'Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God.'"

The hymn was sung.

The doctor, being in Boston on a Saturday, did not reach his home until meeting-time sabbath morning, on account of a rain-storm. While in Boston, some friend had furnished him with a ruffled shirt, with ruffles upon the wristbands and in the bosom. Having rode in the rain and mud, his ruffles were wet and dirty; but there was not time to make a change. His daughter buttoned up his vest so as to hide the bosom ornaments entirely, and tucked the ruffles in about the wrists. During the opening services, all went well. But, probably feeling uneasy about the wrists, he twitched at them till the ruffles were flourishing about; and then, growing warm as he advanced, he unbuttoned his vest, and exhibited his muddy finery in a manner not calculated to aid him in the spiritual edification of his hearers. Such were the peculiarities of his mind, that he was ignorant of his unministerial appearance on that occasion, and could not tell who furnished him with his ornamented shirt.

Dr. Barnes of Scituate was an eccentric man. Being called to officiate at the funeral of a female whose sole mourner was an adopted son, he began his prayer thus: "Strange kind of funeral this, Lord; very strange! No father, no mother, no brother, nor sister! There's a young

man" (suiting the action to the word) "that *calls* her mother."

At an ordination, he commenced his prayer thus: "O Lord! thou knowest that it is ordination-day."

Rev. Joseph Motley, being very hostile to what he understood to be the Hopkins view of the native character of man, met an eminent neighboring clergyman of the Hopkinsian class one day, who informed him that an infant daughter had recently become a member of his family. Dr. Motley asked what name he had given his child. "Angelina," was the reply. "Angelina!" said Mr. Motley: "I should think, that, with your notions, you would call her Beelzebula."

A parishioner said to him one day, "Mr. Motley, you are a very odd man." — "Yes," said he: "I set out to be a very good man, and soon found that I could not be without being very odd."

Dr. Kirkland, President of Cambridge College, was thought by the students to have a very keen insight into character. They found it exceedingly difficult to obtain leave of absence on a false pretence of being unwell. A youth of good sentiments and purposes, under the influence of peculiar temptation, desiring to attend a ball that was to come off in his native town, waited upon the president, and falsely represented that the state of his health required him to suspend studying for a time, and return to his home. The penetrating eye of the president detected the secret embarrassment which a sense of guilt was revealing, while the pretended invalid was flattering himself with the belief that he was acting his part with complete success. Upon hearing this statement, the president took his pen, and wrote the desired leave of absence; and, as he handed it to the guilty applicant, he very pleasantly observed, "Physi-

cians have remarked this peculiarity in the climate of Cambridge, — *that sicknesses prevail within the precincts of the college in a greater proportion to the deaths than in any other place.*" This was said with a smile so pleasant, and a look so keen, as to convince the guilty youth that he was detected, and to cure him of this kind of deception.

The following is from the pen of Dr. Stearns, President of Amherst College: "I called at the study of Dr. Kirkland to obtain leave of absence a few days before the term closed. He hesitated, and made sundry inquiries. He knew the character of my religious education and predilections. At length, moving upon me in the line of my supposed prejudices, he said, 'I don't know, Stearns, about letting you go now. *Perhaps* no evil would come of it; but I don't know what *might* be the consequences. You know that there is a special providence. I once heard of a person who was going along by a tree when some men were cutting it down; and, just as he went by, the tree suddenly fell, and killed him. Now, there was a special providence in it. If he had gone a little before, or a little after, he would have been safe; but, going just as he did, he lost his life.' I looked at him, and saw there was fun in his eye, and thought he would not be offended by an answer in kind. 'Well, sir,' said I with the utmost solemnity, 'if you think there will be danger in my going just at the time I have mentioned, I can go, if you please, *a little before.*' — 'Well, well, Stearns,' said he, 'so you can. There is something in that. You may go; you may go.'"

Dr. Bellows of New York made the following record respecting Dr. William Ware: "Mr. Ware had a dry humor about him very delightful to his intimate friends. I remember his walking down Broadway with me the day before my ordination in New-York City as his successor. Assuming a very solemn expression, he said, 'Sir, I wish

to give you one very serious piece of advice in entering upon your new life in this great and dangerous city.' I opened my ears to take in the consummate counsel, in which I was prepared to find the wisdom of his life and ministry condensed. 'Be careful, sir, be *very* careful, *not to step on the coal-holes.* Slippery pests when shut, and perilous traps when open, they certainly are.'"

Rev. Dr. PIERCE of Brookline, Mass., had a rich vein of wit and humor, from which he drew largely for his own and the amusement of others. He exercised a truly catholic spirit, and manifested an interest in all parties and measures designed for good. He retained a life-interest in the Orthodox Congregationalists, whose public meetings he used to attend with apparent pleasure. He was full of anecdotes, and enjoyed the mirthful, ever wearing a smiling countenance, and occasionally indulging in a hearty laugh. When asked why he mingled so much with evangelical Christians, he used to say, he was like the negro who dreamed that he died and went to the gate of heaven, and the porter told him that the city was divided into sections, each one of which was occupied by a particular denomination. "But," said the porter, "you, Cuffee, may go where you mind to." His ruling passion for fun was strong in his season of weakness. A short time before he died, when the infirmities of age were pressing hard upon him, at his request his congregation met him at the church to receive his farewell, both parties knowing that the time of his departure was at hand. He was conducted to an arm-chair on the platform in front of the pulpit. When the time came for him to address the people, he was unable to rise without assistance. He was aided by two men, one lifting at each arm. While receiving this aid, he remarked, so as to be heard by most of the congregation, "I no longer belong to the *rising generation.*"

EPISCOPAL CLERGYMEN.

In the year 1766, a singing-master went to Middletown, Conn., and proposed to teach the young people the art of singing "fugue-tunes." He was employed by the Congregationalists, who had previously sung "Old Hundred," "Mear," "Plymouth," "Plympton," &c. Knowing that Bishop Seabury was to make his first visitation to that town about the time his school would close, the ambitious music-teacher told the Episcopal church that he would teach their youth without charge, and, with the choir of both churches, would conduct the music on the occasion of the contemplated visitation. Some of the old people objected to the proposal; but it was accepted. In due time, the bishop arrived. Great preparation was made, especially by the new choir of amalgamated singers. The galleries were crowded with four solid columns, — tenor, counter, treble, and bass. The last psalm given out was the hundred and thirty-third, the second stanza of which is as follows: —

> "True love is like the precious oil,
> Which, poured on Aaron's head,
> *Ran down his beard*, and o'er his robes
> Its costly moisture shed."

The singing-master gave out the tune, — "Montgomery." When they came to the third line of the second stanza, the counter-solo sang, "*Ran down his beard.*" Then the treble, then the tenor, sang the same words, the latter succeeding the former; and, to complete the chorus, the bass, with sonorous voice, cried out, "*Ran down his beard.*" To clap the climax, the stanza was repeated; thus distinctly declaring, *eight* times, that the oil "*ran down his beard.*" After the services, the singing-master, with many distinguished gentlemen, dined with the bishop, who entertained the com-

pany with his superior conversational powers on various subjects, but made no allusion to the performances of the choir. When a portion of the company, including the singing-master, were in the hall preparing to retire, the disappointed musician exclaimed with great agitation, "Gentlemen, I am disappointed, I am astonished!" One of the company inquired, "What is the matter?" — "Why, the bishop never said one word about our music. I am sure he never heard such music, even in London." — "Do you wish the bishop's opinion on this subject?" said one. "I do," said the teacher. The gentleman stepped back into the room, leaving the door partly open, and, addressing the bishop, said, "Among the many deeply-interesting subjects of this day, what do you think of our singing?"

"Why, sir," said the bishop, "I do not feel prepared to express an opinion; for my sympathy was so much excited for Aaron, that I did not pay that attention to the singing which would render me competent to judge of it."

"Pray, sir, why such sympathy for Aaron?"

"Why, sir, I was fearful, that, by running down his beard *eight times*, they would not leave a single hair on his face."

This produced a hearty laugh among the gentlemen, and the following exclamation from the singing-master: —

"An old fool! He is no judge of music at all!"

An Episcopal clergyman, called to officiate at a funeral and a wedding, on exchange with a clerical brother, told his family, on his return home, that he had buried a Tankard and married a Pitcher, referring to the names of the two families he had visited; the one in sorrow, and the other in joy.

The widow of Dr. John H. Rice gives the following account of Dr. JOHN BUCHANAN: —

"He had an exuberance of good humor; and was never

reluctant to either give or take a joke, as there might be occasion. As he was an Arminian in his religious views, my husband used to hold discussions with him on points of difference between them. Once, when they were talking earnestly upon the subject of free agency, Dr. Rice, by way of illustrating his freedom, got up, and walked across the room.

"'Ah!' said Dr. Buchanan jocosely, 'you may be free here, in a bachelor's study; but I doubt whether you are free at home.'"

Dr. Buchanan was a very benevolent man. A person called upon him, professing to be a clergyman, who had lost his trunk and money, and had not the means of reaching home. The doctor gave him an order on the treasurer of a charitable association, of which he was president, for twenty dollars, to enable him to prosecute his journey homeward. The treasurer thought that the beneficiary bearing the order was a female; and to satisfy himself that the whiskers were *put on* for a deceptive purpose, pretending to poke off something that had lighted on them, he poked so hard, that the whiskers fell from the pretended parson's face, which proved to be the face of a woman. The treasurer afterward exulted over the doctor, claiming superior discernment in discovering the impostor. The doctor replied, "Your success only shows your familiarity with bad society."

Rev. Dr. Harris, for many years President of Columbia College, was previously a Congregationalist minister, and Dr. Lyell had been a Methodist preacher. Both of these divines were distinguished for their wit and humor, and were accustomed to indulge in innocent jokes. These gentlemen, in their pleasant social intercourse, would sometimes be rather sharply witty, without, however, disturbing the friendly feeling that existed between them.

On one occasion, in the midst of conversation, Dr. Harris

said, "Brother Lyell, how did you ever get into the Episcopal Church?"

"And pray, Brother Harris, how did you ever get into it?"

"Oh! 'with a great price obtained I this freedom.'"

"'But I was free-born.'"

This ready reply had reference to the fact that his parents were Episcopalians, who caused his baptism in infancy. Dr. Lyell always retained a friendly feeling toward Methodists, and often said that he was never so well supported as while in their service. He entertained great respect for Bishop Asbury. Speaking highly of the pioneer bishop in company with several of his clerical brethren, one of them remarked, that he had one good trait in his character; "*he was not ashamed of his poor relations.*"

PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMEN.

In 1755, Rev. Charles Beatty was invited to become chaplain to the Pennsylvania troops that were about to be sent, under the command of Dr. Franklin, to defend the north-western frontiers of the State; and accepted the invitation. With respect to that campaign, Franklin made the following amusing record: "We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day; which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning, and half in the evening. And I observed they were punctual in attending to receive it: upon which I said to Mr. Beatty, 'It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum; but, if you would distribute out only just after prayers, you would have them all about you.' He liked the

thought, undertook the work, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to general satisfaction; and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended. So that I think this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service."

Rev. JOHN STRAIN of New Jersey was a very sedate man, and a very solemn and impressive preacher. At the Synod of Philadelphia, Mr. Strain acted as clerk. One day, when he dined with Dr. Duffield, who was fond of a joke, the latter slipped into the coat-pocket of the former, in which were many papers of the synod, a pack of cards, loosely rolled up in a paper. When they returned to the church, and the session was opened, Strain arose to read a paper, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew out the cards, and scattered them over the table and the floor. Duffield enjoyed the fun. The clerk, nohow embarrassed, but with awful solemnity, looking at Dr. Duffield, said, "When I see that man in the pulpit, I am so delighted and edified with his preaching, that I feel as if he ought never to come out; but, when I see his levity out of the pulpit, I am disposed to think he never should enter it again."

Rev. SAMUEL TAGGART, a Presbyterian clergyman in New England, and fourteen years a member of Congress, was somewhat distinguished both as a minister and a politician. While at a tavern, near Albany, one evening, a man from Albany related some interesting event, employing many profane words. Mr. Taggart turned to him, and said, "Sir, you are a stranger to me: but you appear to be a person of intelligence and integrity; and I should be willing to take your word without an oath, and I presume the rest of the company would likewise." The speaker received the reproof kindly, and apologized for his profanity.

John Randolph, being with Mr. Taggart in Congress, said to him, with characteristic keenness, "'With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?'" (1 Sam. xvii. 28.)

Dr. Stephen B. Balch, a humorous Presbyterian clergyman of eminent social qualities, used to urge young ministers to marry as soon as they were settled. As he was often appointed "to give the charge" to newly-installed pastors, he frequently hinted at what he regarded a duty on this subject in that solemn exercise. On one of these occasions, he said, with a peculiar archness of tone and manner which produced a general smile, "'A bishop' must not only be 'blameless,' but 'the husband of one wife.'"

Dr. John Breckenridge of Kentucky was met one day by a gentleman and lady, the former of whom strongly objected to Dr. Breckenridge's Calvinistic sentiments, while he greatly admired his character and talents. He introduced the lady as his wife; adding sportively, "Dr. Breckenridge, my wife is one of your sort of folks. She believes that what is to be will be."

"Ah!" said the doctor; "and I suppose we are to understand that you are one of the sort who believe that what is to be won't be."

CLERGYMEN OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

Robert Hall, an English Baptist clergyman of great distinction, possessed a rich vein of wit. On one occasion, he was invited, the principal guest, to a large dinner-party. The lady of the house prepared every delicacy the season furnished, and laid out the table in the first style of elegance. On the party being assembled, and while taking their seats, she began to apologize to Mr. Hall that she

could only offer him so plain a dinner, professed her great sorrow, and hoped he would excuse the absence of better entertainment. Grieved with so gross a violation of propriety and Christian simplicity, Mr. Hall retorted with considerable severity of manner, "Well, madam, why did you not get something better? you knew that I was coming." At a missionary-meeting, Mr. Hall and an aged minister both spoke, the former in an address, and the latter in a sermon. The sermon by Mr. —— was a striking contrast to the address by Mr. Hall. The one was light, ludicrous, and trifling; the other solemn, instructive, and energetic. At the close of the day, when both parties met around the social hearth, Mr. Hall became lively, and extremely amusing. "Brother Hall," said the old gentleman, "I am surprised at you." — "Surprised at me, sir? why are you surprised at me?" — "Why, Brother Hall, it appears inconsistent for you to indulge in frivolous conversation after delivering so serious a discourse." — "Indeed, sir," replied Mr. Hall, "I don't think I am by any means inconsistent; for the truth is, Brother ——, I keep my nonsense for the fireside, while you publish yours from the pulpit."

Mr. Hall, being an independent man, often winced under the control exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by English dissenters over the preaching of their pastors. Dr. Chalmers told the following anecdote of him: "A member of his flock, presuming on his weight and influence in the congregation, took him to task for not more frequently and fully preaching *predestination;* and expressed the hope, that, in future, this subject would receive more attention from him. Mr. Hall, feeling indignant, looked steadily at his censor for a time, and then replied, "Sir, I perceive that *you* are predestinated to be an ass; and, what is more, I see that you are determined 'to make your calling and election sure.'"

Mr. Hall, being unsuccessful in securing the hand of a Miss Steel, while smarting under his disappointment took tea with a company of ladies; one of whom, the lady of the house, said in bad taste, "You are dull, Mr. Hall; and we have no polished steel here to brighten you."—"O madam!" replied Mr. Hall, "that is of no consequence: you have plenty of *polished brass*."

There lived in the neighborhood a minister, a worthy little man, of an amiable disposition, but very self-conceited. He would intrude himself into Mr. Hall's company, greatly to his annoyance, and then go away and boast of his intimacy with that distinguished divine. On a Saturday morning, he begged permission to see Mr. Hall for a moment or two *on important business*. Having gained access to his study, the little man began to make an apology for the intrusion, and to say, that, being in town, he thought he must call and see his friend Hall, &c. Mr. Hall stopped him in the midst of his harangue, and said, "My dear friend, do not apologize. I am glad to see you: indeed, I was never more delighted to see a man in my life. Why, sir, I had Sir James Mackintosh here till three o'clock this morning; and his conversation, sir, has absolutely carried me away to the third heavens. Why, sir, it is more than I can sustain. I am glad *you* have come; for *you* will soon compel me to feel that I am yet among the *creeping things* of earth."

Rev. Rowland Hill, pastor of Calvinistic dissenters, preached in Surrey Chapel nearly fifty years, and, dying in 1833, was buried in a vault under the chapel. During his ministry, he interlarded his sermons with many pregnant anecdotes and witticisms and sallies of humor which were regarded unorthodox. He drew large congregations.

Preaching for a public charity, a note was handed him, inquiring if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute.

He read the note in the course of his sermon, and said it was not the duty of such a man to contribute. "But, my friends," he added, "I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as people will be sure to say, 'There goes the bankrupt!'"

One wet day, a number of persons entered his chapel to gain shelter from a heavy shower of rain; when he remarked, "that many people had been blamed for making religion a *cloak;* but he did not think they were much better who made religion an *umbrella!*"

He was kind and charitable to the poor; but had great intolerance of dirt and slovenliness. In visiting families living in poverty and filth, he would say, "Here, madam, is a trifle for you to buy some soap and a scrubbing-brush: there is plenty of water to be had for nothing."

Mr. Hill told the following story respecting himself: "His Royal Highness the Duke of —— was in the chair, and kindly desired me to sit next to him. A man made a long, tiresome speech, which caused many to leave the house. The presiding officer whispered to me, 'Really, Mr. Hall, I do not think I can sit to hear such another speech as this. I wish you would give one of your good-natured hints.' It was my turn next: so I said, 'May it please your Royal Highness, ladies, and gentlemen, I am not going to make either a long or a moving speech. The first is a rudeness; and the second is not required to-day, after the *very moving* one you have just heard, — *so moving,* that several of the company have been *moved* out of the room; nay, I even feared would *so move* his Royal Highness himself, that he would be unable to continue in the chair, and would, to the great regret of the meeting, be obliged to *move* off.'" This tickled the presiding officer and the assembly, and put a stop to long speeches. Mr. Hall and wife were attacked by robbers one night; and he made such tremendous unearthly shoutings, that one of the robbers exclaimed, "We have

stopped the Devil by mistake, and better be off." They all fled, and left the frightened couple to enjoy their absence.

When Rev. SYDNEY SMITH was at Edinburgh, a certain gentleman was the paramount bore; and his ridden-to-death hobby was the north pole. No one escaped him. Jeffrey fled from him whenever he could, regarding him a great tormentor: but meeting him in a narrow lane, where escape was impossible, the everlasting subject was introduced; and he rushed past the unendurable bore, exclaiming, in his rage, "The north pole!"

Mr. Smith met the fellow a short time after, very indignant at Jeffrey's contempt for the north pole. "O my dear fellow!" said Smith, "never mind: no one minds what Jeffrey says, you know. He is a privileged person: he respects nothing, absolutely nothing. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the *equator!*"

Calling upon a fellow-writer in "The Edinburgh Review," Mr. Smith found him, to his surprise, actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed when performing the critical office.

"Oh!" said Mr. Smith, "I never read a book before reviewing it: it prejudices a man so!"

Of Mr. Smith, Samuel Rogers observes, "Whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. There is this difference between Luttrell and Smith: After Luttrell, you remembered what good things he said; after Smith, you merely remembered how much you laughed."

Mr. Rogers said, "When I began to light my dinner-table from the reflection of the pictures in the room, I was not very successful. The light was thrown above the table,

and not on it. I asked Sydney what he thought of the attempt. We were at dinner at the time. 'I do not like it at all,' was the reply: 'all is light above, and all below is *darkness, and gnashing of teeth.*'"

Speaking of a certain lady, Mr. Smith said he had more fondness for her than it was strictly ecclesiastical to own.

When asked to attend the opera, Mr. Smith said he loved music but little, hated acting, and regarded it out of etiquette for a canon of St. Paul's to attend upon such an entertainment. When etiquette forbade his doing any thing disagreeable to himself, he said he was a perfect martinet.

Dr. MACKNIGHT, author of an elaborate commentary on the Epistles, was overtaken by a sharp shower in coming to church one day. In the vestry, and before the service began, the attendants were doing all in their power to make him comfortable, and prepare him for his work, by rubbing him with towels and other appliances. The good man was much discomposed, and was ever and anon impatiently exclaiming, "Oh, I wish that I was dry!" and repeating often, "Do ye think I am dry eneuch now?" Dr. Henry, his colleague, who was present, was a jocose man, of much quiet humor. He could not resist the opportunity of a little hit at his friend's style of preaching: so he patted him on the shoulder with the encouraging remark, "Bide a wee, doctor, bide a wee, and ye's be dry eneuch when ye get into the pulpit."

A friend of a Scotch preacher named BARROW said of him, "He is so minute and full in his analysis and application, that he *exhausts* his subject."—"Yes," said another friend, "and sometimes he exhausts his hearers too."

It is told of JOHN WESLEY, that, when he saw some of his hearers asleep, he stopped in his discourse, and shouted,

"Fire, fire!" The people were alarmed; and some one cried out, "Where, sir? — where?" To which Wesley earnestly and solemnly replied, "In *hell*, for those who sleep *under the preaching of the Word.*"

Dean Swift published "A Sermon upon Sleeping in Church," from which the following is an extract: —

Text, Acts xx. 9. — The account of Eutychus falling asleep during the preaching of Paul, and being taken up dead. He commenced with this sarcastic remark: —

"I have chosen these words, with the design, if possible, to disturb some part of this audience of half an hour's sleep; for the convenience and exercise thereof, this place, at this season of the day, is *very much celebrated.*" In allusion to Eutychus sleeping in the window, he said, "Preachers now in the world, however they may exceed St. Paul in the art of putting men to sleep, do exceedingly fall short of him in the power of working miracles: therefore hearers are become more cautious, so as to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for their repose, without hazard of their persons; and, upon the whole matter, choose rather to trust their destruction to a miracle than their safety."

Crabbe, in his poem, "The Parish Register," graphically describes the effects of a new vicar upon certain individuals of a congregation who were addicted to the somnolent practice thus: —

> "He such sad coil with words of vengeance kept,
> That our best sleepers startled as they slept."

In a certain parish in Scotland, an old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course, the divine felt it his duty to visit the

backslider, and accordingly went to his house; but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now.

"Oh! indeed, minister," she replied, without the least hesitation, "that young man ye've got roars sae loud, that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preachin' yersel sae peaceably."

A Methodist preacher, a collier in the district of Somerset, gave out for a text, "I can do all things." He then paused, and, looking at the Bible keenly, said, in his own Somersetshire dialect, "What's that thee says, Mr. Paul? 'I can do all things'? I'll bet thee a crown o' that," taking a crown from his vest-pocket, and placing it on the open Bible. "However," he added, "let's see what the apostle has to say for himself." So he read the next words, "through Christ that strengtheneth me." — "Oh!" says he, "if that's the terms of the bet, I'm off." And he put the crown into his pocket, and preached his sermon on the power of Christian grace.

A certain preacher, candidate for a lectureship, was required to preach a discourse before the trustees of the endowment in the way of competition. To show his ingenuity in sermonizing, he took for his text the single word "*but.*" He deduced from thence the great truth and important doctrine, that no position is without some corresponding cross or opposite trial. Naaman was a mighty man of valor, and honorable; *but* he was a leper. The five cities of the plain were fruitful as the garden of Eden; *but* the men of Sodom were awful sinners. I called you; *but* ye answered not. Come; for all things are ready: *but* they would not come; and so on. When the clerical competitor came down to the vestry, the senior trustee of the lectureship met him, and politely remarked, "Sir, you gave us a most ingenious discourse, and we are much obliged to you;

but we don't think that you are the preacher that will do for us."

Rev. J. H. Bonnar was one day preaching at Kettle, in Fife, for his friend, the relief-minister thereof. It was a very warm day, and the church was closely packed. He observed, with some annoyance, many of the congregation nodding and sleeping while he was preaching. About the middle of his sermon, he used the word "hyperbolical;" and, pausing a moment, he said, "Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word *hyperbolical*. I'll explain it. Suppose I were to say that this congregation are *all* asleep at the present time, I should speak hyperbolically; because" (looking round) "I don't believe that more than one-half of you are sleeping." The nodders recovered themselves; and the sleepers, by the nudging of their neighbors, were thoroughly aroused.

METHODIST CLERGYMEN.

Francis Asbury, the first, and appropriately called "Pioneer Bishop of the American Methodist-Episcopal Church," with all his seriousness, occasionally indulged in the humorous. He approved of marriage; but could not, consistently with his wandering life, avail himself of its benefits. He was opposed to his preachers' marrying, because it took them from their travelling labors, and, in many instances, deprived the Church of their ministerial services.

"In Virginia there was a circuit, where the preachers sent among the people almost always obtained wives during their service. The bishop, supposing the women should be blamed for this state of things, thought to forestall them by sending to the circuit two decrepit old men, in the belief

that no one would try to allure them into the bonds of wedlock. But, to his surprise, both of them married during the year; and, upon hearing of his experiment, he remarked, 'I am afraid the women and the Devil will get all my preachers.'"

At a conference in Baltimore, in 1824, a distinguished clergyman made a long and able speech on a very exciting subject, during which he was frequently interrupted without being apparently disturbed. At dinner, several preachers being present, one who had taken strong grounds in opposition to the speaker, and had joined with others to interrupt and silence him, turning to him, said, "Brother Ostrander, you beat all the men I ever saw: it seems to me, that, if twenty jackasses should run over you when you were speaking, they would not break the thread of your discourse." Mr. Ostrander replied, "I think I have been pretty well tried in that way this moruing."

Rev. Mr. VARNET, a presiding elder, made an address at a quarterly meeting, which contained the following: "I have some things against you, my brethren: you drink too much whiskey; you complain that the water is not good. But look at me: I drink no whiskey; and see how hale and healthy I am. Leave off whiskey, and the water will not harm you." Turning to the sisters, he said, "How kind, how very kind, you have been to me! and I have much reason to love you. But I have something against you also. You wear those bag-bellows sleeves, and you think they are handsome; but you greatly mistake. They don't look half so well as you think they do. I advise you to leave them off, and be contented to be plain Methodists."

At a certain camp-meeting, many years ago, when these meetings were not protected as they now are, a company "of lewd fellows of the baser sort" were very troublesome,

commencing their operations on the first day of the meeting. The preacher selected for his text, "And the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked." He commenced with some striking remarks upon the general policy of Satan, showing that he cared not what means he used for the accomplishment of an object, if they might only prove successful. Thus, when he was dislodged from a man, he was willing to enter swine, if, by so doing, he could prejudice men against Christ. In this manœuvre he was, in the instance here recorded, very successful. "But," said the preacher, "let us consider the text in the order of the thoughts it suggests: 1st, We will notice the herd into which the devils enter; 2d, The drivers employed; and, 3d, The market they are going to." While describing his imaginary market, the rowdies left the ground in haste, acknowledging themselves whipped.

On a certain occasion, the question before conference was, "Shall the rule of the Methodist Church be rescinded which forbids the marriage of a believer with an unbeliever?" Ezekiel Cooper and Jesse Lee, both bachelors, were present, and took part in the discussion. Cooper was against the rule, on the ground, as he said, that it imposed Romish celibacy; for, as there were so many more pious women than men in the world (full three to two in the Methodist Church), it was obvious that females must either be forced to celibacy, or excluded from the church. "And what," said he, "shall the poor creatures do?" Lee replied to his bachelor-brother, that his argument would have had much more weight if it had emanated from a different source. "He cries out," said he, "'Poor things! what will they do?' when he will not lift a finger to help them!"

A Methodist preacher, on a circuit many years ago, held a class-meeting one evening; and, having gone through with

the names on the class-paper, he approached an elderly man, sitting afar off, and inquired for his soul's welfare. The man, after taking time to prepare his answer, squared himself round, and said, "I am like old Paul: 'when I would do good, evil is present with me.'" The preacher replied, "I'm afraid you are like old Noah too; get drunk sometimes." This was a centre-shot; for the poor old man was a drunkard.

Rev. Daniel Asbury was a witty man, and dealt largely in amusing anecdotes. Preaching to a drowsy congregation, he paused, and said, "Just see what the Devil is doing here: these dear people want to hear the word of the Lord, and the Devil is trying to get them to sleep." Mr. Asbury was a great lover of strong coffee; and the good sisters at whose houses he was entertained directed their coffee arrangements with reference to this well-known fact. Travelling with a junior brother who knew the stingy reputation of the woman with whom they were to breakfast, the latter rode on ahead, and informed the hostess that Brother Asbury would relish a cup of coffee of much more than usual strength. When breakfast was announced, the young preacher, who loved strong coffee as well as did his elder brother, approached the table, congratulating himself that he should indulge in a strong dish of his favorite beverage, upon the old gentleman's credit; but imagine his disappointment and mortification when he espied two coffee-pots on the table, from one of which Brother Asbury was served with the desired article in full strength, while he, the ingenuous junior, was compelled to take his portion from the family vessel! This joke was often repeated by Mr. Asbury.

A fellow overtaking one of the early Methodist preachers, whom he knew by his dress, thought he would have a little

sport with him. Riding up by his side, he commenced pulling his bridle as if his horse were at fault; and then said, in an apparently petulant tone, "I would as soon ride the Devil as to ride this horse." — "Oh!" said the preacher, "how would it look to see a child riding his father?" The fellow put spurs to his horse, and galloped away.

As Rev. Jesse Lee, the first preacher of Methodism in Massachusetts, was riding from Boston to Lynn, he was overtaken by two young lawyers disposed to amuse themselves at his expense. Ranging their horses one on either side of his, they saluted him, and introduced the following conversation: —

1*st Lawyer.* "I believe you are a preacher, sir?"

Lee. "Yes: I generally pass for one."

1*st Law.* "You preach very often, I suppose?"

Lee. "Generally every day; frequently twice, or more."

2*d Law.* "How do you find time to study, when you preach so often?"

Lee. "I study when riding, and read when resting."

1*st Law.* "But do you not write your sermons?"

Lee. "No: not very often."

2*d Law.* "Do you not often make mistakes in preaching extemporaneously?"

Lee. "I do sometimes."

2*d Law.* "How do you manage when you make mistakes? Do you correct them?"

Lee. "That depends upon the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and went to quote the text, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone;' and by mistake I said, '*All lawyers* shall have their part,' &c."

2*d Law.* "What did you do with that? Did you correct it?"

Lee. "Oh, no, indeed! It was so nearly true, I did not think worth while to correct it."

"Humph!" said one of them, "I don't know whether you are the more a knave, or a fool!" — "Neither," replied the preacher: "I believe I am just between the two."

Rev. Solomon Sharp was a preacher of ability, but very eccentric. On his circuit, he sometimes had very small audiences. On one occasion, he preached to a congregation which he described as consisting of two men, four women, seven children, and a little dog. At another time, he went to preach at the same place, and found but six persons gathered to hear him. After waiting a while, he rose, and said, "The Bible says, 'Give a portion to seven, and also to eight;' but, as there are only six of you here, I'll not preach to-day." He mounted his horse, and rode off.

Rev. Billy Hibbard "was a brick."

"Brother Hibbard," said a good Presbyterian brother, "you hurt my feelings yesterday;" referring to some remarks he made upon certain doctrines.

"Why, brother," said Mr. Hibbard, "I am sorry you took that: I meant it for the Devil, and you stepped in and took the blow. Don't get between me and the Devil, brother, and then you won't get hurt."

Rev. Billy fell in company with Dr. Lyman Beecher one day, and rode with him some distance, both being mounted, without either knowing the other. Dr. Beecher suspecting that his companion was a minister, asked him if he was, and received an affirmative reply. "Do you belong to the standing order?" meaning the Congregational, said Dr. Beecher.

"No," was his companion's reply: "I belong to the *kneeling order*."

Once, when the roll-call of conference gave Mr. Hibbard's

name *William*, he arose, and objected to answering to that name, insisting that his name was *Billy*.

"Why, Brother Hibbard," said Bishop Asbury, "Billy is a little boy's name."

"Yes, bishop," he replied; "and I was a little boy when my parents gave it to me."

About forty years ago, Rev. Mr. GRUBER, commonly called *Father*, was a presiding elder in a district in Pennsylvania, where he attended a camp-meeting, at which he witnessed what greatly offended him. A kind of female attire was then coming into fashion, known as "the petticoat and habit." The latter somewhat resembled a gentleman's coatee, and, associated with the former, rather tended to a graceful display of the female form. Some of "the upper class" of Methodist young ladies, dressed in the new fashion, attended the camp-meeting referred to. Their appearance quickly drew upon them the disapproving eye of Father Gruber. An opportunity soon occurred for him to manifest his intense aversion to this fashion. During some of the social exercises, these young *fashionables*, grouped together, were singing a hymn, very popular in those days, of which the last line of each stanza was a kind of chorus, — "I want to get to heaven, my long-sought rest." In this song they were heartily joined by Father Gruber. Instead of "following the copy" in the chorus, the latter sang in a loud voice, very distinctly, "I want to get to heaven with my long-short dress." One after another the female singers stopped, and finally, with intense mortification, heard the presiding elder sing alone, in a loud, clear voice, "I want to get to heaven with my long-short dress." The long-short dresses did not appear again on the camp-ground.

The following respecting the celebrated PETER CARTWRIGHT is written from memory: —

On a journey, he stopped one night at the house of a Methodist, who informed him that he was going to a meeting, and must, therefore, ask to be excused for the evening. Mr. Cartwright asked what kind of a meeting he was going to, and was told that a Campbellite Baptist had advertised that he would curry four horses at the town-hall that evening; viz., the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Episcopal, and the Methodist. Mr. Cartwright requested the privilege of accompanying his host to the meeting; which was granted. The speaker's currying operation consisted in a tirade of misrepresentation and abuse, a large and severe portion of which he applied to the last-named horse. At the close of the performance, some persons in the audience called for Peter Cartwright to address the audience. The speaker said he did not know that Mr. Cartwright was present until his name was announced. If the gentleman desired to speak, he could now have the opportunity. The Rev. Peter arose, and said he came to the meeting to hear, not to speak; but he would gratify his friends by making a few remarks. With this introduction, he spoke substantially as follows: "The lecturer to whom we have listened has undertaken a very laborious task. He has curried, in his way, four noble horses. The task you impose upon me is very much lighter. I have but one beast to curry; and he's a *jackass*." This speech was loudly applauded, and the meeting broke up with cheers for Peter Cartwright. This eccentric preacher was riding one day upon a poor horse, which needed some urging; when he was overtaken by a carriage drawn by a pair of spirited horses, in which were two young men and one young woman, all richly dressed. As they drew near the preacher, they commenced singing camp-meeting hymns; but he soon discovered that they were singing for sport. He tried to rid himself of their company; but they kept about so near him, at whatever speed he chose to move. By and by, one of the young men fell on the bottom of

the carriage; and his companions cried out, "Glory to God! one sinner down! He'll soon gain the victory, thank the Lord! Amen, amen!" The prostrate sinner soon rose, and shouted, "*Victory!*" In connection with another singing, the other young man fell upon the floor of the carriage; and the cry went forth, "Bless the Lord! another sinner down! Glory, glory, glory!" While being subjected to this annoyance, Peter remembered, that, a short distance ahead, there was a narrow road, which turned into the woods; which he resolved to take, as a means of getting rid of his company. Applying the whip to the horse, he galloped away, but was closely pursued by his companions. Near the point in the road at which the preacher turned off, there was a stump several inches high, on one side, and a large mud-hole of considerable depth on the other side. Driving rapidly and carelessly, the sinners drove over the stump: the carriage was capsized; and its occupants were thrown into the mud, and partially immersed. Seeing their condition, the preacher turned back, and exclaimed, "Glory to God! three sinners down! We've gained the victory! Thank the Lord! Amen, amen!" He then told them that they were the *dirtiest sinners* he ever saw; and, if they did not repent, they would find themselves in a worse place than that.

Father Taylor. — Many sayings of this distinguished preacher have been reported that are adapted to excite mirthfulness, of which the following are specimens. Of Ralph W. Emerson he once said, "He's as sweet a soul as God ever made; but he knows no more of theology than Balaam's ass did of Hebrew grammar."

Father Taylor, being asked by a straight-laced minister at a camp-meeting who had heard much of the active benevolence of his son-in-law, Judge Russell, if he regarded the judge a Christian, replied, "Well, Thomas isn't ex-

actly a saint; but he's one of the sweetest little sinners you ever saw."

At one of his sailor prayer-meetings, several years ago, a *very black man* occupying a back seat rose, and spoke briefly and *effectively*. When he sat down, Father Taylor exclaimed, "I knew we should have a refreshing shower when I saw that *black cloud* rising."

A wealthy Boston merchant visited the Bethel during a warm prayer-meeting, and addressed the audience at length, telling of the interest which his class felt in sailors, and stating that sailors ought to manifest their gratitude to the merchants for the many benefits they had conferred upon them. When he sat down, Father Taylor inquired, "Is there any other old sinner from up-town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

After a long and eloquent exhortation from a brother who had evidently thought more of display than of any thing else, Father Taylor clasped his hands, and remarked, "Now let some brother speak that has something to say."

Father Taylor entertained profound respect for Gov. Andrew, between whom and himself there existed a strong personal friendship. In giving his testimony before the legislative committee appointed to consider the subject of licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks, Father Taylor showed himself in sympathy with Messrs. Andrew and Child, who advocated regulation *versus* prohibition. The following is part of Father Taylor's testimony: —

Question. "How long have you been in Boston?"

Answer. "Oh! not very long: only about fifty years."

In answer to the question as to the number of places where liquor had been sold for the last five years, he said they were multitudinous. He thought there was "a breast-work of them from the Square down to Charlestown Bridge."

Question. "Has there been any diminution of these places

since the prohibitory law was passed, twelve or fifteen years ago?"

Answer. "Prohibitory law! I did not know that they had one."

Question. "Have these places, for the last twelve or fifteen years, been constantly increasing, or not?"

Answer. "I think they have not died with age. They remain, and are exceedingly plentiful," &c.

Question. "Are you in favor of a prohibitory law?"

Answer. "By no means. I have no right to punish the righteous with the wicked."

In the course of this extended answer, the witness gave it as his opinion that all hotels should be furnished with the prohibited drinks for the use of their guests; and stated the case of persons travelling with him in Canada and in the West, who, he believed, lost their lives by refusing to take alcoholic stimulants. In this connection he said, "Therefore I think it would be out of the question to forbid the use or the sale of spirits in all cases. This prohibitory law shuts us in. Moreover, there is something else in this matter. I should not want to deny my God. The good book tells us that wine cheereth the heart of God and man. I should not want to raise my hand against the hand of God." In commencing the cross-examination, Mr. Spooner spoke of "the present prohibitory law." Father Taylor said, "What! have you got a prohibitory law? Where?" The manner of the witness, including the peculiar expression of his countenance, was telling, and produced general merriment, together with the impression that the prohibitory law was a great sham, having no practical tendency to remedy the evil it was professedly designed to remove. Father Taylor manifestly belongs to the increasing class of clergymen and temperance people who believe that the prohibitory liquor law is wrong in principle. Some of these regard this statute anti-republican and anti-Christian. Fa-

ther Taylor does not like it, and he dared to say so before the committee; and his manner of saying it was an exciter of mirthfulness in those who heard his testimony.

AMERICAN BAPTIST CLERGYMEN.

From the few specimens the compiler has collected, he concludes that the clergymen of this denomination in New England have had a fair proportion of the humorous class in their ranks. Should he obtain other specimens before this work is prepared for the press, he will insert them in his miscellaneous collection in the last part of the book; which collection will be rich in wit and humor.

Before a Baptist church was formed in New-York City, a Baptist clergyman, Rev. David Jones, walking on one of the streets, approached an old gentleman sitting on the steps of a respectable-looking house, and asked to be directed to Baptists in the city, if he knew of any. His question was, "Can you tell me where any Baptists live in this town?" He had to repeat his question in a loud voice; for the old gentleman was very deaf. The deaf man replied, "I really don't know as I ever heard of anybody of that occupation in these parts."

Dr. Samuel Shepard used to tell a story, which he applied to men who attempted to dodge difficulties by assuming neutral ground, — by sitting on the fence. A certain farmer used to ride on the tongue of his cart, where he supposed himself out of the way of both the cart and the oxen. This was all very well till the team came to a rough piece of ground, when the oxen became restive, and kicked the farmer off; and the wheels passed over him, inflicting severe injuries upon his person.

On one of his circuits, Rev. JOHN LEELAND happened to be in a place where the Baptist minister had married a second wife soon after the death of his first, — much sooner than his female parishioners thought was proper. It was agreed to refer the matter to Mr. Leeland's judgment. After hearing a full statement of the facts and complaints in the case, he said very calmly, "It is evident, from the rule the apostle Paul has laid down in the seventh chapter of First Corinthians, that a man is free to marry as soon as his wife dies; but, as a matter of decency, perhaps he had better wait at least until she is buried."

A president of a Baptist college was passing near a student who was using profane language while employed in chopping wood. The president asked the student to lend him his axe. He took it, and cut through a stick of wood, and, passing it back to the student, said, "I didn't swear once while chopping that stick of wood; and I submit that it is very well done."

A very censorious person said to a Baptist clergyman, while the two were passed by a family on their way to church with a very elegant and valuable team, "Do you think that people will ever get to heaven in such a splendid carriage as that?" The minister replied, "We read that Elijah went to heaven in a chariot."

The compiler spent nearly two years in East Tennessee in the early part of his life, where he obtained considerable information respecting the hard-shell Baptists, — a class of religionists who differ essentially from the Baptists of New England; holding but little in common with them, except the mode of baptism. They are opposed to an educated ministry and to the cause of missions, and do not keep the sabbath as Christians do in New England. The compiler

spent a few weeks in a neighborhood where Baptists of this class were the principal religionists. He found the people very ignorant, and living in the pure farmer's state. Each family tanned their leather, made their own shoes, and manufactured nearly all their clothing from the raw material. There was very little money in circulation, and the exchanges were made "by barter." Articles of property were exchanged for other articles of property. A man told his neighbor that he had sold his big dog for a hundred dollars. The price was regarded unreasonably large; until the vender, in answer to the question, "What did you take your pay in?" said, "I took two little dogs at fifty dollars apiece."

A hard-shell preacher, after preaching against human learning in the ministry, thanked the Lord in the closing prayer that he was ignorant, and prayed that he might be *more ignorant.*

A preacher of this class, wishing to prove that Paul was not educated, stated in his argument that that distinguished preacher and apostle "was brought up at the foot of *Gamul Hill,* where the people were not educated." The preacher mistook Gamul Hill for Gamaliel.

Another of this class took for his text the following words of Paul to the Corinthians: "Therefore, if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me." The preacher read the text thus: "I shall be unto him that speaketh a *barberiron,* and he that speaketh shall be a *barberiron* unto me." In his discourse, he described the *barberiron,* and stated its supposed uses.

This class of ministers employ a sing-song tone in preaching, which, with their fanciful explanations of Scripture, make them appear very ridiculous to intelligent persons who occasionally hear them. One of them, reading the scriptural statement that the ancient Jewish tent for divine worship

was covered with "*badgers' skins,*" read for "*badgers'*" "*beggars',*" and proceeded to remark that the *new* dispensation was vastly more humane than the *old,* under which *beggars'* skins were used to cover places of worship.

The following quotation, from the sermon of a hard-shell preacher, will give the reader some idea of the tone used by the whole class; though a strictly correct one can be had by those only who have heard the tone. This sermon was called forth by the efforts of travelling agents to establish a sabbath school in the neighborhood of the preacher. The text was, "Thou art Peter; and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Says the reporter of the sermon, "After giving Peter a good setting-out, the minister closed as follows, in that peculiar singing tone that is indescribable, except to those who have heard it: 'Yes, my brethering, ah; an' the gates of hell shall not prevail agin it, ah! Now, you would like to know all about these ere gates of hell, ah! Well, my brethering, there are four gates to hell, ah! That is, fustly, the Sunday-school system, ah! That thar is one gate to hell, ah! whar they bring young men and wimmen togither, ah! and, onder the igee of teachin' on 'em the Bible, they set 'em to hankerin' after one another, ah! an' so open wide that gate o' hell, ah! An' the next gate o' hell is wus'n the fust, ah! That thar is Bible so-ci-ities, ah! whar they put the word into the hands o' them as haint larnin' sufficient, ah! fur to understand it, ah! an' this here, brethering, is one of the wust gates o' hell, ah! which we read about in the Bible, ah!' The other two gates are 'Temperance societies' and 'the Republican party.'"

One of these preachers, by the name of Usher, gave a description of his leaving a people to whom he had become strongly attached, thus: "As I closed my farewell discourse, ah! all the congregation came up, one by one, ah! and said, 'Farewell, Brother Usher, ah!' After taking leave of the

dear people, I rode away through the grove, ah! an', as I passed along, all the trees seemed to bow, an' gently say, 'Farewell, Brother Usher, ah!' By and by I came near a flock o' sheep, ah! an' they all stopped eating, an' looked right at me, an' seemed to bow, and say, 'Farewell, Brother Usher, ah!'"

UNIVERSALIST CLERGYMEN.

The compiler has succeeded in obtaining but few anecdotes or pleasantries connected with this class. Should he collect others before completing this work, he will insert them in the "Miscellaneous Class," which will contain some relating to clergymen of the other denominations whose humorous representatives he has described.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, D.D., had the reputation of being a very humorous man, who often employed his wit in the pulpit. While President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad Corporation, he walked the entire length of the road, that he might have personal knowledge of its condition. While looking at some Irishmen who were moving a lot of new rails, and were handling them very roughly, he reproved them. The boss of the gang, not knowing him, said, "You go to ——!"

Mr. Whittemore replied, "That is the last place I should wish to go to."

"Well," said the Irishman, "it is the *last* place you *will* go to."

Mr. Whittemore used to tell this story in a very humorous manner.

Rev. Mr. Streeter of Boston undertook to reprove a prominent parishioner for habitual profanity. He urged

a variety of reasons why this very improper and God-displeasing habit should be abandoned. After giving a respectful attention to his pastor's lecture, the waggish parishioner replied very pleasantly, "Brother Streeter, I know that I swear a good deal, and that you pray a good deal; but neither of us mean any thing by it."

During a session of the Massachusetts Legislature, when Rev. Thomas Whittemore was a representative from Cambridgeport, the question of increasing the pay of the members came up. Mr. Whittemore strongly opposed the measure; which, however, was carried by a large majority. At the close of the day's session, a friend asked him how he felt respecting the decision of the House upon this subject. He replied, "I am disappointed; but I know of no better way than to *pocket the insult.*"

In the early part of Rev. Hosea Ballou's ministry, an acquaintance of his, whose personal qualifications for preaching were very small, occasionally officiated as a minister of the Baptist denomination. Having great love of approbation, he tried one day to elicit from Mr. Ballou a remark of commendation. He began by saying, "Mr. Ballou, I am awfully tried with myself."

"Ah!" said Mr. Ballou: "what is the trouble with you?"

"Oh! to think that I should ever try to preach, and know so little! What do you think, Brother Ballou?"

"Well, really," said Mr. Ballou, hesitating a little, but making up his mind to return a plain answer, "I think — then — that — if you knew *a little more*, you'd never try again!"

At a social gathering of ministers, one of them was entertaining the others with some pleasant anecdotes of Mr. Ballou. Unexpectedly, the subject of their conversation joined the company, and listened for a time to what was

being said, unobserved by the speaker. When the latter discovered him, he said, "We are telling stories about you, Father Ballou; but they are all true ones."

"Well," said Mr. Ballou, "that is the worst of it. I remember that a very black, ugly story about me was started once; but I told my wife I did not care about it, so long as it was not true. But, when they begin to tell the truth about me, it is time for me to look out."

The following dialogue passed between a lady and Mr. Ballou in an omnibus between Roxbury and Boston. The lady said, "I want to know, Mr. Ballou, if you think you preach as Jesus Christ preached when he was on earth?"

"Well, I don't know, madam," said Mr. Ballou slowly and mildly: "I believe I intend to do so."

"Ah! but," said she, "are you faithful, sir? Are you sure, sir, you set forth the punishment of sin as faithfully as Jesus Christ and his apostles did?"

"Well, madam, I would not be self-confident," said he, growing more mild as she grew excited; "but I seek to preach the doctrine of my Master."

"Do you, sir," said she, "preach to your people every sabbath, 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, ye *hypocrites*, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?'"

"No, madam," said he very calmly: "to be honest with you, I do not."

"But why do you not?" said she. "You are a false teacher. Jesus preached in that way to the people in his day; and why do not *you* preach so to hypocrites now?"

"Well, madam," said he, "I will tell you the reason: *that class of people do not go to my meeting!*"

Some twenty-five years ago, when Franklin Pierce and Harry Hibbard stood at the head of the New-Hampshire bar, they were arrayed against each other on an important case of "breach of promise." A respectable young woman

sued a respectable farmer, whom she had served as housekeeper, for breach of promise of marriage. The case, tried at Newport, excited so much interest, that the court, to accommodate the large number of spectators, adjourned to the Congregational Meeting-House. Hibbard was counsel for the woman. Under the skilful management of Gen. Pierce, the main defence was that the plaintiff had kept company with another man in the capacity of an accepted suitor, while she claimed to be engaged to the man she had sued. Gen. Pierce called the important witness to the stand. He was a young man, of pleasing address; and his direct testimony seemed to make against the plaintiff. He said he visited her at such a time, and accompanied her to the barn-yard while she milked the cows, and returned with her to the house, where he spent the evening pleasantly; and that, in the course of half a year, he paid her several visits, which were kindly received. In the course of his testimony, he labored, by insinuations of different kinds, to make the impression that he had been on very familiar terms with the plaintiff, and that she had treated him as her lover. On the cross-examination, Mr. Hibbard asked the witness, if, at the time he accompanied the plaintiff to the barn-yard, he was not courting another girl, whom he named. The witness replied, "We had been keeping company together; but *we had wound up our fiddles.*" Referring to another time, a few months later, when witness said he had visited the plaintiff, Mr. Hibbard asked him if he was not, at that time, paying attention to *another* young lady, whom he named. His reply was, as before, "I had been keeping company with her; but *we had wound up our fiddles.*"

After making the witness appear badly on the stand, Mr. Hibbard said to him, "You are a preacher; are you not?" His reply was, "I preach occasionally; though I never had a pastoral charge, or even a license to preach."

"What do you preach?" said Mr. Hibbard

"The gospel," was the reply.

Mr. Hibbard remarked that his answer was not sufficiently definite. He wished to know to what denomination he belonged, and what particular system of doctrines he preached; and he shaped his question in accordance with this wish. The witness, at first, refused to answer this question; but, being told by the judge that he *must*, he straightened himself up, and in a pompous manner exclaimed, "I believe and teach the universal salvation of all men."

"*Lucky thing for you,*" said Mr. Hibbard with strong feeling; "*for no other system will save you.*"

This remark of Mr. Hibbard "brought down the house." It produced a burst of insuppressible laughter, in which court and jury joined. The witness was dismissed from the stand in confusion, and the plaintiff won the case.

DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS.

A Scotch clergyman in the Great Rebellion said in his prayer, "Lord, bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may all hang together." A country fellow standing by said, —

"Amen, with all my heart; and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people."

"Friends," said the clergyman, "I don't mean as that fellow means: I pray they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," said the rustic, "so 'tis a strong one."

At a church in Scotland, where was a popular call, two candidates, named Adam and Low, preached on the same sabbath. Low preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" The congregation was

greatly edified by the discourse. In the afternoon, Mr. Adam preached from the following text: "Lo! here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the church.

The late Dr. HUMPHRY of Amherst College related the following anecdote at a ministerial meeting not long before his death. "When I was a boy," said the doctor, "I sat under the preaching of an able but eccentric minister. On a certain occasion, the preacher's subject was native depravity; and the point he was illustrating was *this*, — that, when persons had a clear view of themselves, they were astonished at its vileness. The following was his illustration: 'In the early part of my ministry, I used in summer-time to go on missionary tours into Vermont. While stopping with an uncultivated family, in which was an ignorant boy, who looked as though he was never washed or combed, a peddler came along with some cheap looking-glasses; and I purchased one, and hung it upon the wall of one of the rooms. Different members of the family looked into the curious mirror, and for the first time saw themselves as others saw them, and were manifestly astonished with the view. By and by, the unwashed and uncombed boy looked into the attractive glass, and, alarmed at what he saw, rushed out of doors, seized a club, and returned with it, furiously aimed at my mirror, exclaiming under great excitement, "I'm going to kill the Devil." ' "

While Dr. Humphry was visiting a young clergyman in his study, a promising two-year-old son of the latter came into the room, and, for a few moments, attracted the attention of the two. As he passed out of the room, his fond young father remarked to the doctor with apparent sadness, "We don't expect to raise that boy."

"Why?" asked the doctor. "Is he sick?"

"No," was the reply; "but he is so forward and interesting!"

"O my young brother!" said the doctor, "dismiss your fears. I have had eight just such, and I raised them all."

Dr. Humphry was one day in company with several clergyman, no one of whom bore the title of D.D. One of them, distinguished for his wit, said to his associates, "Why can't we, brethren, obtain this title for ourselves by petition or otherwise?" Dr. Humphry remarked to him playfully, that qualifications were requisite to success. "Is that so?" said the wit. "I thought this title fell, like the rain, on the evil and the good, on the just and the unjust."

In speaking of the large number of D.D.'s in America, and of the eagerness with which the title is sought by aspiring young ministers, a gentleman remarked, he was reminded of an anecdote of olden time. When much was thought of military titles, two little brothers, each owning a puppy, were found quarrelling one day. "What is the matter, boys?" inquired the mother. Peter answered, "John says his puppy is Captain, and I say my puppy is Captain."—"O boys!" said the mother, "don't quarrel about that; for every puppy in town is captain."

A Baptist and Congregational minister were riding together one day, when there was strong manifestation of a coming shower. The former suggested to the latter, who was driving, that he had better quicken the speed of the horse. The Congregationalist replied, "Why, brother? are you afraid of *water?*"—"Oh, no!" said the Baptist; "I am not afraid of water: it's the *sprinkling* I wish to avoid."

During the last decade of the last century, the two following pleasantries occurred in two neighboring towns in New Hampshire. An uncultivated Irishman called upon a

clergyman, whose house stood eight or ten rods from the gate through which visitors entered from the highway; leaving outside the gate his lady-love and her father, sitting upon their horses. The Irishman said to the clergyman, who was a stranger to him, "Can your Reverence marry one to-day?" — "No," replied the clergyman: "I cannot marry *one;* but I can marry *two.*" — "Well, well," said the other, "that's jist what I want, — Mary Cann and I." — "I can marry Mary Cann and you," said the clergyman. Excited with delight, the Irishman stepped to the door, and, beckoning to those outside the gate, said, "Come in: he'll do't, he'll do't, he'll do't!"

Another clergyman, having united in marriage an uncultivated Yankee fellow to a girl belonging to his class, told the former to salute his bride. Not understanding the meaning of the word "salute," the young man stood by his bride, not knowing what to do, until his father exclaimed, "Buss her, Joe; buss her." Joe knew how to *buss,* the vulgar name of kiss; and so he *bussed* his bride, and the excitement ceased.

A Scotch clergyman, preaching one day, quoted the passage, "'I said in my haste, that all men are liars;'" and added, "What's that, Mr. Psalmist? said it in your haste, did you? Had you lived in our day, you might have said it at your leisure."

Another Scotch clergyman was accustomed to wake up the sleepers in his congregation by calling their names. One, whose name had been often called, charged the minister with partiality, telling him that his own wife was often seen sleeping. On the following sabbath, about the middle of a long sermon, the preacher stepped to one side of the pulpit, and looked down into the pew occupied by his family,

where he saw his wife sound asleep. Addressing her, he said, "Wake, Mary! wake up, I say! I did not marry you for your wealth; for you had none of that. I did not marry you for your beauty; for you had precious little of that. I married you for your virtue and your religion; and sure, if you have none of that, I have been grossly taken in."

A clergyman, being annoyed by his audience going out while he was preaching, took for his text, "Thou art weighed, and found wanting." Soon after commencing his discourse, the preacher said, "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

"At what a rate that girl's tongue is going!" said a lady, looking complacently at her daughter, who was discussing some subject of apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman. "Yes," replied a satirical neighbor: "her tongue is going at the *cu-rate*."

Bishop MORLEY, in the absence of his errand-man, ordered his coachman to bring some water from the well. To this the coachman objected; saying that it was his business to *drive*, not to run of errands. "Well, then," said the bishop, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and *drive* to the well." This service was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the villagers.

"Name this child," said a parson. "Lucy, sir," replied the humble sponsor. "Lucifer!" exclaimed the parson. "I shall give him no such name: I shall call him John." And John was that girl's name for the rest of her life.

A clergyman, preaching a wedding-sermon, chose for his text, "And let there be abundance of peace while the moon endureth."

A dull preacher put all his congregation to sleep except an idiot, who sat erect, with open mouth. Thumping the pulpit, the preacher exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot?" — "Ay, sir," said the only wakeful hearer: "if I had not been an idiot, I should have been asleep too."

An awkward boy carried a turkey to his father's minister, and said, "Here's a turkey father sent you." — "Why, John," said the minister, "you ought to do your errand more politely. You take my place here by my wife; and I will take yours, and present the turkey to you." The boy did as he was directed; and the minister took the turkey, went out, knocked at the door, was admitted to the presence of the parson's lady and her substitute husband, to whom he very politely presented the turkey as a gift from his father. Taking the gift, John said, "Tell your father we are much obliged to him for his present." Then, turning to the lady, he said, "Wife, give the boy half a dollar for bringing us this gift."

A certain D.D., a professor of ecclesiastical history in a theological seminary, commenced the public examination of his class in the following manner:—

"Young gentlemen, you will be examined to-day upon the literature of the Bible. Mr. Abbot, will you describe, or rather indicate, the significance of badger-skin?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Abbot: "a badger-skin was the skin of a badger."

At a public missionary meeting in Boston several years ago, great enthusiasm was manifested in the frequent announcement of large sums pledged in behalf of the cause, which were placed in the contribution-boxes then being circulated. A very large and corpulent young clergyman, just licensed, weighing some two hundred and forty pounds,

rose in the audience, and said, "Brethren, I have no money to contribute to this noble cause; but I have concluded to put myself into the contribution-box." The idea was so ludicrous, that it convulsed the vast and solemn audience with insuppressible laughter.

An economical clergyman in New England ingrafted his own apple-trees by sawing off the limbs, and boring holes in the centre of them, in which he inserted his scions.

A D.D. in one of our cities was not satisfied with having ice brought to him every other day. He said he wanted *fresh* ice *every* day.

A learned professor in a Baptist college, in the absence of his servant, was requested to go to the pasture one evening, and drive from thence his wife's cow. Finding a number of cattle in the pasture, the professor asked some waggish students who happened to be near by if they could point out to him his wife's cow. They directed him to a broad-horned ox, which he drove to his yard to be milked.

On a certain sabbath, during a very severe drought, a minister prayed very earnestly for rain. On the night following, the rain fell in torrents, and occasioned a great amount of damage. A good old lady on Monday said, "This is just like our minister: he always overdoes every thing he undertakes."

Dr. EMMONS told a young preacher that it was the *length*, not the *depth*, of his sermons, which wearied his hearers.

The EARL OF LAUDERDALE was alarmingly ill; one distressing symptom being the total absence of sleep. His physicians said he would surely die if he did not obtain

sleep very soon. His son, hearing this remark, cried out, "Sen for that preaching-man frae Livingstone; for father aye sleeps in the kirk." The hint was adopted: the minister came to the sick man's bedside, preached, and sleep came to the relief of the patient, and he recovered.

A Scotch clergyman had a stranger preach for him one day. Meeting his beadle at the close of the service, he said to him, "Well, Sanders, how did you like the preaching to-day?" — "I watna, sir, it was rather o'erplain and simple for me. I like the sermon that jumbles the judgment, and confounds the sense. Od, sir, I never saw one that could come up to yourself at that."

An ignorant Scotchman went to the kirk one day to get his child christened. The question, "How many commandments are there?" was proposed to him; and he replied, "*Twenty.*" — "O you ignorant fellow!" exclaimed the officiating clergyman: "go and learn how many commandments there are before you bring your child here for baptism."

As he was retiring from the kirk, he met a neighbor going there with his child for the same ceremony which had been denied him. He asked his neighbor how many commandments there were, and was told that there were *ten*. "Ah! my good fellow," said he, "you may as well turn back with me; for I offered the minister *twenty*, and he would not baptize *my* child."

On a certain occasion, when Dr. Wayland was discussing the subject of miracles with a class of young men, one of them, to exhibit his shrewdness, made the following supposition: —

"Dr. Wayland, suppose I should solemnly declare to you, that, in coming to the college-building this morning, the

lamp-post on such a street bowed, and spoke to me, uttering intelligent sentiment: what would you say?" The doctor replied, "I should ask you, my son, where you spent *last night?*"

A preacher, whose custom it was to preach very long sermons, exchanged with one who only preached half as long. At about the customary time for dismissing, the audience began to go out. This hegira continued till all had left but the sexton, who stood it as long as he could, and then, walking up to the pulpit-stairs, said to the preacher in a whisper, "When you have got through, please lock up, and leave the key at my house, next to the church."

A good old Methodist preacher, long ago removed from this scene of temptation, in relating his "experience," said that woman's eye was once so powerful as to draw him thirteen miles over a rough road in winter, simply for her to tell him that she wouldn't marry him.

"Mary, my love," said a pastor to his not very amiable wife at the dinner-table, "shall I help you to a piece of the heart?" — "I believe," said she, "that a piece of the heart was all that I ever got." There was a commotion among the dishes.

One of Bishop BLOOMFIELD'S *bon-mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacon's charges; and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "Oh! I see," said the bishop: "composition and decomposition."

A Welsh clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one; but, as the clergyman was

taking his leave, he expressed hopes that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir!" said the bishop: "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" — "No, my lord," said the parson; "but she lectures."

In the State of Ohio, there resided a family, consisting of an old man and four sons, by the name of Beaver, who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious though very eccentric minister who resided in the same town. One of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake; and, in the prospect of sudden death, the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival, he found the young man very penitent, and anxious to be prayed for. Calling the family together, the minister knelt, and prayed, "O Lord! we thank thee for rattlesnakes. We thank thee that a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray that thou wouldst send one to bite John, and one to bite Sam, and one to bite Bill. And, O Lord! send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man; for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

"Dey don't die dat Way." — The following comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is inimitable for its points as well as eloquence: "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough; but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way. Brederen, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb by de soft light of de moon up de moss-covered roof, and lift my hands to heaven, and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

A clergyman of olden time, in New England, was accustomed to visit the store in the village for the double purpose of obtaining his dram, and lecturing loiterers who spent too much time there and drank too freely at the bar. He was a great enemy to intemperance, and had an intense hatred of hypocrisy. One winter morning, the venerable pastor walked into the attractive room, and took his seat before the fire. While he sat there, a large number of persons called for their morning dram; one saying he had taken cold, another that he felt chilly, another that his stomach was out of order, another that he did not feel well, and another that he was going into the cold, &c. Disgusted with these excuses, the pastor stepped to the bar, and said in a commanding voice, "Pass that decanter this way: I want a drink of gin because I love it."

A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle.

"What do they say of Mr. ——?" (his predecessor.)

"Oh!" said the beadle, "they say he is not sound."

Minister. "What do they say of the new minister?" (himself.)

Beadle. "Oh! they say he's *all sound!*"

A very excitable colored preacher, called to marry a couple, in his extemporaneous ceremony expatiated upon love. He earnestly enjoined upon the parties to love one another, their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and cousins of every grade, &c. Having finished the ceremony, with his soul full of emotion, he started the hymn, —

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,"

which he sang with intense feeling.

WIT WHEN WANTED. — The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds.

The latter granted his request on condition that Mr. Morrison should grant the first favor which he asked; that being to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening.

Mr. Morrison desired Major —— to hold up the dog.

"As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said he, "I must proceed accordingly."

The officer replied that he desired no more.

"Well, then, major," rejoined the other, "I begin with the usual question, 'You acknowledge yourself to be the father of this puppy?'"

The major felt the force of the joke, and threw down the animal.

Thus did the witty minister turn the laugh against the insnarer, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, when a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which churchmen assigned their right of remuneration for labor, and offered to bet that he would preach half an hour upon a verse, or section of a verse, from any part of the Scripture, Mr. Morrison pointed out the following words: —

"And the ass opened his mouth, and spake."

The former, however, declined employing his eloquence on that passage, and thereby was put in confusion.

Rev. Mr. ROBBINS of Chelsea said, when the society of his brother in Boston were building a very expensive church for which they were unable to pay, "My brother has tried for years to bring his people to repentance, and he is now in the way to succeed." The house was sold to pay the parish debt incurred in its erection.

On a certain occasion, Mr. Robbins attended a ministerial association, wearing a pair of nankeen pantaloons. Dr. P—— of Boston, who had great regard for ministerial propriety and dignity, said to Mr. Robbins, —

"I am astonished at seeing you here in such costume."

"What objection have you to my costume, doctor?" said Mr Robbins. "Is it not clean?"

"It is clean enough," said Dr. P——; "but just think of a minister appearing in a ministerial association in nankeen pantaloons!"

"I don't carry my religion in my pantaloons," was Mr. Robbins's reply. This excited Dr. P—— to say, —

"This is just like you. People tell me that you preach *religious nonsense.*"

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Robbins, "I have the advantage of you; for they tell me that you preach *nonsense without religion.*"

There were two clergymen residing in a Western city, who bore the name of Robert Collyer. One was an Englishman, and a radical Unitarian; the other, whose name was Robert L., was a Methodist. A gentleman wishing to see the latter, with whom he had no acquaintance, called upon the former, who said to him, "I am Rev. Robert Collyer, but not Robert *Hell.* The Robert who has the *Hell* in him lives on such a street."

ABOUT LAWYERS.

ABOUT LAWYERS.

A PIOUS old man asked an aged Christian lawyer if he thought that a man could be a successful lawyer and a Christian. The reply was, "It depends altogether upon how he behaves." Some of the following anecdotes will illustrate the fact, that some people think that the legal profession is unfavorable to the cultivation of piety, and even of honesty. Lawyers constitute a necessary and useful class of citizens, and some of them have developed rich veins of wit and humor.

The celebrated RUFUS CHOATE was the most successful jury-lawyer that ever pleaded before a Massachusetts court. His biographer informs us that he secured eminence at the bar within two years from the date of his admission thereto, and from that time, while he remained in his native county, he had all the criminal defences, and no jury ever brought in a verdict of guilty against a client defended by him. After his admission to full practice in the Supreme Judicial Court, at one term he procured the acquittal of all whom he defended; and they constituted nearly the entire docket. The Court closed the week before Thanksgiving; and it was said, "The rogues went home to enjoy that festival, instead of going to jail and the penitentiary." "The old and venerable attorney-general said pleasantly, at one of these

trials, that Choate was a conjurer, and he really believed the days of the Salem witchcraft had returned." In 1848, the compiler published a pamphlet upon a criminal case tried at Lowell, in which Mr. Choate appeared, as he said, for the first time, against an accused person. The parties by whom he was employed were personally interested in securing the conviction of the accused, and he exerted himself to effect the result. One chapter in the pamphlet referred to bears this title: "MR. CHOATE, THE UNEQUALLED ADVOCATE." The following quotation constitutes about one-third of this chapter: —

"I had heard much of the oratory of this very distinguished lawyer, and especially of his power over a jury; but I must say, the half was not told me. I never heard his equal, never, no, never; and I doubt whether it was ever heard before a court and jury. During his argument, he exerts upon his hearers a peculiar, an enchanting influence, in addition to what he says. I never was so sensible of this influence before. I had experienced the like, but never to such extent. I don't know what to call it; but they who have listened to this matchless orator will understand what I mean. He exhibits a good deal of action, and treats the jury with much respect. He steps backward and forward; and when he comes near the enchanted twelve, and shakes his trembling fingers, he seems to be scattering electricity among them. He combines ingenuity in argument with great force and beauty of style. His argument appears like an iron cable wreathed with roses; but close examination will show that the most beautiful part of the wreath is sometimes made to supply a missing link. So skilfully is this done, however, that many take it for granted that the iron is all there, and that the whole is as strong as it is beautiful. His gestures are graceful and forcible, and the tones of his voice are the tones of an orator. When deeply interested, his whole soul seems to be on fire with his sub-

ject, and he appears to be thoroughly convinced that he is advocating the truth. He is a skilful painter. I remember a scene of his invention in P.'s case. In this scene, the accused was made to act an important part. He was represented in this imaginary scene as the chief conspirator against the innocent F. According to the orator's representation, P.'s plans were about to be destroyed by the question proposed by Mr. M. P. heard that question, and saw its bearing: he hesitated; but the temptation was too strong. He yielded, and was lost, *lost*, LOST! The word 'lost' was first uttered in an emphatic half-whisper, then more of a whisper, and finally in a perfect one *prolonged*. The effect was tremendous; all of which was produced by painting; for the evidence shows that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to tempt P. to answer *no*, rather than *yes*." In connection with his oratorical powers, he possessed the gift at repartee, a keen sense of the ludicrous, with geniality and imperturbable good humor. A man of small property, belonging to Charlestown, called upon Mr. Choate to ascertain whether a tax of ten dollars had been rightly levied or not. The great advocate turned him over to his young partner, who prepared an opinion, and secured his senior's signature to the same, who told him to charge a fee of twenty-five dollars for the work. When the opinion was called for, the poor client complained of the high charge, and said he had but fifteen dollars ready money in the world. The junior partner took the fifteen dollars, and receipted the bill; and, when he told his senior what he had done, the distinguished lawyer said, "You took all he had, did you? Well, I've nothing to say to that: *that's strictly professional.*"

In a speech before a legislative committee in behalf of petitioners to set off three wards of the city of Roxbury as a separate agricultural town, he said, "My brother may come with his honeyed words, and tell *how much he loves*

us; but I ask for this separation on the ground of incompatibility of interest, and demand it on the ground of incompatibility of temper. I remember to have passed a portion of my life in New Ipswich. There was Old Ipswich. There was the town, and there the numbers. I will tell you an instance of their government of us. Among the objects of expenditure were fire-engines, hose, hooks, and ladders. I remember that the people of Old Ipswich kept all the engines in Chebaco (which was the old Indian name of the town), and sent down very religiously the hooks to New Ipswich, in order to pull down the buildings, to prevent any farther spread of fire, the houses being at least half a mile from each other." In alluding to a witness, who, wishing to avoid close examination in court, feigned sickness, and had his deposition taken by two lawyers associated with him, Mr. Choate said, "We sent Drs. Durant and Dana to him: they *cured the patient; but they killed the witness.*"

A Police Judge. — A number of years ago, a man presided over the Police Court in Portsmouth, N.H., who had a large capacity for food, and was extravagantly fond of eating. A farmer brought some turkeys to market; and several of them were stolen from his wagon, but were recovered on a warrant issued by the astute judge under consideration, and the thief was bound over for trial before a higher court. The judge told the farmer that he must retain the turkeys for testimony. The farmer submitted, without being able to see how the suit would profit him. On the witness-stand, the judge was asked what became of the turkeys. His reply was, passing his hands over his well-developed abdomen, "The turkeys perished in the custody of law."

When Judge Storer was told that he lost much time by

his habit of late rising, he replied, "It matters less at what time of day a man opens his eyes, than it does whether he is wide awake after they are opened." When walking with several large men, one of them asked him how he felt walking with gentlemen so much larger than himself. Judge Storer's reply was, "I feel like a fourpence-ha'penny among six cents."

Hon. Judge Russell. — Speaking at the dinner in honor of Commodore Wilkes, soon after he had taken Mason and Slidell from "The Trent," Judge Russell said that these foreign ministers were now to be regarded as "*settled* ministers." At the same occasion, speaking of "The Alabama's" depredations, Mr. Russell turned to Mr. George B. Upton, one of the largest losers by that pirate, and said, "But these remarks are not for the public, but for Mr. Upton's private ear" (privateer).

At a Unitarian convention, Judge Russell followed Rev. E. E. Hale, who began his speech by saying that he was sent first, as little elephants were sent across rivers to try the strength of the current, and to make it safe for larger ones to follow. Judge Russell began by saying that he felt like a little elephant that had put his speech in his trunk, and left his trunk at home. He had been advised to commence his speech by saying, that, during that year, ten thousand one hundred and three persons had come before him in criminal court, and only thirteen of them were Unitarians; and that he didn't see these thirteen. "But," said he, "I do see them, and some of them are second-comers; yea, more, some of them have come again and again; and long may they continue to come to illustrate that charity which is better than any sectarian faith." The speaker followed this introduction with a eulogy upon the Ministry at Large.

A green member of the Legislature asked the mate of the school-ship if there was any way of reaching her by

land. The mate, willing to quiz the lawgiver, said that a balloon went to it once a week from Boston Common. Judge Russell added immediately, "We really haven't a balloon; but we have two parachutes," pointing to the four cannon, which made two pair o' shoots.

When certain Whig papers abused the Hon. Horace Mann for attacking Mr. Webster, Judge Russell said, in a Free-soil speech, "These politicians not only assailed Mr. Mann, but declared that he was politically dead.

"But soon a wonder came to light,
Which showed the rogues they lied:
THE MANN recovered of the bite;
The *dogs* it was that died."

Judge HOAR was trying a case at New Bedford where the witnesses all bore the name of Cash, and all appeared badly on the witness-stand. As the district attorney called his fifth witness, "John Cash," the judge leaned forward, and said, "I suppose you call your witnesses *cash* because they are no credit to anybody."

When "The Boston Atlas" said, in 1848, that Dr. Palfrey's only recommendation for Congress was his knowledge of the dead languages, Judge Hoar retorted, "God forbid that the language of liberty should ever be a dead language in Middlesex County!"

Judge Hoar's father, a leading lawyer in Middlesex County for many years, had great influence with the jury. A judge told him one day, in private conversation, that his honest face was worth to him a thousand dollars a year professionally.

A case was once given to a jury in which Mr. Hoar had been one of the advocates; and the jury was told to retire with the sheriff, and make up their verdict. When the officer reached the jury-room, he found he had but eleven jurymen. Returning to the court-room, he found the

twelfth man sitting composedly in his seat, and told him he must go out with his associates, and help make up the verdict. His reply was, "My verdict is already made up, Squire. Hoar says it is so and so; and it *must* be so."

A certain American lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends thought it was an excellent picture of him. An old farmer remarked that the portrait would have looked much more like the lawyer if it had represented him with his hand in another man's pocket instead of his own.

An American judge once reprimanded a lawyer for bringing several small suits into court; remarking, that it would have been better for the parties in each case had he persuaded them to an arbitration of some two or three honest men. "Please your Honor," retorted the lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble honest men with them."

A drunken lawyer in New England, going into church one sabbath, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I will bear witness against thee, thou great sinner, in the day of judgment." The lawyer, shaking his head, with drunken gravity replied, "I have practised twenty years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

The celebrated JOHN RANDOLPH met a personal enemy in the street one day who refused to give him half of the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat. "Pass on."

The rivalry of Concord, Acton, and Lexington, for the glories of the 19th of April, 1775, is well known. Judge

Hoar, presiding at a celebration in Concord, paid a compliment to the memory of Capt. Davis, and called upon a venerable selectman of Acton to respond. To the surprise of all, the old gentleman made this reply: "I give you the 19th of April, '75; for which Concord furnished the field, and Acton the men."

Lord Eldon, an English Chancellor. — Lord Eldon did not entertain a very exalted opinion of "trial by jury." He said, "I remember Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York; and, when he had proceeded about two hours, he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen: where is the twelfth?' — 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some business; but he has left his verdict with me.'"

Once, when leaving Newcastle after a very successful assize, a farmer rode up to Lord Eldon, and said, "Well, lawyer, I was glad you carried the day so often; and, if I had had my way, you would never once have been beaten. I was foreman of the jury, and you were sure of my vote; for you are my countryman, and we are proud of you."

Lord Eldon used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the unreasonableness of the complaints against public functionaries: —

"When travelling on the circuit, I stopped to bait my horse in a village in which Mr. Moiser had been curate a number of years before. I asked the landlord if he remembered Mr. Moiser.

"'Yes,' answered he with an oath, 'I well remember him. It was the worst day this parish ever saw that brought him here.'

"'But,' said I, 'Mr. Moiser, my old teacher, was a very respectable man.'

"'That may be,' cried Boniface; 'but he married me to the worst wife that ever man was plagued with.'

"'Oh! is that all?' said I. 'That was your own fault: she was *your* choice, not *Mr. Moiser's*.'

"'Yes,' concluded he, unconvinced; 'but I could not have been married if there had not been a parson to marry us.'"

On one occasion, when George III. came out of the House of Lords after opening the session of parliament, he addressed Lord Eldon thus: "Lord Chancellor, did I deliver the speech well?"

"Very well indeed, sir," was the answer.

"I am glad of that," replied the king; "*for there was nothing in it.*"

Having knighted a man by the name of Day, George III. said to Lord Eldon, "Now I know that I am a king; for I have turned *Day* into *Knight*."

In writing to a distinguished lady after he was released from office, Lord Eldon said, "I have no small comfort to-day in having my organ of hearing relieved from the eternal din of the tongues of counsel. I am sometimes tormented (he had no taste for music) by the noise of Lady Gwydis's Scotchmen playing under my windows upon the Scotch instrument vulgarly called the *bagpipe;* but there is music in that droning instrument, compared with the battle of lawyers' tongues."

On a certain day, after presenting an immense number of petitions, Lord Eldon at last said, "I now hold in my hand a petition which I do not know how to treat. It is signed by a large number of ladies. I am not aware whether there be any precedent for admitting ladies as petitioners to your lordships' house; but I will search the journals, and see whether they have ever been prevented from remonstrating against measures which they consider injurious to the constitution."

Lord King. "Will the noble and learned earl inform the house, as it may materially influence your lordships'

decision, whether this petition expresses the sentiments of *young* or of *old* ladies?"

Lord Eldon. "I cannot answer the noble lord as to the exact age of these petitioners; but of this I am sure, that there are many women, both young and old, who possess more knowledge of the constitution, and more common sense, than some descendants of lord chancellors."

A poor curate made a journey on foot to the residence of Lord Eldon for the purpose of soliciting a vacant benefice, the incumbent of which had just died. Learning from his servant that the chancellor had gone out a short distance on a sporting trip, the curate went in search of him. Coming up with a man shabbily dressed, carrying a gun, and accompanied with a brace of dogs, the curate inquired of him where he could find the chancellor. The sportsman, who was the chancellor himself, replied, "Not far off." As he made this reply, he fired at a flock of pigeons, with no success, as usual. The curate passed on in his search, and soon returned to the sportsman, whose several unproductive shots he had witnessed, and remarked to him, that he was not a very successful shooter; and added, "I wish you could tell me where to find Lord Eldon." The sportsman replied, "I am Lord Eldon." The poor curate felt greatly embarrassed, and, in a stammering manner, made known his business. He was told by the chancellor that he never attended to such business during his seasons of recreation, and that the journey had been a failure. The disappointed curate returned home, where he found a letter from the chancellor, giving him the preferment. After telling this story, Lord Eldon said with a waggish smile, "See the ingratitude of mankind! It was not long before a large present of game reached me, with a letter from my new-made rector, purporting that he had sent it me; because, *from what he had seen of my shooting*, he supposed I must be badly off for game. Think of his turning upon me in

this way, after the kindness I had done him, and wounding me in my very tenderest point!"

It was said of Lord Eldon "that he never killed any thing but time."

The following was his answer to an application for a piece of preferment from his old friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charter House: —

"Dear Fisher, I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend Eldon. Turn over." On the other side was written, "I gave it to you *yesterday*."

A counsel at the chancery bar, by way of denying collusion suspected to exist between him and the counsel representing another party, having said, "My lord, I assure your lordship there is no understanding between us," the chancellor observed, "I once heard a squire in the House of Commons say of himself and another squire, 'We have never, through life, had but *one idea* between us;' but I tremble for the suitors when I am told that two eminent practitioners at my bar have *no understanding* between them."

When the Welsh jurisdiction was about to be abolished, two judges were appointed, with *an understanding*, that, if it were abolished, they should not be entitled to a pension; but it was said that "all the others had pensions granted them because they had been appointed *without any understanding*."

When engaged in hunting, Lord Eldon always went shabbily dressed, that he might pass people in disguise. The following anecdote was related by himself: —

"When out shooting at Encombe, we went through a field where a boy was employed to drive off the crows and rooks from new-sown wheat. I perceived the boy following us in our sport at least a mile from that field. 'My boy,' said I, 'how came you to leave your work? The birds will get all the wheat.'

"'Oh, no! my lord,' said the boy: 'they saw your lordship in the field; and they won't dare come again, now they know you have been there.'"

Lord Eldon told the following story respecting himself: —

"One day, as I was on my grounds with my dog and gun, in my usual shooting attire, I heard two reports in an adjoining field, and saw what appeared to be — as, in fact, they afterwards proved — two gentlemen. I accosted them with, 'Gentlemen, I apprehend you have not Lord Eldon's permission to shoot on his grounds?' To which one of them replied, —

"'Oh! permission is not necessary in our case.'

"'May I venture to ask why, gentlemen?' I said.

"'Because we flushed our birds on other grounds; and the *law* entitles us to follow our game anywhere. If you ask your master, he will tell you that is the *law*.' Whereupon I said, —

"'I don't think it will be necessary to trouble him on that account; since, to tell you the truth, I am Lord Eldon myself.'

"They instantly sought to apologize; but I added, —

"'Come, gentlemen, our meeting has begun in good humor, and so let it end. Pursue your pleasure on my grounds: only, next time, don't be quite so positive in your law.'"

When Lord John Campbell, LL.D., was an undergraduate, while skating one day, he fell through the ice, and was immersed to his neck in water. Having extricated himself from his unpleasant position, he was approached by a brandy-vender, who recommended some hot sling. A fellow-student passing by cried out to the retailer, "None of your brandy for that *wet* young man: he never drinks but when he is *dry*." A proper pendant to this joke is that of the old Scotch woman, who, upon an *un*popular

preacher coming into her house after being exposed to a heavy shower of rain, and asking leave to dry himself at her fire, advised him "to go into the *poopit*, where he would be sure to be *dry enough*."

Curran, the Great Irish Lawyer. — Mr. Curran, riding one day by the country-seat of a judge whom he knew, was interested in a group of lovely children whom he perceived playing in the avenue. He stopped to inquire to whom all these fine children belonged: he was answered by the nurse, who had a beautiful infant in her arms, that they were the children of Judge ——. "Pray, my good woman, how many of them has he?" — "There are twelve playing about in the yard, and this in my arms is the thirteenth." "Then," said Curran, "the judge has a full jury, and may proceed to trial whenever he chooses; and the youngest one will make an excellent *crier*." A gentleman thinking much of his dress, and wishing to display a new pair of half-boots, appealed to Curran for his opinion of them. Curran said "he observed but one fault, — they showed too much of the calf." A Mr. Hoare's countenance was very grave and solemn, with an expression like one of the statues of the head of Brutus. When he smiled, which was very seldom, he smiled in such a way as seemed to have rebuked the spirit that could smile at all. Mr. Curran, once observing a beam of joy to enliven his face, remarked, "Whenever I see smiles on Hoare's countenance, I think they are like tin clasps on a coffin."

A politician, wishing to elevate himself by giving a description of Ireland's grievances, asked Mr. Curran to supply him with a list of them. The latter, understanding the selfish motives of the former, declined granting his request. When asked by a third party why he did not grant it, he replied, "At my time of life, I have no *notion of turning hodman to any political architect*."

The following is Curran's description of his first appearance at a debating society: "I stood up. My mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but, for want of a preface, the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through at every fibre. Though remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded about as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my pain-stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in Nature, and assembled millions were gazing on me with breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried, 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation: but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." Such was the *début* of stuttering Jack Curran, or Orator Mum as he was waggishly styled; but not many months elapsed ere the sun of his eloquence burst forth in dazzling splendor. "Curran," said a judge to him, whose wig, being a little awry, caused some laughter in court, "do you see any thing ridiculous in my wig?" — "Nothing but the head, my lord," was the prompt reply. One day, Curran sat opposite to Toler at dinner, who was called the "hanging-judge." — "Curran," said Toler, "is that hung-beef before you?" — "Do you *try it*, my lord, and then it's sure to be."

A great big Irish counsellor said to Curran, "If you go on so, I'll put you in my pocket." — "If you do," said Curran, "you'll have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

An Irish barrister, pleading before Lord Clare, thought proper to introduce an eagle; and, after vainly trying to carry out and apply his metaphor, broke down. "The next time, sir," said the chancellor, "that you bring an eagle into court, I recommend you to clip his wings."

A counsellor endeavored to overcome the judge, Lord Newbury, the distinguished punster. One day, when Lord Newbury was charging a jury, the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey. "What noise is that?" cried Lord Newbury. "'Tis only the echo of the court, my lord," answered Counsellor Ready-Tongue. Not disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the counsellor interposed with technical objections. While putting them, the donkey brayed again. "One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling-subscription was set afoot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice Newbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling!" said Toler; "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea: go and bury one and twenty of them."

Curran had a perfect horror of fleas; and those vermin seemed to show him peculiar hostility. "If they infested a house," he said, "they would all assemble in his bedchamber when they knew he was to sleep there." Being dreadfully annoyed one night by these pests, in the morning he thus addressed the landlady: "I declare, madam, the fleas were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been unanimous, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely!" Curran's ruling passion was a joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he coughed with more difficulty, he replied, "That is surprising, as I have been practising all night."

An Irish judge by the name of Ham, after listening some time to two young barristers who harangued the court, each most positively laying down "the law of the case" in direct opposition to his opponent's statement of it, said, when asked the point, "How, gentlemen, *can* I settle it between you? You, sir, positively say the law is *one way;* and you, sir, as unequivocally, that it is the other way. I earnestly wish, Billy Harris," turning to his register, "I knew what the law really was." — "My lord," replied Billy Harris most sententiously, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance toward the bench, "if I possessed that knowledge, I would impart it to your lordship with a great deal of pleasure." — "Then we'll *save the point,* Billy Harris!" exclaimed the judge.

A more modern justice of the Irish king's bench, in giving his *dictum* on a certain will case, absolutely said "he thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep *a life-interest* in the estate to *himself.*" The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable by saying, "Very true, my lord, very true; testators generally do secure life-interests to themselves: but, in this case, I rather think your lordship takes the *will* for the deed."

Lord Erskine, being much indisposed during a dinner at Sir Ralph Payne's, retired to another apartment, and reclined for a time upon a sofa. In the course of the evening, being somewhat recovered, he rejoined the festive circle; and, in answer to Lady Payne's inquiry how he found himself, he presented to her the following couplet: —

> "'Tis true I am ill: but I need not complain;
> For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne.*"

The house of an ancient counsellor, in Red-lion Square, being taken by an ironmonger, Erskine thus celebrated the event: —

"This house, where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a smith's alas!
How rapidly the *iron* age
Succeeds the age of *brass!*"

Being counsel for a person, who, whilst travelling in a stage-coach which started from "The Swan with Two Necks," in Lad Lane, had been upset, and had his arm broken, he thus began with much gravity: "Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case is Mr. Beverly, a respectable merchant of Liverpool; and the defendant is Mr. Nelson, proprietor of 'The Swan with Two Necks,' in Lad Lane, — a sign emblematical, I suppose, of the number of necks people ought to possess who ride in his vehicles."

His friend Mr. Maylem, having observed that his physician had ordered him not to bathe, — "Oh! then," said Erskine, "you are *malum prohibitum*."

"My wife, however," resumed the other, "does bathe."

"Worse still," rejoined Erskine; "for she is *malum in* SE."

In the exuberance of his fun, he was fond of practical jokes.

Sir John Sinclair having proposed that the British nation should present him a testimonial for his eminent services, — in answer to one of his circulars, Erskine wrote on the first page of a letter, in a flowing hand, these words, which filled it to the bottom: —

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN, — I am certain there are few in this kingdom who set a higher value on your public services than myself; and I have the honor to subscribe" —

On turning over the leaf was to be found —

"Myself your most obedient, faithful servant,

"T. ERSKINE."

A learned counsellor once said to a countryman undergoing a cross-examination in the witness-box, "Frockman, how much are you paid for lying?"

"Less than you are, or you would be in a striped frock too."

Some years ago, the lawyers in Lowell gave public notice that their offices would be closed evenings. In referring to this notice, "The Boston Post" said that the community would probably be benefited if those offices were closed both day and evening.

Daniel Webster was riding in a stage-coach with an old man, near Salisbury, N.H., who knew his father and brother, but did not know him personally, while he knew of him. After obtaining pretty full information respecting the members of the family the old man knew, Mr. Webster asked him if he could tell him any thing about Daniel. The old man replied, "I believe Daniel is a lawyer in the neighborhood of Boston."

An attorney, says an ingenious writer, is the same thing to a barrister that an apothecary is to a physician; with this difference, that your lawyer does not deal in scruples.

A prisoner being brought to Bow Street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: —

"How do you live?"

"Pretty well, sir: generally a joint and pudding at dinner."

"I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"

"I beg your Honor's pardon: sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop."

"You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, How do you do?"

"Tolerably well, I thank your Honor: I hope your Honor is well."

A young aspirant to eminence at the bar introduced into his maiden speech before a jury the figure of a ship weigh-

ing anchor, sailing majestically down the harbor, moving out to sea, and encountering a storm. In describing the storm, his words and thoughts failed him, and he was compelled to stop. Addressing the court, with a half-imploring look and tone, he said, "If your Honor will permit me to come ashore, I will promise never to venture out to sea again."

Another young lawyer, not very skilful in rhetorical soarings, in a speech before a jury, commenced describing the flight of an eagle: "The royal bird rose from her resting-place, and soared aloft in airy regions. Farther and still farther did she bear herself heavenward, looking proudly on all below." At this point of his description he became embarrassed, and, turning to the judge, said, "I have got that bird up there, your Honor; but I know not how to get the creature down."

A countryman called upon a lawyer, and stated his case, in which he wished to employ him. The lawyer asked the man if he had made a true statement. He replied in the affirmative; adding, "I thought best to tell you the plain truth, and leave you to put in the lies where they are needed."

A clergyman visited Washington for the purpose of collecting money for the building of a church in a neighboring town. Meeting a waggish Congressman, to whom he applied for aid, the man told him that he could not contribute to his object, but he would direct him to a senator, a very pious man of his denomination, who would doubtless, if rightly approached, contribute very largely toward the sacred building. Following the direction of the Congressman, the clerical agent called upon Hon. Ben Wade, and told him that a gentleman had informed him that he would probably

contribute liberally to his object, which he described; and added, "The treasury of the Lord is empty, and I am his appointed agent to fill it. Men are God's stewards: 'the cattle on a thousand hills are his,' and he is now calling for what is his own." The honorable senator replied, "You say the treasury of the Lord is empty, and the cattle on a thousand hills are his. If that is so, why in —— don't you, his agent, take a lot of these cattle and sell them, and fill up the Lord's treasury? There is a good demand for beef, and it brings a high price."

Hon. Isaac O. Barnes was celebrated for his jokes. The proprietor of the Bromfield House, Boston, being a Baptist, was called upon for a donation to aid in completing a meeting-house for a colored society. After giving to the object, the proprietor directed his colored brother to Mr. Barnes, who was reading a newspaper in the public room at the time. The agent approached Mr. Barnes, presented his object, and asked for a donation. After asking a few questions, Mr. Barnes told the applicant to put him down for a donation of five hundred dollars. Astonished and delighted, the colored man thanked the liberal donor again and again. Barnes interrupted him by saying, "I make this donation on one condition, which must be stated on the subscription-paper; viz., all candidates for membership shall be immersed in *hot water*."

One day, Mr. Barnes was passing a meeting-house in which a Second-Advent society was rendering rather noisy worship. Barnes inquired of his companion what was going on in that house, and was told that Second-Advent people were worshipping there. "Second-Advent people!" said he: "who are they?" He was told that they believed Christ was coming on earth again to dwell with men. "Well," said Barnes, "if he does come again, I hope he will receive better treatment than he did when he came before."

Mr. Barnes was president of a bank that failed, the failure of which awakened some suspicion against the officers. A short time before the failure, Barnes was told that the bank commissioners were going to examine into the affairs of his bank. "Glad of it," said he: "I wish somebody would examine the thing; for I declare I don't know any thing about it myself."

When he was in England, Col. Barnes was told by an English gentleman that their railroad-engines were capable of running at the rate of seventy-five miles per hour. The colonel replied that they could not run at that rate very long without running off their plaguy little island.

In his last sickness, a short time before his death, his friend, the editor of "The Post," called to see him, and asked how he did. The colonel replied, "I am in a dying state: I shall slip away from you soon." Col. G—— felt of his hands and feet, and remarked, "You are not dying, Col. Barnes; for your extremities are warm. Persons do not die with warm hands and feet." — "I have known persons die," said Col. Barnes, "with warm extremities." — "Whom did you ever know die with warm extremities?" inquired his friend. "*John Rogers*," was the prompt reply.

Capt. Barnes, the colonel's father, was a witty man. As one of the selectmen of Bedford, N.H., he asked the legal advice of the elder Squire Atherton of Amherst, for which the latter charged six dollars. Capt. Barnes said he thought the charge too high, and was afraid the town would complain. "Oh! it's about right," said the lawyer. The captain paid the fee; and a short time after, being in Boston with his two-horse team, he met Mr. Atherton, who asked him if he would carry a piano for him to Amherst. He replied in the affirmative. The instrument was loaded, and conveyed to Mr. Atherton's house, who was there to receive it. Mr. Atherton said to Capt. Barnes, "What is your charge?" — "Six dollars," was the reply. "Six dollars!"

said Mr. Atherton: "that is very high." — "Oh! about right, about right," said the captain; and both laughed, while the squire paid the six dollars.

Returning home from Boston with his team, he called at the only tavern then kept in Nashua, N.H., which was largely patronized by a rough class of men who did business on the Merrimack River. Capt. Barnes was a very tall man, and at this time was covered with dust and dirt, and had the appearance of an uncultivated countryman. As he entered the bar-room, which was occupied by a company of river-men, he observed them looking at him with countenances which indicated fun. They had seen him through the window, and were prepared to have some sport with him. As he entered the room, one of them approached him, and extended his hand, which was taken by Capt. Barnes with the remark, "You seem to know me, sir; but I do not recognize you." The other replied, "I think you are *Saul*, the son of Cis." — "You are right," replied Capt. Barnes. "I am in search of my father's animals, and am very glad to find so many of them here together."

ABOUT DOCTORS.

ABOUT DOCTORS.

In conversation with a leading physician in Lowell upon the subject of this book, he remarked, "You may not find many jokes originating with physicians; though some of them have played very severe jokes upon the people."

A gentleman in Massachusetts, distinguished for his scientific and literary knowledge, and the ability to write well in poetry and prose, bears the title of M.D., and is an eminent medical professor. This gentleman is reported to have said "that he never had but one patient, and he died; and, if all the medicine should be thrown into the sea, it would be *better* for *men*, and *worse* for the *fishes*."

Sir Samuel Garth, a celebrated physician of Pope's time, was full of jest and amiability. His practice was large; but his numerous patients prized his *bon-mots* more than his prescriptions. His death was characteristic. The presence of officious friends troubled him; and, when he saw his doctors consulting together, he raised his head from his pillow, and said with a smile, "Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death." After he had received extreme unction, a friend approached him, and asked how he did. "I am going on my journey," was the answer: "they have greased my boots already." Writing a letter at a coffee-house, he

found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman. Garth took no notice of the impertinence until he had finished and signed the body of the letter; when he added a postscript of unquestionable legibility: "I would write you more by this post; but there's a —— tall, impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time." — "What do you mean, sir?" roared the Irishman in great fury. "Do you think I looked over your letter?" — "Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you." — "Ay; but you put it down, for all that." — "It is impossible, sir, that you should know that; for you have never once looked over my letter."

Dr. Garth loved wine to excess; and his indulgence in its use ripened and warmed his wit without making him sluggish. At a favorite club of which he was a member, he once remained to drink to a late hour. A companion said to him, "Really, Garth, you ought to quit the wine, and hurry off to your patients." — "It is no great matter," replied Garth, "whether I see them to-night or not: for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Sir Richard Jebb was a liberal eater, a high liver. He believed the digestive organs were made to be *used*, not *nursed*. The question frequently asked by his patients, "What may I eat, doctor?" was exceedingly annoying. On one occasion, he give this answer: "My directions, sir, are simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for it will produce wind in the stomach: but you may eat any thing else you please."

An Irishman for whom Dr. Babington prescribed an

emetic said, "My dear doctor, it is of no use your giving me an emetic: I tried one twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach either time."

Dr. JEBB was once paid three guineas by a nobleman, from whom he expected five. As they passed into his hand, he dropped them on the carpet, picked them up, and continued to look for more. When asked by his lordship if he could not find the guineas, he replied that he had found *three* only, while *two* were missing. The nobleman took the hint, and paid him two more guineas.

A wealthy tradesman, after drinking the Bath water, took a fancy to try the effect of the Bristol hot wells. Armed with a letter of introduction from a Bath physician to a professional brother at Bristol, the invalid entered upon his journey. On his way, he was prompted by curiosity to pry into the letter he was bearing, and was rewarded by reading these instructive words: "Dear sir, the bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier: make the most of him."

Dr. GREGORY of Edinburgh was as remarkable for his amiability and benevolence as for his learning. A poor medical student, sick of typhus-fever, sent for him. The visit was made; and the invalid tendered the doctor the ordinary guinea-fee. The doctor turned away, insulted and angry. "I beg your pardon," exclaimed the student: "I didn't know your rule. Dr. —— always takes a fee." "Does he?" said the doctor. "Well, my young friend, follow my directions. Ask him to meet me in consultation, and offer me the fee first." The consultation took place, and the fee was offered. "Sir," exclaimed the benevolent doctor, "do you mean to insult me? Is there a professor in this university who would so far degrade himself as to take pay from one of his brotherhood and a junior?" The man

for whom this proof was designed felt it, and, ere that day closed, restored to the sick student all the fees he had taken of him.

Dr. ABERNETHY had a very strong dislike to unnecessary talk on the part of his patients, and sometimes treated garrulous persons with great rudeness. Persons acquainted with his habits, desiring to consult him, took care not to give offence by multiplying words.

A lady on one occasion entered his consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger without saying a word. Abernethy dressed the wound in silence; and the lady placed the ordinary fee upon his table, and retired without speaking. In a few days she called again, and offered her finger for inspection.

"Better?" asked the surgeon.

"Better," answered the lady; and nothing more was said. At her last visit, the patient held out her finger, free from bandages, and perfectly healed.

"Well?" was the doctor's inquiry.

"Well," was the lady's equally brief reply.

"Upon my soul, madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "*you are the most rational woman I ever met with!*"

John P. Curran, personally unknown to Abernethy, called upon the distinguished doctor eight times, and paid him eight fees, saying nothing, and receiving the same statement from him; namely, "You have the most unclean and abominable tongue in the world; and you should drink less, and stop abusing your stomach by gormandizing." As he was about being dismissed the ninth time in the same summary manner, the Irish orator said, "Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and have paid you eight different guineas; and you never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I have resolved not to leave this room until you hear my story." With a good-

natured laugh, Abernethy, half suspecting he had to deal with a madman, fell back in his chair, and said, "Oh! very well, sir: I am ready to hear you out. Go on: give me the whole, — your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure. Pray be as minute and tedious as you can."

With perfect gravity, Curran began: "Sir, my name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but, I believe, honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in the year 1750. My father, being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune in that neighborhood, procured my admission into one of the Protestant free schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education." In this way he continued, giving his history, leaving out no particular he could call to mind, till he threw his auditor into convulsions of laughter.

A lady, taking his prescription, said to him, "I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir; but I was not prepared for such treatment. What am I to do with this?"

"Any thing you like," the surgeon roughly answered. "Put it on the fire, if you please." Taking him at his word, the lady put her fee on the table, and the prescription on the fire, and, making a bow, left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, and, apologizing, urged her to take back the fee, or permit him to write her another prescription; but the injured lady would not consent to do either.

Dr. Abernethy was sent for by an innkeeper who had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity for admonishing the offender; and said to her, "Madam, are you not ashamed to treat your husband thus, — the husband, who is your head?"

"Well, doctor," fiercely replied the virago, "may I not scratch my own head?"

The doctor succeeded in silencing a loquacious lady by the following expedient: —

"Put out your tongue, madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till I've done talking."

An Irishman called upon a learned physician, and said, "Plaze yer Honor, I'm a pore Irish laborer: but I can spill a bit, and read o' yer Honor's mighty foine cure in the midical journal, 'The Lancet;' and I've walked up twelve moiles to have yer Honor curé me. My complaint is" — The doctor told him he could not attend to his case; but the Irishman stating that he had "a bit o' gould, notcht liss nor a tin-shillin' piece," he changed his mind, and furnished a prescription.

A celebrated physician boasted at his dinner-table, around which sat a company of his friends, that he cured his own hams. One of his guests replied, "I should rather be your ham than your patient."

A certain noted physician at Bath was complaining in a coffee-house in that city that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each; and yet he could find nobody to marry them. "With your *lave*, doctor," said an Irishman present, stepping up, and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take *two* of them."

A patient was told to take a quart of a liquid medicine, but declined, saying "it was impossible; for he only held a pint."

A certain doctor told a poor laborer's wife to give her sick husband, under the influence of a high fever, as much

water as he would drink, until he should call again. In reply to this direction, the woman said, —

"How much water ought I to give him?"

"Zounds, woman!" said he in a pet, "haven't I told you to give him as much as he'll take? Give him a couple of pailfuls!"

When the doctor called again, the woman said, in answer to his question, "How does your husband do?" "He's been took away, yer Honor. We got down better nor a pail an' a half, when he slipped out o' our hands. Ah! yer Honor, if we could but ha' got him to swaller the rest, he might still be alive; but we did our best, doctor."

The old proverb says, "Every man is a physician or a fool at forty."

Sir Harry Halford, a distinguished physician, happening to quote this old saw to a circle of friends, among whom was Canning, the latter inquired, "Sir Harry, mayn't he be both?"

About the middle of the last century, a distinguished physician, Lord Radno, had a great fondness for bloodletting, and was especially delighted in practising his art upon distinguished men. Lord Chesterfield, wanting an additional vote for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radno, and, after a little introductory conversation, complained of headache.

"You ought to lose blood, then," said Lord Radno.

"Sir, do you indeed think so? Then, my dear lord, do add to the service of your advice by performing the operation. I know you are a most skilful surgeon."

Delighted with the compliment, Lord Radno opened a vein in his friend's arm in the most approved style. While the operation was being performed, the distinguished patient asked his surgeon if he was going down to the

House that day. The noble operator replied that he had not intended going, as he was not well informed upon the subject to be discussed; and added, "Have *you* considered the subject, and decided on which side to vote?" Lord Chesterfield replied in the affirmative, and proceeded to unfold his views in connection with compliments to Lord Radno; and the latter promised to attend, and support the wily earl's side of the division. Stating the case to some political friends that evening, Lord Chesterfield said, "I have shed my blood to-day for the good of my country."

ABOUT LITERARY MEN.

ABOUT LITERARY MEN

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D., being asked by a young nobleman what had become of the gallantry and military spirit of the old English nobility, replied, "Why, my lord, I'll tell you what has become of it: it has gone into the city to look after a fortune."

Speaking of a dull, tiresome fellow whom he chanced to meet, he said, "That fellow seems to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one."

Much inquiry having been made concerning a gentleman who had quitted a company where Johnson was, and no information being obtained, at last the doctor observed that he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back; but he believed the gentleman was an *attorney*.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married a second time, immediately after his first wife died. Dr. Johnson said of him, "His conduct was the triumph of hope over experience."

He did not approve of late marriages, observing that more was lost in point of time than was compensated for by any possible advantages. Even ill-assorted marriages, he thought, were preferable to cheerless celibacy. He said that the man who refused to marry because of the inconveniences incident to married life was like the wiseacre who cut off his leg to avoid the annoyance of corns on his toes.

An impudent fellow from Scotland was described to him, who affected to be a savage, and who railed at all established customs. Dr. Johnson said, "There is nothing surprising in this. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble into a hog-sty, as long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over."

He was told that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. To this he replied, "If the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses, let us count our spoons."

Dr. Johnson used to say, "I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night; and then the nap takes me."

Another of his sayings was, "There is now less flogging in our schools than formerly: but then less is learned there; so that, what the boys get at one end, they lose at the other."

Speaking against the practice of trying to make young children precocious, the doctor said, "Too much is expected from precocity, and too little is performed.

"Miss Letitia Aikin" (this young lady married an obscure clergyman, and published "Early Lessons for Children") "was an instance of early cultivation; but in what did it terminate? In marrying a little Presbyterian minister, who keeps an infant boarding-school: so that all her employment now is 'to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.' She tells the children, 'This is a cat, and that is a dog, with four legs and a tail. See there! you are much better than a cat or a dog; for you can speak.' If I had bestowed such an education on a daughter, and discovered that she thought of marrying such a fellow, I would have sent her to the *Congress*."

Of a lady, more insipid than offensive, Dr. Johnson once

said, "She has some softness indeed; but so has a pillow." Again he said, "For my part, I do not envy a fellow one of those honeysuckle wives; as they are but *creepers* at best, and commonly destroy the tree they so tenderly cling about."

A lady he thought well of was disordered in health. "What help has she called in?" inquired Johnson.

"Dr. James," was the reply.

"What is her disease?"

"Oh! nothing positive; rather a gradual, gentle decline."

"She will die then, pretty dear!" answered he. "When Death's pale horse runs away with a person on full speed, an active physician may possibly give him a turn; but if he carries him on an even, slow pace, down hill too, no care nor skill can save him."

A gentleman who introduced his brother to Dr. Johnson was desirous of recommending him to his notice; which he did by saying, "When we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother growing very interesting."

"Sir," said Johnson, "I can wait."

Charles Lamb to Wordsworth.

Dear Wordsworth, — Thanks for the books you have given me, and for all the books you mean to give me. I will bind up the Political Sonnets and Ode according to your suggestion. I have not bound the poems yet. I wait till people have done borrowing them. I think I shall get a chain, and chain them to my shelves, and people may come and read them at chain's-length. Of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to give you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say, that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness or alienation in them. When they borrow my money, they never fail to make use of it.

The regular routine of clerkly business ill suited the literary tastes and wayward habits of Lamb. Once, at the India House, a superior said to him, "I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you come very late to the office."

"Yes, sir," replied the wit; "but you must remember that I go away early."

John G. Saxe, being asked by a friend who met him on Broadway, New York, where he was bound, replied, "To Boston this afternoon, *Deo volente*."

"What route is that?" asked the inquirer.

"By way of Providence, of course," was the poet's prompt reply.

It is told of Charles Lamb, that one afternoon, having taken a seat in a crowded stage-coach, a stout gentleman looked in, and politely asked, "All full inside?"

"I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb; "but that last piece of oyster-pie did the business for me."

A good story is told of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who, having been called upon and considerably bored by a man who had devoted himself to public lecturing in New England, without much ability for doing so, inquired of him, "What are you about at this particular time?"

The answer was, "Lecturing, as usual. I hold forth this evening at Roxbury."

The professor, clapping his hands, exclaimed, "I'm glad of it! I never liked those Roxbury people."

A gentleman entered the room of Dr. Barton, Warden of Merton College, and told him that Dr. Vowel was dead.

"What!" said he, "Dr. Vowel dead! Thank Heaven it was neither *U* nor *I*."

WETHEREL, the Master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, and said, "So Dr. Everleigh has been egged on to matrimony."

"Has he?" said he. "Well, then, I hope the yoke will sit easy."

A lady who went to consult Dr. ABERNETHY, who was a scholar as well as a physician, began a description of her complaint thus: "Whenever I lift my arm, it pains me exceedingly."

"Why, then, madam," said the doctor, "you are a great fool for lifting it."

HENRY ERSKINE, happening to be retained for a client by the name of Tickle, began his speech, in opening the case, thus: "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord," and, upon proceeding thus far, was interrupted by laughter in court, which was greatly increased when the judge, Lord Kames, exclaimed, "*Tickle him yourself*, Harry: you are as able to do it as I am."

CHARLES LAMB said the first water-cure was the flood, and it killed more than it cured.

After being ten times dunned for a small sum of money, a very slack literary man paid it, saying to the servant who received the same, "Why did your employer send me ten dunning letters for such a trifle?"

The reply was, "I am not authorized to say; but I give it as my candid opinion, that he sent the whole number because *nine* did not secure the payment."

When Gov. W. had administered the oath of office to the members of the *Know-Nothing* House of Representatives, he addressed them thus: "You are now, gentlemen,

qualified to transact legislative business, so far as the *oath* is concerned."

Lord Eldon lent two large volumes of "Precedents" to a friend, and could not remember to whom. In alluding to such borrowers, he observed, "that, though backward in *accounting*, they seemed to be practised in *book-keeping*."

A poor literary man, being about to marry a rich heiress, was asked how long he thought the honey-moon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the *honey*-moon: it is *harvest*-moon with me."

Theodore Hook was delighting a party at his cottage at Fulham by an extempore comic song; when, in the middle of it, his servant entered with, "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter, the tax-gatherer: he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be interrupted, but went on at the pianoforte, as if nothing had happened, with the following stanza: —

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes.
I advise you to pay him whatever he axes:
Excuses won't do; he stands no sort of flummery;
Though Winter his name is, his presence is summary."

A friend of Hook, speaking to him of a pair of twins who strongly resembled each other, said, "They are as much alike as two peas."

"Yes," replied Hook, "and quite as green."

A clerical principal of an Episcopal boarding-school for boys called his pupils together at the beginning of Lent, and gave them a short lecture upon self-denial and self-sacrifice, and advised them to select some article of food with which they would dispense during the season of Lent. The boys were directed to go into a room by themselves, and,

after deciding what luxury they would give up, to return to the chapel, and report their decision. The boys retired, and soon returned and made the following report through their chairman: —

"*Respected Principal,* — I have the honor to report that your pupils have religiously considered the subject submitted to them by your reverence, and have unanimously voted to dispense with *hash* during Lent."

A student at college included in the list of his expenses which he sent to his father the item, "Charity, thirty dollars." The father remarked in his reply, "I fear that *charity covers a multitude of sins.*"

HUMOROUS EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF NEW BOSTON, N.H. — The following extracts are from the speeches and letters uttered and read at the centennial celebration of the above-named town, which occurred July 4, 1863. From the address of J. W. Fairfield, Esq., a native of the town: —

"We all know that the early settlers of this country were a peculiar people; and none were more so than the Scotch immigrants who found their homes in this town and county. They were Presbyterians of the original Covenanter type, but greatly modified and improved by two transplantings, — first from Scotland to Ireland, and then to the forests of the New World. There is no race more tenacious of their original elements of character than the Scotch; and through all their persecutions, changes, removals, and improvements, they retained their recollection of wrongs, and cherished their likes and dislikes, as an inheritance never to be broken or alienated. The Puritan was one of their dislikes. Our Presbyterians, on arriving at their new homes, found themselves surrounded by the Puritans, — a people equally as fond of liberty, and rigid in their

notions as themselves: still they disliked them, and there was rank jealousy between them. The Independents, under Cromwell, had crushed the fond hopes of supremacy which the Presbyterians had nearly attained in England; and it was a work of time to re-establish a feeling of trust and confidence. This jealousy manifested itself in the settlement of this town. The earliest tradition that I remember of this people had relation to this. The Scotch would at first suffer no intermarrying with the Puritans; and, if their daughters were as fair and beautiful then as when I first knew them, no wonder that the Puritan young men felt themselves shut out of Paradise. Be that as it may, the tradition is that it was no uncommon thing for the Scotchman to find at his door a ragged peddler, mounted upon some miserable nag, with saddle-bags filled with potatoes on one side, and a huge jug of buttermilk on the other, and crying his wares with affected blarney: 'Buttermilk and peraties, buttermilk and peraties! Paddy, will you buy?' If the peddler got off with an unbroken head, of course he was a lucky fellow, and continued his insulting raid. This was retaliated, of course; and the Puritan would be called up at all hours of the night, and called out at all hours in the day, by a sorry peddler crying through his nose, in true Roundhead style, 'Pumpkins and molasses, pumpkins and molasses! Barebones, will you buy?' Hence the names of 'Paddy' and 'Pumpkins' became common in their mutual salutations. But these animosities soon died out; and the Puritan settlers became Presbyterians, and Presbyterians made *pumpkin*-pies. The history states that the first meeting-house in the town was never furnished with the means of warming, and that the only fire it ever contained was carried into it in the foot-stoves used by the women." This remark would apply to all meeting-houses in New England until some time during the second decade of the present century, when, in the language

of Dr. Lyman Beecher, "the people came to the conclusion that freezing was not a means of grace," and introduced stoves into their places of worship.

In New Boston, the male members of the congregation used to spend sabbath noons at the tavern of Capt. John McLaughlin, where some of them lingered longer than the proprieties of the sanctuary justified, coming late into the afternoon meeting with countenances flushed by the liquor they had drunken. The old minister, good Mr. Moor, used to complain that his people "could spend two hours easier at John McLaughlin's than one under his preaching."

A gentleman from an adjoining town attended meeting in New Boston one sabbath, and was invited by a citizen to spend the intermission at the above-named tavern, where he was treated to all the liquor he chose to drink. As he was walking back to church with his friend, the latter said to him, "Friend Senter, I like this practice of taking a couple of drinks or so sabbath noon; for I can seem to see two ministers in the pulpit during the whole of the second service."

The following is an extract from the address of PERLEY DODGE, Esq.: "In 1772, when Hillsborough County was organized, there was no member of the legal profession between Amherst and Claremont. The first lawyer who attempted to establish himself in practice above Amherst was Samuel Bell, afterwards judge, governor of the State, and senator in Congress. He opened an office in Francestown; but the people were greatly exasperated at his audacity, pronounced him an invader upon their rights, and threatened him with violence. But his manly deportment and strict adherence to justice soon overcame their prejudice and won their confidence. New Boston has never been an inviting field for the legal profession. Once on a time, I opened an office here, but soon found, that, if

there was bread to spare in any other region, it was not wise for me to remain and famish. No one else has had equal daring."

Extract from the address of Dr. James H. Crombie. Speaking of Dr. Thornton, who practised medicine for a time, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Dr. Crombie said, "Dr. Thornton had great native wit, and loved a joke. Riding past an old man whose occupation was the making of grave-stones, he said, 'Well, Wyatt, do you not sometimes pray that people would die faster, that your business might increase?'

"The old man calmly replied, 'I cannot say but I have done a thing of the kind in my life: but there is no need of doing it any longer; for there is a *fop* of a thing by the name of Thornton come to town, and he will kill off two while I can make grave-stones for one.'"

The doctor did not prolong the conversation.

Dr. Jonathan Gove came here about the year 1780. He was an excellent physician, and highly esteemed. He was a nervous, energetic man, fond of fun, and enjoyed a joke. He was riding on the sabbath, when the sabbath law was in operation, on business not connected with his profession; and was stopped by a tything-man, and asked where he was riding on the sabbath.

His reply was, "Sir, I am a doctor, and that man is after me!" referring to a man who happened to be riding behind him. The result was, both went on unmolested.

Under the head of "Casualties, Suicides," &c., we find the following: Tradition says, that, in the early settlement of the town, an erratic, visionary sort of a man was found dead in so small a pool of water, that foul play or suicide was suspected.

A jury was called, on which was a broad-spoken son of Erin, who acted as chairman, and, when inquired of by the justice for the result of their investigation, replied, "Your

Honor, we brought in a verdict of *felonious wilful* murther, but, just to soften it down a little, we ca'd it *accidental*."

Capt. John McLaughlin was found drowned in a well in his field. The late Luther Richards was on the jury of inquest, who, in speaking of the result of the investigation, said, "As we could not say, as no one saw him, that he came by his death intentionally, we thought it would be most in harmony with the feelings of the community to say *accidental;* and that was our verdict."

The wife of Capt. Grey was found hanging by the neck, dead, on the night of the day on which Rev. Mr. Moor was installed. Grey had been a sea-captain; and foul play was suspected, as the knot in the rope around her neck was a genuine sailor-knot. When asked why he did not cut her down when he first found her, he replied, that "he put his hand to her mouth, and her breath was cold: so he knew she was dead."

The following is from a very interesting letter addressed to the committee by Dr. Samuel Gregg, a native of the town:—

"When I was a medical student, I was much in the office of Dr. James Crombie, at Francestown, where he used to detain me sometimes long in relating stories and anecdotes, for which he was an adept. I have thought that he sometimes benefited his patients quite as much by his story-telling as he did by his medicine. He also loved a repartee as well as he did to tell a story. I distinctly recollect hearing the doctor tell a story of a good old lady (who was desirous of doing all the good she could) who asked the doctor if he knew what a grand physic *oil-nut bark* was. "No," said the doctor: "is it? How do you take it?" "Why, doctor, just take some of the bark, and steep it, and drink it: it makes one of the grandest physics in the world. But, doctor," said she, "when you scrape the bark, you must always be careful to scrape it *down;* for, if you scrape it *up*, it will puke you *dreadfully*." — "Well," said the doctor,

"what will it do if you scrape *round?*" — "It will go round and round in a fellow's abdomen, and neither go up nor down; won't it?"

Dr. T. H. Cochran, a native of the town, in response to the sentiment, "And the rest of the acts of the fathers, behold, they are written in the Book of the Chronicles," read an introduction, followed by eighteen chapters of exceedingly interesting chronicles. I give the introduction and large portions of two chapters.

"*Mr. President,* —

1. Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration concerning the manner of the discovery and early settlement of this goodly heritage, whose boundaries are the Eastern and Western seas, and also the acts of the early fathers,

2. I thought it good to me also, having sat at the feet of elders and old men and ancient maidens, and learned by word of mouth many ancient traditions;

3. And also having a perfect knowledge of many things that have never been before written;

4. And furthermore, having been an eye-witness of many things that have come to pass in these latter days, — to set forth in order unto your most excellent friends,

5. That you likewise might know and understand the same.

6. Now, therefore, declare I them unto you; and not unto you only do I declare them,

7. But to the effect that generations yet unborn may also read and know of the acts of their fathers.

Chapter VII.

Building of the First Temple. — Calling of Solomon.

1. Now, after these things, the chief people and elders assembled themselves together the second time, and said one to another,

2. "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but we have not where to worship God on the sabbath day."

3. Now they took counsel together, and builded a sanctuary on Mount Ephraim, on the north side thereof, near Cave Machpelah.

4. The length thereof was one score and ten cubits, and the breadth thereof was one score and five cubits, and the height thereof twelve cubits.

5. On the south side was the gate, or main entrance to the lower or inner court of the sanctuary; and on the east, south, and west sides of the inner walls was an upper court, which is, by interpretation, a "gallery."

6. On the south of the upper court sat those who sang songs and played the harp; and on the east and west sides sat rebellious lads and "contrabands;"

7. While on the lower court sat the elders and assembled wisdom of Israel.

8. Now there were on the east and west ends of the sanctuary, porches, or outer courts, with side-entrances to the lower court, and winding stairs to the upper court.

9. Now, opposite the south gate, on the north side, against the wall of the inner court, was the altar, whose height was three cubits and a span; and above the altar was there projecting from the wall, after the similitude of the "shell of the tortoise," which is, by interpretation, a "sounding-board," that the truths spoken at the altar might not ascend and be lost among the rafters, but descend and find lodgement in the hearts of the hearers.

12. Now, they called Solomon from the Isle of Scotia, beyond the sea; a devout man, of much wisdom and learning, and of talents not a few.

13. And Solomon was anointed to walk in and out of the temple before this people, and he did so; and his offerings

were acceptable unto the Lord, and multitudes turned from the error of their ways under his teachings.

14. And the temple was called the "Temple of Solomon."

15. Tradition says of Solomon, whose surname was Moor, that he was of large stature, and his countenance beamed with intelligence and good humor,

16. And was known for his many proverbs and sayings, that abounded in wit and sarcasm; and was withal a good horseman, and sat upon his horse after the similitude of one that commandeth an army. Now, there was a man of much note in the land, whose surname was McLaughlin, who kept an inn on the hill-side, above the sanctuary; and many of the hearers of Solomon assembled there at noontide on the sabbath day, and regaled themselves with new wine and strong drink.

18. Now, on the altar, on the right hand of Solomon, stood a monitor — which is, by interpretation, an "hour-glass" — to admonish the congregation of the distich in the primer that,

> "As runs the glass,
> Man's life doth pass."

19. And Solomon preached by the hour.

20. Now, on the morrow after the sabbath, a certain man reproached Solomon in this wise: —

21. "Thou didst weary us yesterday with thy much speaking, and the hour dragged heavily upon us."

22. Whereupon Solomon replied, and made the ears of him to whom he spake to tingle, "What have I to do with thee, thou wicked and perverse son of Belial? for thou wilt take two glasses from Mac with an easy grace, and canna' take one glass from me without grumbling."

23. Now, all the days of the ministration of Solomon among this people were one score and seventeen years; and he died, and was buried in the cave upon the hill-side;

and a horizontal slab, supported at its four corners, with inscription thereon, showeth his history unto this day.

Chapter XIII.

Coming of John the Physician. — Marriage Proclamation. — Death of John.

1. Now, there came a man of fair exterior, of good report, and of knowledge and understanding; and his manner and speech were pleasing unto the people. And his name was John; and he healed the people of their infirmities many years.

2. Now, John was, withal, a good penman, and was chosen many years the people's scribe, to chronicle the votes and laws of the town.

3. Now, it was so, that the sons and daughters of Israel were many.

4. And the daughters were comely and fair, even fairer than the last daughters of Job; and they were skilled in the use of the needle, and management of the dairy.

5. Now, as it was in the days of Noah, so it was in these latter days, they were "married and given in marriage."

6. Now, it was the custom, that, when a young man was betrothed to a maiden, he gave the chief scribe money, even five dimes, to proclaim it three times at the festivals and public gatherings of the people.

7. Now, John the scribe, as was his custom, sat with those who sang and played the harp in the temple of the Lord on the sabbath day.

8. Now, when Ephraim the priest had done exhorting the people, and the singers had sung, John stood up in his place, and proclaimed in a loud voice in this wise, and all the congregation gave heed: —

9. "Marriage is intended between Major Jesse Obadiah and Miss Frances Matilda Zachariah.

10. "Also between Capt. Jacob Hezekiah and Miss Maria Antoinette Zephaniah; all of this town.

11. "Also between Col. Elias Tobias of Joppa, and Miss Hannah Annis Mordechiar of this town."

12. Thus did John proclaim them, that their parents and friends might show cause, if any they had, why it should not come to pass, or forever hold their peace.

13. Now, John, whose surname was Dalton, fell sick and died; and a large multitude gathered at his burial.

14. And the body of John was borne to the tomb by men wearing white aprons and gloves; and they lamented the death of John, and threw sprigs of evergreen upon the coffin in the grave.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Specimen of his wise and humorous Sayings.

I hold that a man has just as mutch rite tew spel a word as it is pronounced as he has tew pronounce it the way it an't spelt.

If you would make yourself agreeable wherever you go, listen tew the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

Giv me liberty, or giv me deth; but, of the 2, I prefer the liberty.

"Early impreshuns are the most lasting;" the fust kiss and the fust whippin' cum under this hed.

"Man was created a little lower than the angels;" and it is lucky for the said angels that he was.

"The luxury of grief:" this, i take it, means tew hav youre old unkle die and leave yu nine thousand dollars, and yu cry.

I don't kare how mutch a man talks, if he only says it in few words.

We are awl willing to pay more for being amused than instrukted.

It is a good plan tu kno menny people, but tu let only a few kno yu.

Zeal is a good deal like lead: when it is bilin hot, yu can run it into any kind ov shape you want tew; but when it is cold, it is as heavy as any thing i kno of. Zeal often makes a man more ridiklus than folly duz. In fakt, zeal and folly were twins; only zeal was born a little fust: he couldn't wait, ov course, till his time cum.

It is really worth more tew the world tew hav a good-natured man born into it, and go into the good-natured bissness, than to hav a poeck born, and go into the poeckry bissness. Good-natured men work up into fathers, husbands, and brothers, fust-rate, and without enny waste: they make good fellow-citizens, and everyboddy feels as if they had some stock in them: they are as safe and as pleasant as root-beer. The good-natured man an't alwus a statesman, nor an't alwus just the man for sekretary of the treasury; but tew grease the griddle ov every-day life, tew soften the furious, tew raise the despondent, and tew indorse sixty-day paper, he weighs at least a tun. I had rather be a good-natured man than tew hav a seat in the New-York Legislature: thare may not be as mutch money in it; but thare is twice the means of grace.

Men don't seem never tew get tired ov talking about themselfs; but i hav heard them when i thought they showed signs of weakness.

Buty is like a ranebow, — full ov promis, but short-lived.

I hav got a fust-rate recollekshun, but a poor memory. I can recollekt distinctly ov losing a 10-Dollar-bill once, but can't remember whare, tew save mi life.

Thare iz only 3 things that belong tew other folks that i ever envy; and them iz virtew, flesh, and understanding. I suppose it iz possibel for a man tew manufakter his own virtew, and improve his stock ov understanding; but he kant kover his long, lean bodly ov bones with a soft, pulpy

cushion ov flesh that is fun to sit down on. I kant tell what makes one man so phatt, and the next one so like an empty stocking, or a manikin in a narrow bolster; unless it is that phatt souls are like a mountain-spring, fed from within, until they kant hold no more, and run over the brim tew make others happy. Did you ever know a phatt man tew commit sewicide? i guess you never did: they luv gravy tew well for that.

When Shaikspear wanted sum pizen, he sought out, you remember, a *lean* apothekary, who kept a grocery of beggarly boxes. Did you ever hear ov a phatt man being hung? I guess not. They sometimes destroy plum-puddin' and biled ox; but they never murder any thing that ain't good tew eat. I never knu but one phatt skoolmaster, and he wa'n't good for enny thing, only tew slide down hill with the boys. This satisfize me that phatt is only another name for virtew.

Man is the only thing created with power tew laff: birds and flowers can almost dew it, and dogs would like tew. Laffing keeps oph sickness, and has conquered az menny diseases az ever pills hav, and at mutch less expense. It makes flesh, and keeps it in its place. . . . It iz the light ov life: without it, we should be but animated ghosts. It challenges fear, hides sorrow, weakens despair, and carries half ov poverty's bundles. It costs nothing, comes at the call, and leaves a brite spot behind. . . . It is the fust and the last sunshine that visits the heart: it was the warm welkum ov Eden's lovers; and was the only capital that sin left them tew begin bizziness with, outside the Garden of Paradise.

Neatness, in my opinyun, iz one ov the virtews. I hev alwuz konsidered it twin-sister to Chastity. But, while I almost worship neatness in folks, i hav seen them who did understand the bizziness so well az tew acktually make it fearful tew behold. I hav seen neatness that wa'n't satis-

fied with bein' a common-sized virtew, but had bekum an ungovernable pashun, enslaving its possessor, and making everyboddy uneasy who kum in kontackt with it. When a person finds it necessary to skour the nail-heds in the celler-stairs every day, and skrub oph the ducks' feet in hot water, it iz then that neatness haz bekum the tyrant of itz viktim. . . . Thare is no persons in the world who work so konstantly az the viktims ov extatick neatness: but they don't seem tew do mutch, after all; for they don't get a thing fairly cleaned to their mind, before the other end ov it gets dirty, and they fall tew sckrubbing awl over agin. In my honest opinyun, whiskee iz seckund only tew original sin: it iz the mill-stun hung upon the neck of poor human nature. . . . But, since whiskee haz got into this world, i don't think it kan be got out enny more than the small-pox kan: but it kan be made komparatively harmless in the same way, and only in the same way; and that is by konstant vaccination. I hav finally kum tew the konclusion that *lager-beer* iz not intoxikatin'. I hev been told so by a German, who sed he had drank it all nite long, just tew tri the experiment, and waz obliged tew go home entirely sober in the morning. I hav seen this same man drink sixteen glasses; and, if he waz drunk, he was drunk in German, and no one could understand it.

It iz proper enuff to state, that this man kept a lager-beer saloon, and could hev had no object in stating what wa'n't stricktly thus. I believed him tew the full extent ov mi ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager-beer in mi life, and that made mi hed untwist as tho' it waz hung on the end ov a string; but i was told that it waz owing tew mi bile being out of place. And i guess it waz so; for i never biled over wuss than i did when i got home that nite.

Mi wife waz afrade i waz agoing tew die; and i waz almoste afrade i shouldn't: for it did seem az if every thing i had ever eaten in my life waz coming tew the surface;

and i do really believe, if mi wife hadn't pulled oph mi boots just as she did, they would hav kum up tew.

Oh, how sick i waz! It waz fourteen years ago, and I can taste it now. I never had so much experience in so short a time. If enny man should tell me that beer was not intoxikating, I should beleave him; but, if he should tell me that i wa'n't drunk that nite, but that mi stummuk was only out ov order, i should ask him to state over in few words just how a man felt and akted when he waz well set up. If i wa'n't drunk that nite, i had some ov the moste natural simptoms a man ever had, and keep sober. In the fust place, it waz about eighty rods from whare I drank the lager tew my house; and I waz over 2 hours on the road, and had a hole busted thru each one of my pantaloon-kneeze, and didn't hav enny hat, and tried tew open the door by the bell-pull, and hickupped awfully, and saw every thing in the room tryin' tew get round ov me. And, in settin' down onto a chair, i didn't wait quite long enuff for it tew get exactly under me, when it waz going round; and i sett down a little tew soon, and missed the chair by about twelve inches, and couldn't git up quick enuff tew take the next one when it kum. And that ain't awl: my wife sed i waz az drunk az a beast; and, az i sed before, i began to spit up things freely. If lager-beer is not intoxikating, it used me awful mean, that i kno. Still, I hardly think lager iz intoxikating; for i have been told so; and i am probably the only man living who ever drank enny when his bile want plumb. I don't want tew say enny thing against a harmless temperance beverage; but, if i ever drink enny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me, and mi mouth pried open.

EXTRACTS FROM ARTEMAS WARD'S POPULAR LECTURE.

"I like art. I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. It was in my schoolboy-days that I failed as an

actor. The play was the 'Ruins of Pompeii.' I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance; but it was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius. The remembrance often makes me ask, 'Where are the boys of my youth?' I assure you, this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here, some in America, some are in jail. Hence arises a most touching question: 'Where are the girls of my youth?' Some are married; some would like to be. O my Maria! Alas! she married another: they frequently do. I hope she is happy; because I am. Some people are not happy: I have noticed that.

"My orchestra is small; but I am sure it is very good, so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night and his washing.

"I like music. I can't sing. As a singist, I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing: so are those who hear me: they are sadder even than I am. The other night, some silver-voiced young man came under my window, and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.' I didn't go: I didn't think it would be correct."

Artemas said he had heard of persons being ruined by large fortunes. He thought, if ruin must befall him, he should choose to have it come in this form. He even said plainly, "I want to be ruined by a large fortune."

Artemas said that Brigham Young was the most married man he ever saw in his life. "I saw," said he, "his mother-in-law, while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her; but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family, unless you're very fond of excitement. Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night, by invitation, in the Mormon village of Provost; but, during the day, I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew he was much married;

and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success; but I didn't get any money.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah. It was leap-year when I was there; and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day; and taking their white, soft hands in mine, — which made eighteen hands altogether, — I found them in tears. And I said, 'Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?' They hove a sigh, — seventeen sighs of different size. They said, 'Doth not like us?' I said, 'I doth, I doth!' I also said, 'I hope your intentions are honorable; as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away.' They then said, 'Wilt not marry us?' — 'Oh, no! it cannot was.' Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. Then they cried, 'O cruel man! this is too much, — oh! too much!' I told them it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

"Mr. Heber C. Kimball is the first Vice-President of the Mormon Church; and would, consequently, succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death. Brother Kimball is a gay and festive fellow of some seventy summers, or some-ers there about. He has one thousand head of cattle, and a hundred head of wives. He says they are awful eaters.

"Mr. Kimball had a son — a lovely young man — who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, they went out walking with a handsome young man; which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son, which made him so jealous, that he shot himself with a horse-pistol. The doctor who attended him, a very scientific man, informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membraneous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his boulicontho-maturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

"The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large, and the olive-branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home, as you see him in the picture, he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comforts, and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends, what is home without a family?"

THE QUEER AND INSTRUCTIVE SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

It was with strong emotion of wonder that Mrs. Partington read in the papers that a new wing was to be added to the Cambridge Observatory. "What upon airth can that be for, I wonder? I dare say they are putting the new wing on to take more flights arter comics and such things; or to look at the new ring of the planet Satan, — another link added to his chain, perhaps; and, gracious knows, he seems to go farther than he ever did before." She stopped to listen as the sounds of revelry and drunkenness arose upon the night-air; and she glanced from her chamber, over the way, where a red illuminated lantern denoted "Clam-Chowder." Why should she look there just at that moment of her allusion to Satan? What connection could there be, in her mind, between Satan and clam-chowder? Nobody was present but Ike, and Isaac slumbered.

Mrs. Partington was in the country one August; and, for a whole month, not one drop of rain had fallen. One day she was slowly walking along the road, with her umbrella over her head, when an old man, who was mending up a little gap of wall, accosted her, at the same time depositing a large stone upon the top of the pile. "Mrs. Partington, what do *you* think can help this 'ere drought?"

The old lady looked at him through her spectacles, at the same time smelling a fern-leaf. "I think," said she in a tone of oracular wisdom, — "I think a little rain would help it as much as any thing." It was a great thought. The old gentleman took off his straw hat, and wiped his head with his cotton handkerchief, at the same time saying that he thought so too.

"Diseases is various," said Mrs. Partington as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare! The disease is *so* various! One way, we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures: here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the cacrofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering the jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases now-a-days. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards, Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old lady was basting a chicken which her friends had sent her from the country. "Oh, yes!" said the old lady, smiling: "he is very partially fond of poultry, and it always seems as if he can't get enough of it." The old spit turned by the fire-place in response to her answer, while the basting was going on.

"I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for the divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children; and, when he was a baby, he fell, and broke the cartridge of his nose: but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of." The roasting chicken hissed and sputtered, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.

"How these men talk about exercising their right of suffering!" said Mrs. Partington: "as if nobody in the world suffered but themselves! They don't know of our sufferings. We poor creturs must suffer, and say nothing about it, and drink cheap tea, and be troubled with the children and the cows, and scrub our souls out; and we never say a thing about it. But a man comes on regularly once a year, like a Farmer's Almanac, and grumbles about his sufferings; and it's only then jest to choose a governor, arter all. These men are hard creturs to find out, and ain't worth much after you have found them out." This was intended as a lesson to Margaret, who was working Charlotte and Werter, on a blue ground, at her side; but Margaret had her own idea of the matter, and remained silent.

"I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year,
With your stomach full of money
And your pocket full of beer,"

yelled Ike as he skipped into Mrs. Partington's kitchen, where the old dame was busily engaged in cooking breakfast on Christmas morning. "Don't make such a noise, dear," said the kind old lady, holding up her hand: "you give me a scrutinizing pain in my head, and your young voice goes through my brain like a scalpel-knife. But what did the good Santa Cruz put into your stocking, Isaac?" And she looked at him with an arch and pleased expression as he took out of his pocket a jack-knife, and a hum-top painted with gaudy colors. Ike held them up joyously; and it was a

sight to see the two standing there, — she smiling serenely upon the boy's happiness, and he grateful in the possession of his treasures. "Ah!" said she with a sigh, "there's many a house to-day, Isaac, that Santa Cruz won't visit; and many a poor child will find nothing in his stocking but his own little foot!" It might have been a grain of the snuff she took, it might have been a fleeting mote of the atmosphere; but Mrs. Partington's eyes looked humid, though she smiled upon the boy before her, who stood trying to pull the cord out of her reticule to spin his new top with.

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partington, "and how they fat upon it: for my part, I shall always think it is owin' to the vittles. Air may do for cammamiler and other reptiles that live on it; but I know that men must have something substantialer." The old lady was resolute in this opinion, conflict as it might with general notions. She is set in her opinions, very; and, in their expression, nowise backward. "It may be as Solomon says," said she; "but I lived at the pasturage in a country town all one summer, and I never heerd a turtle singing in the branches. I say I never *heerd* it: but it may be so too; for I have seen 'em in brooks under the tree, where they, perhaps, dropped off. I wish some of our great naturalists would look into it." With this wish for light, the old lady lighted her candle, and went to bed.

"I can't believe in spirituous knockings," said Mrs. Partington solemnly, as a friend related something he had seen which appeared very mysterious. "I can't believe about it; for I know, if Paul could come back, he would envelop himself to me here, and wouldn't make me run a mile only to get a few dry knocks. Strange that the world should be so superstitious as to believe sich a rapsody, or think a sperrit can go knocking about like a boy in vexation! I don't believe it; and I don't know's I could if that

teapot there should jump off the table right affore my eyes." She paused; and, through the gloom of approaching darkness, the determined expression of her countenance was apparent. A slight movement was heard upon the table; and the little black teapot moved from its position, crawled slowly up the wall, and then hung passively by the side of the profile of the ancient corporal. The old lady could not speak, but held up her hands in wild amazement; while her snuff-box fell from her nerveless grasp, and rolled along on the sanded floor. She left the room to procure a light; and, as soon as she had gone, the teapot was lowered by the invisible hand to its original station; and Ike stepped out from beneath the table, stowing a long string away in his pocket, and grinning prodigiously.

"What a label it is upon the character of Boston!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read a speech on the liquor bill that reflected on Boston. "There is no place where benevolence is so aperient as here. For my part, I don't know where so much is done for the suffering: and anybody can see it that can read; for how often we see 'Free Lunch' in the windows of our humane institutions! You never see such things in the country, as much better as they think themselves."

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast-table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours was for the poor last Sunday: why, there wasn't efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

SHARP AND WITTY SAYINGS OF PRENTICE OF "THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL."

"'The Boston Transcript' says that a young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called 'The Last

Man,' exclaimed, 'Bless me! if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?' We think a pertinent inquiry is, 'What would become of the *poor man?*'"

"An editor in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have two ears fifteen inches long. Some folks are remarkable for the length of their two ears."

"'Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?' — 'Oh! it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, *abhors a vacuum.*"

"The editor of 'The Globe' says he hopes to reach the truth. He is laying out for himself a long journey. He had better make his will before he starts."

"'Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?' said a gentleman politely at table to an ancient maiden. 'I am no waiter, sir.' — 'Is that so? I thought, from your appearance, you had been waiting a long time.'"

"We were considerably amused by an account we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six *men* and six *missers* upon the ground."

"The editor of '—— Star' says he has never murdered the truth. He never gets near enough to it to do it any bodily harm."

"'I and my brother are engaged in the Temperance cause,' said a loafer. '*He* gives public lectures upon the virtue of temperance, and *I* go about exhibiting illustrations of the effect of intemperance.' Now, our neighbor-in-law has a decided advantage of that pair of brothers. *He combines the functions of both.*"

"The editor of the —— —— speaks of his 'lying curled up in bed these cold mornings.' This verifies what we said of him some time ago, — *he lies like a dog.*"

"It may seem a little remarkable, that, in these days, the greater part of the white-washing is done with *ink.*"

"'What has been your business?' said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. 'Why, your Honor, I used to be a

dentist: now I am a pugilist. Then I put teeth in: I now knock them out.'"

"A writer in one of our medical journals inquires why it is that women are more likely to take cold than men. Indeed, we don't know; but Dr. Hall says that the only way to avoid taking cold, under certain circumstances, is *to keep the mouth shut.*"

"A Western rhymer says that he writes only when an angel troubles his soul. We don't know that the fact of his own soul's being troubled gives him the right to trouble the souls of other people."

"'You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' 'Yes: I have been straitened by circumstances.'"

"A well-known writer says that a fine coat covers a multitude of sins. It is still truer, that such coats cover a multitude of sinners."

"'Boy, how did you manage to get such a big string of fish.' — 'I *hooked* them, sir.'"

"'Landlord, you do me too much honor: you let me sleep among the big bugs last night.' — 'Oh! don't be too modest, my dear lodger: I doubt not they have your own blood running in their veins.'"

"'How does real estate sell in your town?' — 'Oh! it's cheap as dirt.'"

"It is said that several thousand married men have been in the war more than two years without receiving a scratch. This is more than can be said of some married men who staid at home."

THE EFFECT THE PROCLAMATION OF SECRETARY SEWARD PRODUCED IN KENTUCKY.

Confedrit + Roads, which is in the Stait uv Kentucky,
Dec. 20, 1865.

At last, the deed is dun! The tiranikle government which hez sway at Washington hez finelly extinguished the

last glimerin' flicker uv liberty by abolishin' slavery! The sun didn't go down in gloom that nite; the stars didn't fade in a sickly yeller: at wich obstinacy uv Nachur I wuz considerably astonished.

I got the news at the post-offis (near to wich I am at present stayin', at the house uv a venerable old planter, who accepts my improvin' conversation and a occasional promise, wich is cheap, ez equivilent for board). Sadly I wendid my way to his peaceful home, dreadin' to fling over that house the pall uv despair. After supper, I broke to em ez gently ez I cood the intelligence that three-fourths uv the States hed ratified the constooshnel amendment, that Seward had ishood his proclamation, and that all the niggers wuz free.

Never did I see sich sorrer depicted on human countenance; never wuz there despair uv sich depth. All nite long, the bereaved inmates uv that wunst happy but now distracted home wept and waled in agony wich wuz perfectly heart-rendin'.

"Wo is me!" sobbed the old man, wringin' his hands. "John Brown's karkis hangs a-danglin' in the air; but his soul is marchin' on. It took posseshun of Seward; and thro' his ugly mouth it spoke the words, 'The nigger is free!' and there is no more a slave in the land.

"Wunst I hed a hundred niggers; and the men were fat and healthy, and the wenches wuz strong, and sum uv 'em wuz fair to look upon. They worked in my house and my fields from the rising uv the sun to the goin'-down uv the same.

"Wuz they lazy? I catted them till they wuz cured thereof; for, lo! they wuz ez a child under my care.

"Did they run away? From Kentucky they run North; and, lo! the Locofoco marshals caught them for me, and brought them back, and delivered them into my hand without cost, sayin', 'Lo! here is thy nigger; do with him ez

thou wilt' (which I alluz did); wich is cheeper than keepin' dogs, and jest as good.

"Solomon wuz wise; for he hed uv konkebines a suffishensy: but we wuz wiser in our day than him; for he hed to feed his children, and it kost him shekels uv gold, and shekels uv silver, and much corn and oil.

"We hed our konkebines with ez great a muchness ez Solomon; but we sold their children for silver and gold and red-dog paper."

And all nite long the bereaved old patriarch, who hed alluz bin a father to his servants (and a grandfather to menny uv 'em), poured out his lamentations. In the mornin', the niggers wuz called up; and ez they all hed their koats on, and hed bundles, I 'spect they must hev heard the news. The old gentleman explained the situation to 'em.

"Yoo will," sed he, "stay in yoor happy homes: you will alluz continue to live here, and work here, ez yoo hev alluz dun."

The niggers all in korious, with a remarkable unanimity, remarkt, that, ef they hed ever bin introdoost to theirselves, they thought they woodent. In fact, they hed congregated at that time for the purpose uv startin life on their own hook. A paroxysm uv pain and anguish shot over the old man's face. Nearest to him stood a octoroon, who, hed she not bin tainted with the accurst blood uv Ham, wood hev bin considered beautiful. Fallin' on her neck, the old patriarch, with teers a-streamin down his furrowed cheeks, ejackilated, "Farewell, Looizer, my daughter! farewell! I loved yoor mother ez never man loved nigger. She wuz the solace uv my leisure hours, the companion uv my yooth. She I sold to pay orf a mortgage on the place, — she and yoor older sisters. Farewell! I hed hoped to hev sold yoo this winter (for you are still young), and bought out Jinkins; but wo is me! Curses on the tirent who thus severs

all the tender ties uv nachur! Oh! it is hard for father to part with child, even when the market's high; but, O God! to part thus!" And the old gentleman, in a excess uv greef, swoonded away genteelly. His son Tom hed bin caressin' her two little children, who wuz a half whiter than she wuz. Unable to restrain hisself, he fell on her neck, and bemoaned his fate with tetchin pathos.

"Farewell, farewell, mother uv my children! Farewell faro and hosses and shampane! — a long farewell! Your increase wuz my perquisites; and I sold 'em to supply my needs. Hed you died, I cood hev bin resigned; for, when dead, you ain't wuth a copper: but to see yoo torn away livin', & wuth $2,000 in enny market, it's too much, it's too much!" And he fainted, fallin' across the old man.

"Who'll do the work about the house?" shreekt the old lady, faintin', and fallin' across Tom.

"Who'll dress us, and wash us, and wait on us?" shreekt the three daughters, swoonding away, and fallin' across the old woman. My first impulse wuz to faint away myself, and fall across the three daughters; but I restrained myself, and wuz contented with strikin' a attitood, and organizin' a tablo. Hustlin' the niggers away with a burnin' cuss for their ingratitood, I spent the balance uv the forenoon in bringin' on em too. Wun by wun, they became conshus; but they wuz not theirselves. Their minds wuz evidently shattered; they wuz carryin' a heavy heart in their buzzums.

Wood, oh! wood that Seward cood hev seen that groop! Sich misery does Ablishinism bring in its trane; sich horrers follers a departure from Dimikratic teechin's. When will reason return to the people? Eko answers, when?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

IRISH WIT AND BLUNDERS.

IRISH WIT AND BLUNDERS.

THERE was a riot in London, gotten up by a company of Irish sailors, prominent among whom was one Phaidrig, who piped the wildest and most exciting war-tunes, and yelled the battle-cry of rebels, during the whole of the fray. Being arrested, and brought before Sir Thomas de Veil, this cunning rioter attempted to mystify the magistrate, and thereby show his innocence. The following is the report of his examination: —

"What were you playing on the pipes for, sirrah?" asked Sir Thomas fiercely.

"That's my business, your Honor."

"You had no business, sirrah, to be playing when rebels were impeding the king's officers."

"I beg pardon, your Honor: I had no business, it's thrue for you; and, when I said business, it was all through modesty."

"How do you mean modesty, sir?"

"Why, your Honor, I said business, when, in fact, I should have said profession: and that was all through modesty; for mine is a profession, I being a musician."

"You're an Irishman, I perceive."

"Indeed I am."

"Then you're a papist?"

"No, sir: I'm a piper."

"No quibbling, sir: a piper must have a religion."

"Excuse me, your Honor. Pipers never has any religion

at all: they must make themselves plazing to all companies."

"Then are you a heathen, you vagabond?"

"No, your Honor: I'm only a pagan."

"Dare you acknowledge yourself a pagan in my presence, sirrah?"

"To be sure, your Honor. There's no law agin pagans: it's only agin Christians the laws is."

"But there are laws against unbelievers, villain."

"That'll do me no harm, your Honor; for I believe every thing." This reply produced a laugh, and cast the desired hue of ridicule over the trial.

"But you were of the party of the sailors, however," said Sir Thomas. "Did he not come with them?" added he, addressing Mrs. Banks, at whose public house the prisoner was arrested.

"To be sure I did," said Phaidrig before she could answer.

"Silence, sirrah! I did not ask you, but the woman of the house."

"He did come with them, your Worship," answered Mrs. Banks.

"See there!" exclaimed Phaidrig triumphantly. "I towld you so. Do you think I would tell you a lie?"

"Then, if you came with them, you must know something of them," said the magistrate. "Who are they?"

"Not a one o' me knows," returned Phaidrig.

"How did you come into their company?"

"I did not come into their company at all. It was they *took* me into their company agin my will."

"How did that happen?"

To this he gave a tediously mixed answer, the substance of which was, that they were a thieving set of fellows, who, among other things, had stolen him, and made him play for them, "mornin', noon, and night, and paid him not a cint;" and, not content with that, they forced him into a ship, and brought him to London against his will.

"Well, then," said Sir Thomas, hoping to incite Phaidrig through personal motives to disclose all he knew, "you have a heavy charge to make against these men; and, if you can only bring all or any of them to justice, they shall be punished, and I will endeavor to obtain for you ample compensation for the loss you have sustained."

"Long may you reign, my lord!" exclaimed Phaidrig. "It's the first word of pity or justice I have heerd for many a day."

"Then you'll swear against them for this offence?" said Sir Thomas.

"I'll swear *sthrong* agin them!" thundered Phaidrig.

"You know their names, I suppose?"

"'Twould be hard for me to forget them; for they had the queerest names I ever heerd of with cat or dog. One fellow was called 'Bumbo,' and another 'Nosey;' and there was 'Dasher' and 'Slasher' and 'Smasher.'"

"These are not surnames," said Sir Thomas.

"No, your Honor; but they had very fine surnames with them, for all that. There was 'Alexander.'"

"Alexander is a Christian name," remarked the magistrate.

"No, your Honor, beggin' your pardon, *this* Alexander wasn't a *Christian* name, but an *owld, anshint* name: it was Alexander the *Grate* they meant all the time, together with Pompey and Saizer and Nickydemus."

"But these are not surnames. Was there not among the crew some one of the name of 'Smith,' 'Brown,' or 'Jones,' or some such name?"

"No, your Honor: I never heerd sich a name at all. There was only one smith aboord, and he"—

"There, now, you are contradicting yourself," said Sir Thomas hastily. "You said you never heard such a name on board as Smith; and in the next breath you acknowledge there was a Smith on board."

"Yiz, your Honor," returned Phaidrig in a most soothing

tone of voice; "so there was a Smith: that is what I was going to tell your Honor. But *that* Smith was a *blacksmith*, that they had to make and mend iron things when they was broke with fightin', or storms, or the like."

"Then you never heard regular English surnames among them."

"No, indeed, sir. My own private opinion is, they thought it better to leave their names behind them when they went to *say;* for their doings there was not likely to do their names any credit; and maybe they thought it would be saving the magisthraits throuble to make themselves as little known as possible."

"Ah! I see: each man was provided with an *alias*."

"I can't say I ever heerd of sitch a thing among them, sir."

"I mean, they all had nicknames."

"Faith they had: and owld Nick himself never gave his name to more desarving childhres; for they are the greatest set o' divils I ever came across. O your Honor! won't you do me justice, and sthrive and nab them, and git me my lawful due agin them?"

"What can I do when you can give me no clew? You don't know any thing of them."

"That's thrue, your Honor; and I wish I knew less. Oh! weira, weira! ruined I am. Maybe it's your Honor could give me a thrifle o' money to take me home to Ireland."

Sir Thomas did not relish this proposal, and asked, "Had the piper no friend in London?" He answered by asking, "How could he have one in a city where he had first set his foot that morning?" The magistrate asked by what conveyance he came to London. Phaidrig answered, "By the river." The functionary demanded the name of the ship. Phaidrig replied that the desperadoes had quitted their own ship a long way off, and came up the river in a smaller one, the name of which he did not know.

To various other questions tending to find a clew to the

sailors, Phaidrig pleaded his blindness as preventing his making the observations other men, blessed with a sense of vision, could; and continued, by his seemingly simple and queer answers, to baffle all the efforts of the magistrate to implicate him in the transaction, or to make him implicate others.

Sir Thomas and his satellites departed, and left Phaidrig to the care of the kind widow, who was right well pleased when she saw the authorities cross her threshold, and was charmed with Phaidrig for his address throughout the affair.

"You are stanch and true, and right honest," said Mrs. Banks; "and it is a pity so clever a fellow should want his eyes."

"'Tis a loss to me, ma'am, certainly," said Phaidrig with an air of gallantry, "since it deprives me of the pleasure of seeing you."

"Ah! you rogue," said the widow, "you have a tongue worth more than a pair of eyes. Isn't it enough to have talked over Sir Thomas de Veil, without palavering me?"

"Veal is it you call that ganim?" said Phaidrig. "Faix, he'll never be *veal* till he's dead."

"You mean he's a *calf* while he's alive," said Mrs. Banks.

"Mrs. Banks, ma'am," answered the piper, "you're a mighty purty-spoken, sensible woman."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the piper's companions entering, who had changed their rough sailor's trim for new and handsome suits.

DIALOGUE

Between Mr. Flanagan, a rich bachelor trader in country-produce, and Farmer Mat Riley, who managed on small means to live, and raise a son, and three healthy, good-looking daughters.

"Mat?"

"Sir."

"I'm thinkin' o' marrying."

"Well, she'll have a snug house, whoever she is, Misther Flanagan."

"Them's fine girls o' yours."

Poor Pat opened his eyes with delight at the prospect of such a match for one of his daughters, and said they were "comely lumps o' girls, sure enough; but, what was betther, they were good."

"That's what I'm thinking," says Flanagan. "There's two ten-poun' notes, and a five, and one is six, and one is seven; and three ten-pennies is two and sixpence; that's twenty-seven poun' two and sixpence; eight-pence ha'penny in the lot: but I haven't copper in my company, Mat."

"Oh! no mather, Misther Flanagan. And is it one of my colleens you've been throwin' the eye at, sir?"

"Yes, Mat, it is. You're asking too much for them firkins."

"O Misther Flanagan! consider, it's prime butther. I'll back my girls for making up a bit o' butther agin any girls in Ireland; and cows is good, and the pasture is prime."

"'Tis a farthin' a pound too high, Mat; and the market not lively."

"The butther is good, Misther Flanagan; and not dacinther girls in Ireland than the same girls, though I am their father."

"I'm thinkin' I'll marry one o' them, Mat."

"Sure an' it's proud I'll be, sir; and which o' them is it, maybe?"

"Faith, I don't know myself, Mat. Which do you think yourself?"

"Troth, myself doesn't know: they are all good. Nance is nice, and Biddy's biddable, and Kitty's cute."

"You're my man, Mat: you ought to be able to give a husband a thrifle with them."

"Nothing worth *your* while, anyhow, Misther Flanagan. But sure one o' my girls without a rag to her back, or a tack to her feet, would be betther help to an honest, industherin' man than one o' your lontherum swosh girls out of

a town, that would spend more than she'd bring with her."

"That's thrue, Mat. I'll marry one o' your girls, I think."

"You'll have my blessin', sir; and proud I'll be, — and proud the girl ought to be, — *that* I'll say. And suppose, now, you come over on Sunday, and take share of a plain man's dinner, and take your pick o' the girls. There's a fine bull goose that Nance towld me she'd have ready afther last mass; for Father Ulick said he'd come and dine with us."

"I can't, Mat; but I'll go and breakfast with you to-morrow, on my way to Billy Mooney's, who has a fine lot of pigs to sell, — remarkably fine pigs."

"Well, we'll expect you to breakfast, sir."

"Mat, there must be no nonsense about the wedding."

"As you plase, sir."

"Just marry her off, and take her home. 'Short reckonings make long friends.'"

"Thrue for you, sir."

"Nothing to give with the girl, you say?"

"My blessing only, sir."

"Well, you must throw in that butther, Mat, and take the farthin' off."

"It's yours, sir," said Mat, delighted, loading Flanagan with "Good-bys" and "God save yous" until they should meet next morning at breakfast. Mat rode home in great glee at the prospect of providing so well for one of his girls, and told them a man would be there the next morning to make choice of one of them for his wife, and the girl who got him would be lucky.

In preparing themselves for the ordeal, the two older girls appropriated all the best clothes, and all the ornaments the whole three held in common, and left nothing but the most ordinary, every-day clothing for Kitty. Flanagan spoke but very little to the girls while in their company; but, just as

he was leaving the house, he said to the father, as he shook hands with him, "Mat, I'll do it;" and, pointing to Kitty, he added, "That's the one I'll have."

As Flanagan passed out, the elder sisters manifested their disappointment in exhibitions of rage, while Kitty was nearly exhausted in laughing. The fun came into Kitty from two sources. She was tickled at the thought, that, while her sisters had deprived her of any share in the attractive clothing in the house, she had gained a conquest over them in her rags. She was also tickled to think that her prospective husband would be disappointed in her taste for dress, and her capacity to spend money. She manifested this taste and capacity, in her married life, in ways more annoying than funny to her husband. The fun was all hers.

Sir JONAH BARRINGTON, in "Personal Sketches of his Own Times," makes the following humorous statements respecting the Irish peasantry (this work was published in New York in 1853): "If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far to Ballinrobe, he will probably say it is '*three short miles.*' You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet '*that it is five long miles.*' On you go; and the next peasant will tell 'your Honor' it is '*about four miles.*' The fourth will solemnly declare, 'If your Honor stops at *three* miles, you'll never get there.' But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies, 'Oh! that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!'

"'Why, you said it was more than three miles off.'

"'Oh, yes! to be sure and sartain: that's from my *own* cabin, plase your Honor. We're no scholards in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plase your Honor, but from our own little cabins? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plase your Honor.'

"When you ask a peasant the distance of the place you

require, he never computes it from the place where you *then are*, but from his *own cabin :* so, if you should ask twenty, they would all give you different answers, and not one of them would be correct.

"An Irish peasant never answers a question directly. In some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point, and reply, 'Does your Honor see that large house there, all among the trees, with a green field before it?'

"You answer, 'Yes.'

"'Well,' says he, 'plase your Honor, that's *not it*. But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses beside of that same, and a pond of water?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, plase your Honor, *that's* not it. But, if you plase, look quite to the right of that same, and you'll see the top of a castle among the trees there, with a road going down to it, between the bushes.'

"'Yes,' you say.

"'Well, plase your Honor, *that's not it*, neither: but if your Honor will come down a bit of road, a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough ;* and, if your Honor's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plase you Honor, is coming to see him? He's my own landlord, God save his Honor day and night!'"

Our author, in his own bridal tour, called on his brother at his hunting-lodge the morning after he had entertained a carnival assemblage. "The dining-room walls received their last coat of cement plaster on the previous morning, and, of course, were moist on the eve of that day. Our author reached the establishment about ten o'clock, A.M., where he found his brother asleep on the only bed in the house, and his associates in the same state, some in the stable, and others in the house. The parlor was strewed with empty bottles, plates, dishes, knives, forks, &c., in perfect con-

fusion. Three or four of the bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs; one or two others upon the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles burnt to the sockets: his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body; his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, with their heads leaning against the newly-plastered wall."

Our author first aroused his brother, who ordered breakfast, and insisted that his guests in the parlor should not be awaked until the meal was prepared. When this was done, his brother called loudly upon the sleepers to wake up and come to breakfast. Perceiving that Joe and Peter did not move their heads from the wall, he approached, and said, "Come, boys!" giving Joe a pull, "come!"

"Oh, murder!" says Joe: "I can't!"

"Murder, murder!" echoed Peter.

"My brother," says our author, "pulled them again; upon which they roared the louder, still retaining their places. I have, in my lifetime, laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than on this occasion. The wall, as I said, had, on the day before, received a coat of cement mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow: it was, nevertheless, setting fast around the hot heads which had been embedded therein, aided by the influence of the heat which had accompanied the night's carousal. When my brother awoke his guests, the mortar had completely set; and, their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *cue* and half his head, was thoroughly and irrevocably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement; so that, if determined to move, he must have taken the wall with him. One side of

Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them; and there they both stuck fast." From their perilous condition they were finally relieved by cutting off their hair and cues, and a portion of Peter's scalp.

MIKE. — An Irish officer, wounded in battle with the French, was brought to consciousness by his servant Mike, who accompanied his bathing process with a running fire of lamentation because his master had been murdered so young. Perceiving evidence of returning consciousness, Mike said, "Are you better, Master Charles? Spake to me: say that you're not kilt, darling; do now. There, take a sup: it's only water. Bad luck to them! but it's hard work beatin' them: they are only gone now. That's right: now you're coming to."—"Where am I, Mike?" said the wounded man. "It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

Mike's Address to a favorite Priest.— "Ah! then, it's yourself has the illegant time of it father, dear," said he, "and nothing to trouble you; the best of divarsion wherever ye go; and all the women is fond of ye. Father Murphy was such another as yourself, and he'd coax the birds off the trees with the tongue of him.

> 'What an illegant life a friar leads,
> With a fat, round stomach before him!
> He utters a prayer, and counts his beads,
> And all the women adore him.
> It's little he's troubled to work or think,
> Wherever devotion leads him:
> A "pater" pays for his dinner and drink;
> For the Church, good luck to her! feeds him.'"

Mike's Opinion of Religious Expenses in Portugal.— After paying his devotions to a beautiful image of the blessed Virgin, with his hands clasped, and his head bowed upon his bosom, Mike seated himself upon the steps of the

altar, and there revolved some doubts in his mind concerning the profitableness of his late pious duties. With these words he broke silence: "Masses is dearer here than in Galway. Father Rush would be well plased at two and sixpence for what I paid three doubloons for this morning. And sure it's drole enough how expensive an amusement it is to kill the French. Here's half a dollar I gave for the soul of a cuirassier that I kilt yesterday, and nearly twice as much for an artillery-man I cut down at the guns; and, because the villain swore like a hathen, Father Pedro told me he'd cost more nor if he'd died like a dacent man." After uttering these words, he turned suddenly round toward the Virgin, and, crossing himself devoutly, added, "And, sure, it's yourself knows if it's fair to make me pay for vile fellows that don't know their duties; and after all, if you don't understand English nor Irish, I've been wasting my time here this two hours."

Mike's Opinion of the Army Physician.—"Arrah, Mister Charles! don't mind the docther: he's a poor crayther entirely; little does he know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mike? He's physician to the forces."

"Dear me! and so he may be," said Mike with a toss of his head: "those army docthers isn't worth their salt. It's thruth I'm telling you. Sure, didn't he come see me when I was sick in the hould? 'How do you feel?' says he. 'Terribly dhry in the mouth,' says I. 'But your bones,' says he: 'how's them?'—'As if cripples was kicking me,' says I. Well, with that he went away, and brought back two powders. 'Take them,' says he, 'and ye'll be cured in no time.'—'What's them?' says I. 'They are emetics,' says he. 'Blood and ages!' says I, 'are they?'—'It's thrue what I tell ye,' says he: 'take them immediately.' I tuk them; and would you believe me, Mister Charles,—it's thruth I'm telling ye,—not one o' them would stay on my

stomach. So you see what a docther he is. Sure he isn't worth his salt."

An Irishman, who let himself to a farmer, said, while selling his services, that he could hold a plough, and do all other kinds of farm-work. He was taken to the field, and told to hold the plough. The horses started, and he showed his incapacity to control the instrument. "Did you not tell me you could hold the plough?" said the enraged farmer.

"And sure I did," said Paddy; "and I can hould it, if you'll unhitch them two horses that are trying to take it away from me."

"I once dreamed," said Pat, "that I called upon the Pope; and he axed me wud I drink. I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a drop of punch. 'Could, or hot?' axed the Pope. '*Hot*, yer Holiness,' said I: and he stepped down in the kitchen for some bilin' water; and, before he got back, I woke strate up; and now it's distressin' me that I didn't *take it could*."

A son of Erin, just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, was told, by a person to whom he applied for aid, to go to ——. "Civility indeed," said the Hibernian, "to invite me to your father's house."

An Irishman, being asked what he would charge per day for his labor, replied, "A dollar and a half if I eat myself and one dollar if you eat me."

An Irishman, having a friend hung in this country, wrote home to his relatives, informing them, that, after addressing a large meeting of citizens, the platform on which he stood gave way, and he fell and broke his neck.

An Irish colonel of dragoons, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel, that, if he had personal objections to any of the jury, he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied the son of Mars: "if they don't bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge every man of them.*"

An Irish soldier, riding a vicious mule which was running away with him, was asked by a person he met where he was going so furiously. "Ask my mule," said the soldier.

An Irish lady was asked if she could sing, and replied, "No, sir; but I can *enchant.*"

An Irishman, calling for a letter at the post-office, being asked, "What name?" replied, "My name is on the outside of the letter."

A son of Erin boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor: "that is a great distance. It must have been accomplished when the days were longest." — "To be sure it was; I admit that," cried the ingenious Hibernian.

"Ah, now, my darling!" exclaimed an Irishman when his boy threatened to enlist in the army, "would you be laving your poor ould father, that doted upon ye? — you, the best and most dutiful of all my children, and the only one that never struck me when I was down?"

Chancellor Walworth was sometimes severe upon unlearned lawyers who appeared before his court. A witty Irish lawyer, for whom the chancellor did not entertain very high respect, was asked by his Honor, "Mr. Mulock,

will you permit me to ask who prepared these pleadings?"

"Oh, yes, your Honor! I did."

"Then I have only to say," said the chancellor, "you should have consulted counsel."

"May it please your Honor," was Mulock's ready answer, "I have not known whom to consult since your Honor left the bar."

Members of the profession, present in large numbers, were convulsed with laughter by this witty response.

"Biddy," said a lady, "step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes, Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months, and two days old, that morning.

An Irishman having driven a gentleman a long stage one very rainy day, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?"

"Arrah! I don't care about being very wet: but, plaze your Honor, I'm *very dry;* and that's what distresses me."

Complaint having been made in a Yorkshire hospital that an old Hibernian would not submit to the prescribed remedies, one of the committee proceeded to expostulate with him; when he defended himself by exclaiming, —

"Sure, your Honor, wasn't it a blister they wanted to put upon my back? And I only tould 'em it was althegither impossible; for I've sich a mighty dislike to them blisters, that, put 'em where you will, they are sure to go agin my stomach."

"I have just met our old acquaintance, Daly," said an Irishman to his friend; "and was sorry to see he has

shrunk away to almost nothing. You are thin, and I am thin; but he is thinner than both of us put together."

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying, you call it? Sure, when I found I wan't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody in whose ability I had more confidence than in my own?"

A certain lord always inquired as to the religious and political faith of persons whom he employed in his domestic service before engaging them. While residing on his Irish estates, a groom presented himself to be hired, resolving beforehand not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate replies.

"What are your opinions?" was the peer's first demand.

"Indeed then, your Lordship's Honor, I have just none at all, at all."

"Not any? Nonsense! You must have some; and I insist upon knowing them."

"Why, then, your Honor's glory, they are just the same as your lordship's."

"Then you can have no objection to state them, and to confess frankly what is your way of thinking."

"Och! and is it my way of thinking you mane by my opinion? Why, then, I am exactly the same way of thinking as Pat Sullivan, your Honor's gamekeeper; for says he to me as I was coming up stairs, 'Murphy,' says he, 'I'm thinking you'll never be paying me the two and twenty shillings I lent you last Christmas a twelvemonth.' — 'Indade, says I, 'Pat Sullivan, I'm quite your way of thinking.'"

Two young Irishmen, thinking to cheapen their expenses, agreed that one should board, and the other should lodge.

An Irishman thought that people must like to be buried in a certain churchyard, because it was such a healthy place.

"Is Biddy afraid of work?" inquired a gentleman of a lady whom Biddy had served.

"No," was the lady's reply: "she can lie down and sleep by it."

An Irishman, whose brother was a priest, being asked, "Has your brother a living?" replied, "No."

"How, then, does he employ himself?"

"He says mass in the morning."

"What does he do in the evening?"

"In the evening, *he don't know what he says.*"

"Patrick," said a lying acquaintance, "did you ever hear this story before?"

"No," said Patrick: "did you?"

An unwelcome visitor to a certain house found, at the time of one of his calls, no one at home but Bridget. The following conversation passed between the two:—

"Where is your master?"

"He's gone out."

"Where is your mistress?"

"She's gone out."

"Well, as I'm somewhat chilly, I'll step in and warm."

Bridget's reply was, "The fire has gone out also."

An Irishman said that a friend of his had died suddenly. "Did he live high?" he was asked.

"I can't say as to that," replied Mike; "but he died high. He was suspended from the gallows!"

An Irishman, reduced by sickness, occasionally stopped

breathing for a short time. When awake, his attendant asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead? You're afther wakin' up ivery time."

"Bring me a glass of grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy!' an', if I don't rise up and dhrink, then bury me."

An Irish couple called upon a Protestant clergyman in New Bedford late one evening, and asked him to marry them. Addressing the man, the clergyman said, —

"Why do you not go to the priest?"

"We have been to him," said Mike; "and he refused to marry us, and tould us to go to the Devil; and we have come to you."

Two Irishmen were in prison, — the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch.

"Hallo, Mike! what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other.

"And sure, Pat, I haven't a time-piece handy; but I think it is most milking-time."

"A man who'll maliciously set fire to a barn," said an Irishman, "ought to be kicked to death by a donkey; and I'd like to be the one to do it myself."

An unmarried Irishman seeing the words, "Families supplied," over the door of a shop, stepped in, and said he would take a wife and two children.

A Disorderly Irish Meeting. — "Order!" cried a voice in authority.

"Order any thing you plaze, sir!" said a voice in the crowd.

"Whiskey!" cried one.

"Porther!" shouted another.

"Tabbakky!" roared a third.

"I must insist on silence!" cried the sheriff in a very husky voice. "Silence, or I'll have the court-house cleared!"

"If you cleared your own throat it would be betther," said a wag in the crowd.

A laugh followed: the sheriff felt the hit, and was silent.

Two Irishmen fought a duel, one of whom fired both of his pistols before his antagonist fired either of his; the latter falling wounded. The former, fearing his antagonist might rise and take his life, fled from his post with all possible haste. Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed after, overtook and stopped him, calling him a coward.

"By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, maybe so: you may call me a coward if you plaze; but I did it all for the best."

"The best, you coward?"

"Yes: sure it's *betther* to be a *coward* than a *corpse*; and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them."

An Hibernian traveller, expressing how cheering and comfortable roads are made by *mile-stones*, suggests that it would be a great improvement *if they were nearer each other.*

An Irish footman, having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waiting considerable time for the customary fee, and none being offered, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your Honor have me tell him?"

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander: "I have seen some of the same family *so high, that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

An Irish gentleman, being visited by a friend of his, was

found a good deal ruffled, and, being asked the reason of it, said he had lost a new pair of black silk stockings out of his room, which cost him eighteen shillings; but that he hoped he should get them again, for he ordered them to be cried, and offered a half-crown reward. His friend observed that the reward was too little for such valuable stockings.

"Pho!" said the Irishman: "I ordered the crier to say they were worsted."

In a new-raised corps, a soldier lately observed to his comrade, who was an Irishman, that a corporal was to be dismissed from the regiment.

"Faith and indeed," replied the Irishman, "I hope it is the corporal who is so troublesome in our company."

"What is his name?" replied the other.

"Why, arrah, dear honey! it's Corporal Punishment, sure."

An Irishman at an assize in Cork, being arraigned for felony before Judge Monteney, was asked by whom he would be tried.

"By no one," says he.

The jailer desired him to say, "By God and his country."

"I'll not do it," says Paddy; "for I don't like it at all, at all, my dear."

"What's that you say, honest man?" said the judge.

"See there, now!" says the criminal. "His lordship, long life to him! calls me an honest man; and why should I plead guilty?"

"What do you say?" replied the judge in an authoritative voice.

"I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all; for he knows all about the matter: but I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

"Do not send for Dr. S——," said Capt. O'Neal; "do

not send for Dr. S——: for he once attended a young officer of our regiment; and, upon my conscience, he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued sick for a fortnight after he was well entirely."

"Patrick, do you know the *fate* of the drunkard?"

"Fate? Don't I stand upon the most beautiful *pair* you ever seen?"

A poor Irishman was one day bragging to his friends that the king had spoken to him. On being asked what his Majesty said to him, he replied, "Arrah, my dear honey! he only axed me to get out of the way."

In a Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her: "My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason;* and I desire no one to trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her!*"

An Irish clergyman, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance; whilst *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "*Sancta Maria!*" exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his FATHER was born?"

A biography of Robespierre, in an Irish paper, concludes thus: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

"Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?"

"Know him, is it?" said Pat. "Sure he's a near relation of mine: he once wanted to marry my sister Kate."

A Dublin paper contained the following paragraph: "Yesterday, Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell down and *broke his neck*, but happily received *no further* damage."

An ignorant Irishman, seeing persons reading with spectacles, went to buy a pair to enable himself to read. He tried several pair, and told the merchant he could not read with any of them.

"Can you read at all?" asked the merchant.

"No," was the reply: "if I could, do you think I would be such a fool as to buy spectacles?"

An Irish stone-mason was employed to engrave the following epitaph on a tradesman's wife: —

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The stone, however, being narrow, he contracted the sentence in the following manner: "A virtuous woman is 5*s.* to her husband."

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards; who answered, because there was a hole on the other side.

A poor Irishman was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. The justice asked him what brought him over to this country.

"A ship, your Honor."

"A ship, you impertinent fellow! How do you get your living?"

"By my hands, your Honor: I am a hay-maker."

"And how long have you been out of employ?"

"Plaze your Honor, our trade has been rather dull all this winter."

Jack Banister, praising the hospitality of the Irish after

his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked if he had been in Cork.

"No," replied the wit; "but I saw a great many *drawings* of it."

"Patrick, are you asleep?

"And why are ye asking me that?"

"Why, if yer awake, I'm afther borrowing a dollar of ye."

"Be done bothering me so! I'm fast asleep,—sure I am."

"Now, Patrick," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Faith! but that's difficult for yer Honor to ax, let alone meself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a glass or two, was accosted by the inspecting-general, "What makes your face look so red?"

"Plase your Honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

A tall Hibernian gentleman entered the office of a writing-master, and inquired the price of a "saison at writin'."

"I charge twenty-five dollars for the first month, twenty dollars for the second, and fifteen dollars for the third," was the reply.

"Then, sir, you'll be kind enough to put me down on yer list as a scholar for the *third* month as a commencement," said the customer.

"Here, you fellow!" said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come, tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey-punch."

"An' by my sowl," quickly retorted Pat, "yer Honor is a gentleman."

An Irish laborer plunged into a river, and rescued a man from drowning. The gentleman rewarded Pat with a sixpence.

"Well," said the drowning miser, seeing the Irishman's doubting position: "ain't you satisfied? Do you think you ought to have more?"

"Och!" answered the Hibernian, looking hard at the man he had rescued, "I think I'm *overpaid.*"

"Did your fall hurt you?" asked one Irishman of another who had fallen from a three-story building.

"Not in the laste, honey," replied the other; "but it was stopping so quick that injured me."

A gentleman who had conferred a favor upon an Irishman was thus addressed by him: —

"Long life to you, sir! With the blessing of God, may you live to eat the hen that scratches the gravel on your grave!"

A son of Erin stole some money from his priest, and went to him for confession. He frankly told the priest what he had done, and asked him what he should do in the case. The priest told him he must confess, and restore the money to its rightful owner.

"But suppose he won't take it?" said Pat.

"Then keep it yourself, and appropriate it to your own use."

"But won't you take the money, sir?"

"Oh, no!" said the priest. "I don't want it."

"I'm greatly obliged to your Reverence," said Pat, "for authority to keep this nice little sum, which I stole from *yourself.*"

A citizen of Ireland went to his religious teacher for con-

fession, and confessed that he was the vilest man on earth. He had never done any good, had broken every commandment in the decalogue, and had committed every sin in the calendar. The priest asked him to think over his entire life, and see if he could not find in it one good act. He tried, and said it was of no use. The priest told him to try again. On this trial he was successful; and he proclaimed his success by saying, "I kilt a *gauger* (an excise-man) *once!*" This worthy deed he thought ought to expiate for a portion of his enormous guilt.

Near a *dépôt* were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, a gentleman shouted to one, "Has the railroad got in?"

"One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

"Pay me that six-and-eight-pence you owe me," said an Irish attorney to one of his clients.

"For what?"

"For the opinion you had of me."

"Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?" inquired he.

"Ah! but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you: so they won't know it."

A fashionable Irish gentleman, driving a good deal about Cheltenham, was observed to have the not very graceful habit of lolling his tongue out as he went along. Curran, who was there, was asked what he thought could be his countryman's motive for giving the instrument of eloquence such an airing.

"Oh!" said he, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

Murphy was asked why it was so difficult to waken him in the morning.

"Indeed, master, it's because of your own advice, — always to attend to what I'm about. So, whenever I sleeps, I pays attintion to it."

An Irish sentinel on duty was so furiously assailed by a dog, that, to escape inevitable damage from his powerful fangs, he shot the animal. The dog belonged to an officer of the garrison, who severely rebuked the soldier, telling him that he might surely be satisfied by taking the but-end of his musket to defend himself."

"And so I would have done, yer Honor, had he run at me wid his tail."

An Irishman told his friend that he had defended him, the night before, against the abuse of his enemy.

"What did the scoundrel say of me?" said his friend.

"He said you were not fit to carry garbage to a bear."

"Did he? I am glad you were there to defend me. What did you say?"

"Why, of course, I contradicted him in the flattest terms, and silenced him in a minute; for I declared most confidently *that you were.*"

An Irish vagrant, being arraigned before a magistrate on a petty offence, was thus addressed by the latter: "Ah, sir! I see what you are: I see the rogue in your face."

"Indeed, your Worship," said the prisoner, "I didn't know afore that my face was a looking-glass."

An Irish lady desirous of saving a choice table-beer, the merits of which her servants had discovered, said to her butler, "Daly, what think you will be the best way of saving this nice beer as much as possible? It is so unusu-

ally fine and nice, that I should like it to last a good while."

"Why, madam," replied the well-fed functionary, "I raly don't think you could do better than place a barrel of good strong ale close by the side of it."

On a dark, cold night, the matron of a well-known institution in the metropolis was aroused from her sleep by very loud and continued knocking at the door. She put her head out of the window, and inquired who was there at so unseasonable an hour.

"An' sure, ma'am, it's mysilf it is," replied the plaintive voice of an Irishman; "it's mysilf that's wantin' shelter till mornin': for I'm cowld and hungry; and sure it's a dacent Christian like you that'll be after letting me in."

"Go away, go away!" said the embarrassed matron: "this is no place for you. Get away, I say! For shame of you, coming here! This is the Lying-in Hospital!"

"Oh, indeed!—thin," replied the poor fellow, "it's the very place for me; for I've been *lying out* these three nights!"

Jonathan and his friend Paddy riding together past an old gallows, the former attempted to be witty at the expense of the latter. "You see *that*, I calculate," said Jonathan, morally, pointing to the object just mentioned. "And now where would *you* be if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

Murphy being asked whether the infant child of his married sister, born the night before, was a boy or a girl, replied, that he hadn't ascertained whether he was an uncle or an aunt.

An Irish woman applied at the door of a wealthy lady

for a "trifle of charity," and was told by the lady to go away, as it was against her rule to give to beggars at the door.

"Oh! then, ma'am," replied the poor creature, courtesying, "I'll be after stepping into the hall, if you plase;" and, suiting the action to the word, she stepped over the threshold. This so pleased the lady as to influence her to depart from her rule.

Two sons of Erin met, and shook hands very cordially, supposing they knew each other: but both soon discovered their mistake; when one said, "I thought it was you, and you thought it was me; but, indade, it is neither of us."

A clergyman met an Irish section-hand in a railroad dépôt one very cold morning, and said to him, "Patrick, did you take an extra cup of coffee this morning to keep you warm?"

"I took something stronger than coffee, your Riverence," was his reply.

"What?" said the clergyman.

"Rum," said Patrick.

"O Patrick! I am very sorry you drink rum; for it is a *slow poison.*"

"Oh, yes! your Reverence; *very slow indade: a man will live a lang time on it.*"

Father Hecker, the Catholic revival-preacher, numbered among his converts a reformed inebriate whom he regarded both a sober and a religious man. This convert knew the confessor closed his address to the penitent with the language, "God bless you! I forgive you." A little while after his conversion was regarded complete, he became intoxicated, and in that state called upon Father Hecker, who

met him at his door, and, perceiving his condition, started back, and exclaimed, "I am *sorry, sorry, sorry!*"

"Are you indeed truly sorry, Father Hecker?" said the fallen convert.

"Yes, I am," said the priest.

"Well," said the other, "*God bless you! I forgive you.*"

A very hungry Irishman stepped into a jeweller's shop just before the owner went to his sumptuous dinner, and asked him what he could afford to give for a piece of pure gold about the size of a brick. The jeweller, thinking here was a chance for a good bargain, invited Paddy to dine with him. Paddy modestly assented to the proposal, enjoyed a dinner such as he had not tasted for months, kept pace with his host in giving judgment on the wine, and then begged to retire.

"But about the piece of gold, sir, the piece about the size of a brick, you named in the shop?"

"Oh, ay!" said Paddy, "that's thrue; I'd almost forgotten it: but I just wanted to know, sir, how much you could give for it, supposing I should ever be after finding such a thing."

An Irish tailor, having made a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was requested *to let them out.* Some days after, the gentleman called for his clothes, and was told by the tailor that he had *let out* his coat and vest to a countryman of his, whom they fitted, at a shilling a week.

An Irishman had worked for two brothers, John and James, a farmer and a lawyer. Being asked his opinion of the two men, he replied, "Mister John is one of the most nicest, the most honestest, and the most cleverestest men in the whole town; and they are not *at all* alike."

The late James T. Brady was very fond of the ready natural wit of his countrymen. One day, speaking of this to a friend, he said, "I'll just show you a sample. I'll speak to any of these men at work; and you'll see that I will get my answer." Stepping up to the men who were at work on a cellar near by, he spoke to them cheerfully. "Good day, good day to you, boys. That looks like hard work for you."

"Faix an' it is," was the answer, "or we wouldn't be havin' the doin' of it."

Pleased with this, he asked the man what part of Ireland he came from.

"Ah!" said Brady on hearing the name, "I came from that region myself."

"Yis," said the man, with another blow of his pick, "there was many nice people in that place; but I never heard that any of them left it."

An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating, "My boy Tim has swallowed a mouse."

"Then," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

An Irishman, in passing through the street, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day, he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he: "I'll have nothing to do with you. I lost three shillings by one like you yesterday."

An Irish soldier who came over with Gen. Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, — "Oh, yes!" he replied: "too much. I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by

posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

An Irishman, being asked why he fled from his colors, said his heart was as good as any man's in the regiment; but he protested his cowardly legs would run away with him, whatever he could do.

Sir Boyle Roch rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and remarked, "Mr. Speaker, the progress of the times is such, that little children who can neither walk nor talk may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker."

An Irishman called into a store, and priced a pair of gloves. He was told the price was ten shillings. "Och, by my soul, thin," says he, "I'd sooner my hands would go barefoot than pay that price for 'em!"

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "Gentlemen," instead of "Your Honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus: "May it please the Coort, in the hate of debate, I called your Honors *gentlemen*. I made a mistake, your Honors." The gentleman sat down, and the Court was doubtless satisfied with the explanation.

A gentleman, travelling on horseback "down East," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on *that* land."

"And sure, your Honor, *wa'n't I fencing it to keep the poor beasts out uv it.*"

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?"

"I know I have; but, when I get good aim at one, two or three others will swim right betwixt it and me."

An Englishman, travelling in Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever *lost* in the passage. "Never," replied Pat. "My brother was *drowned* here last week; but we *found* him again the next day."

A lady, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't *live now*," replied the girl: "I'm married."

An Irish gentleman was recommended to a bill-broker for a discount. The broker looked at the acceptance, and, as usual, started some difficulties. "It has," he said, "a great many days to run, as you see, sir."

"That's very true," replied the gentleman; "but I beg you to observe that they are the shortest in the year."

"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to an Irish prisoner.

"May't plaze your Worship," said Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for a doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor written, the lady had recovered; on which he added the following postscript, and sent the servant off: "My wife having recovered, you need not come."

A butcher was lamenting to his Irish landlord that the people of his village were so few and so poor, that he was unable, as formerly, to find customers for a whole bullock. "Kill *half* a one at a time," replied the squire.

An Irishman was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he: "he frequently spends the whole night by himself in a dark stable."

There is a celebrated reply of Mr. Curran to a remark of Lord Clare, who curtly exclaimed to one of his legal positions, "Oh! if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law-books."

"Better read them, my lord," was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder.

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony?"

"Softly, old lady!" said he. "You mistake: this is merely the fruit-basket."

A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a twopenny loaf, and, conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough: "you will have the less to carry."

"True," replied the lad, and, throwing three half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said young sooty: "*you will have the less to count.*"

After a battle between two celebrated pugilists, an Irishman made his way to the chaise where the one who had lost the battle had been conveyed, and said to him, "How are

you, my good fellow? Can you see at all with the eye that is knocked out?"

One Irishman, meeting another, asked what was become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy.

"Arrah, now, dear honey!" answered the other, "poor Pat was condemned to be hanged; but he saved his life by dying in prison."

An Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed bachelor, excited much pleasantry by haranguing his men, "Gentlemen, we are all assembled this day to defend our *wives* and *children*."

An Irishman, who was talking in rather ambiguous terms about the sudden death of his paternal relative, was asked if he had lived high.

"Well, I can't say he did," said Terence; "but he died high."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Faith, I mean, that, like the habeus-corpus act, he was *suspended*."

An Irishman, being on a visit to some relatives a little more polished than himself, was requested, on going to bed, to be careful to *extinguish* the candle. He was obliged to ask the meaning of the word; when he was told it was to put it out. He treasured up the term; and one day, when he was sitting at home in his cabin with his wife, enjoying his "praties" and buttermilk, on the pig unceremoniously walking in, he said, proud of his bit of learning, "Judy, dear, will you extinguish the pig?"

"Arrah, then, Pat, honey! what do you mane?" inquired Judy.

"Musha, then, you ignorant creature!" replied Pat, "it manes put him out, to be sure."

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, "What's your height?" to which Pat replied, —

"The man that measured me told me it was five foot ten, or ten foot five: I am not exactly sure which; but it was either one or the other."

"Ireland's cup of misery," said an orator, "has been for ages overflowed; and it seems to be *not yet full!*"

An Englishman paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness, the dirty urchin, but a wit, said, —

"My honey, all the polish you have is on your boots; and I gave it to you."

"Why, Bridget, you have baked this bread to a crisp!"

"An' sure, my lady, I only baked it three hours, according to resaite."

"Three hours! Why, the recipe said but one."

"Yes, mem; one hour for a large loaf, and I had three small ones; and so I baked 'em three hours jist."

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whisht, Biddy! I'se trying an experiment."

"Murther! what is it?"

"What is it, did you say? Why, it's giving hot water to the chickens I am, so they'll be after laying *boiled eggs.*"

In a Dublin newspaper appears the following passage: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

An Irishman, on being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, replied, "I am the oldest; but if my brother lives three years, we shall be both of an age."

"I find there are half a dozen partridges in the let-

ter," said a gentleman to his Irish servant; who replied, —

"Sir, I am glad you have found them *in the letter; for they all flew out of the basket.*"

"Is not one man as good as another?" asked a Chartist, who was contending for equal rights, &c.

"Sure he is," replied an Irishman; "and *a great deal bettther.*"

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion-bed?"

"No," says Pat: "I am digging out the earth, and leaving the hole."

One of our eminent lawyers of Irish descent was engaged some time since to defend an Irishman who had been charged with theft. Assuming the prerogative of his position, the counsel, in a private interview with his client, said to him, —

"Now, Patrick, as I am to defend you, I want you to tell me frankly whether you are guilty or not. Did you steal the goods?"

"Faith, then," says Pat, "I 'spose I must tell yez. In troth *I did stale them.*"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here and disgrace your country by stealing," said the honest counsel.

"In troth, Mr. B——, maybe I ought; but then, *if I didn't stale, you wouldn't have the honor and credit of gettin' me off*, d'ye see."

An Irishman, in speaking of a spell of sickness he had had, said, "Be my faith, I laid spachless six weeks in the long month of August, and all my cry was, 'Wather, wather!'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTERESTING AND HUMOROUS EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF ISAAC T. HOPPER, BORN 1771, AND DIED 1852.

Mr. Hopper was a Friend Quaker, and was a distinguished aider of slaves in their efforts to escape Southern bondage. He was manifestly a genius; and, although precocious in early life, he enjoyed a vigorous old age, and was distinguished from his childhood for his great love of fun.

When Isaac was five or six years old, he went out one night with "Polly" — a faithful domestic, who served his father's family some forty years — to see her milk the cow. He had observed that the animal kicked upon slight provocation; and, when the pail was nearly full, he broke a switch from a tree near by, slipped round to the other side of the cow, and tickled her bag. She instantly raised her heels, and over went Polly, milk-pail, stool, and all. Isaac ran into the house, laughing with all his might, to tell how the cow had kicked over Polly and the pail of milk.

His mother went out immediately to see whether the girl was seriously injured. "O mammy! that little rogue tickled the cow, and made her do it," exclaimed Polly. Whereupon Isaac had a spanking, and was sent to bed without his supper.

But so great was his love of fun, that, as he lay there wakeful and hungry, he shouted with laughter all alone by

himself, thinking how droll Polly looked when she rolled over, with her pail of milk after her.

When he was seven or eight years old, his uncle's wife came one day to the house on horseback. She was a fat, clumsy woman, and got on and off her horse with difficulty. Isaac saw her coming, and, knowing that all the family were from home, let down the bars for her, and she rode up to the horse-block, with which every farm-house was then furnished, rolled off her horse, and went into the house. She then discovered for the first time that no one was at home.

After resting a while, she mounted to depart. But Isaac, full of mischief, put the bars up so that she could not ride out. In vain she coaxed and scolded and threatened. Finding she could not prevail on the rogue to let down the bars, she rode back to the block, and rolled from her horse, and let the bars down herself. While she was remounting from the block, the roguish boy put the bars up again; and this mischief was continued until the boy's parents came home, and caught him in the midst of his frolic, and gave him a severe flogging, which he willingly endured for the rare sport he had enjoyed.

When at school, his teacher made the following rule: — He should take all apples he saw in the hands of his pupils in school-hours, and should place them on his desk, with the agreement that any one might have them who could succeed in taking them without being observed by him.

One day, when a large rosy-cheeked apple stood temptingly on the desk, Isaac stepped up to have his pen mended. While the pen was being mended, Isaac gazed earnestly out of the window behind the desk. The teacher inquired what he was looking at. He replied, —

"I am watching a flock of ducks trying to swim on the ice. How queerly they waddle and slide about!"

"Ducks swim on ice!" exclaimed the schoolmaster; and

he turned to observe such an unusual spectacle. It was only for an instant; but the apple, meanwhile, was transferred to the pocket of his cunning pupil. The master smiled as he gave Isaac his pen, and said, "Ah, you rogue! you are always full of mischief."

Isaac was as precocious in love as in other matters. Not far from his home lived a prosperous and highly respectable Quaker family named Tatum. Sarah was an only daughter of this family, and very amiable and handsome. She was Isaac's second cousin. When he was only eight years old, and she was not yet five, he made up his mind that little Sarah Tatum was his wife, and from that time forward her company was very attractive to him. When he was fourteen years old, he wrote to her his first love-letter. His education, although three years older, was not as good as hers. He put her name inside the letter, and his own on the outside. Sarah told her young lover that was not the correct way to write a letter, and instructed him how to proceed in future. From that time they corresponded constantly. At the age of sixteen, he became an apprentice in Philadelphia, where his boyish love of fun was exhibited, greatly to the annoyance of his associates. One of his fellow-apprentices, named William Roberts, proposed that they should go together into the cellar to steal a pitcher of cider. Isaac pulled the spile; and while William was drawing the liquor, he took an unobserved opportunity to hide it. When the pitcher was full, he pretended to look all around for it, without being able to find it. At last, he told his unsuspecting comrade that he must thrust his finger into the hole and keep it there, while he went to get another spile. William waited and waited for him to return; but when an hour or more had elapsed, his patience was exhausted, and he began to halloo. The noise, instead of bringing Isaac to his assistance, brought the mistress of the house, who caught the culprit at the cider-bar-

rel, and gave him a severe scolding, to the infinite gratification of his mischievous companion. While Isaac was an apprentice, he did not profess to be a Quaker. He used the customary language of the world, and loved to display his attractive figure in fashionable clothing. While he was a favorite with the young ladies of his acquaintance, his thoughts never wandered from Sarah Tatum as the chief object of affection. Once, when he had a new suit of clothes, and stylish boots, the tops turned down with red, a young man of his acquaintance invited him to spend the sabbath with him at his father's house. The invitation was accepted. The young man had a sister, who imagined that young Hopper had come to visit her. As soon as she found herself alone with him Saturday night, she began to specify in rather significant terms what she should require of a man who wished to marry her. Her remarks made Isaac rather fidgety; but he replied in general terms, that he thought her ideas on the subject were very correct.

"I suppose you think my father will give me considerable money," said she; "but that is a mistake. Whoever takes me, must take me for myself alone."

Being unable to ward off this direct attack, and fearing that he should find himself engaged to be married against his will, he seized his hat; and although it was raining hard, he rushed from the house. Crossing the yard in desperate haste, he encountered the brother of the young lady from whom he had escaped, who called out to him, —

"Where are you going?"

"Going home," exclaimed his astonished friend.

"Why, it is raining hard; you came to stay all night. What does possess you, Isaac? Come back! come back, I say!"

"I won't come back!" shouted Isaac from the distance. "I'm going home." And home he went, greatly to the

injury of his new clothes and red-topped boots; but he regarded his escape worth all it cost him.

In the course of time, Sarah Tatum became an attractive young woman, and had many offers of marriage, but refused them all, clinging to Isaac, who first won her heart, and whose wife she cheerfully became. When about twenty-two years of age, Isaac was received into the Society of Friends, from which time onward there was a marked change in his religious character. His love of fun was no longer allowed gratification at the expense of others. In his efforts to protect the rights and redress the wrongs of colored people, Friend Hopper had a zealous and faithful ally in Thomas Harrison, also a member of the Society of Friends. Thomas was a lively, bustling man, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, and a humorous style of talking. Some Friends, of more quiet temperaments than himself, thought he had more activity than was consistent with dignity. They reminded him that Mary sat still at the feet of Jesus, while Martha was "troubled about many things."

"All that is very well," replied Thomas; "but Mary would have had a late breakfast, after all, if it had not been for Martha."

A man by the name of Daniel Goodwin, in the lower part of Delaware, made a business of buying slaves running; taking the risk of losing the small sums paid for them under such circumstances. In the year 1806, he purchased in this way a slave named Ezekiel, familiarly called *Zeke*. He went to Philadelphia, and called on Isaac T. Hopper; thinking, if he knew where the man was, he would be glad to have his freedom secured on moderate terms. While this speculator was conversing with Mr. Hopper, a colored man joined them, and listened to what was said about Zeke with special interest. Addressing Mr. Goodwin, the colored man told him he was Zeke's brother; that Z. was greatly demoralized, never would be worth any thing

to him as a slave, and he had better abandon the search of him.

Goodwin urged the colored man to purchase his brother, offering a variety of arguments why his proposal should be accepted. Goodwin offered to give him a deed, insuring Zeke's freedom for one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Poh! poh!" exclaimed the colored man. "I tell you Zeke will never be worth a cent to you or anybody else. A hundred and fifty dollars indeed!"

Finally Goodwin said he would yield his claim to Zeke for sixty dollars. The colored man went out, and soon returned with the money. Isaac T. Hopper drew up a deed of manumission, in which the purchaser requested him to insert that Zeke was now commonly called Samuel Johnson. The money was paid, and the deed signed with all necessary formalities. When the business was entirely completed, the colored man said, "Zeke is now free, is he?"

When Mr. Goodwin answered, "Yes," he turned to Friend Hopper, and repeated the question: "Zeke is free, and nobody can take him, can they, Mr. Hopper? If he were here, he would be in no danger, would he?"

Friend Hopper replied, "Wherever Zeke may now be, I assure thee he is free."

Being thus assured, the black man made a low bow, and, with a droll expression of countenance, said, —

"I hope you are very well, Mr. Goodwin. I am happy to see you, sir. I am Zeke!"

The speculator, finding himself thus outwitted, flew into a violent rage. He seized Zeke by the collar, and began to threaten and abuse him. But the colored man shook his fist at him, and said, —

"If you don't let me go, Mr. Goodwin, I'll knock you down. I'm a free citizen of these United States; and I won't be insulted in this way by anybody."

Friend Hopper interfered between them, and Mr. Good-

win agreed to go before a magistrate to have the case examined. When the particulars had been recounted, the magistrate answered, "You have been outwitted, sir. Zeke is now as free as any man in this room."

A slave escaped from Col. Ridgely, who resided in the southern part of Virginia, and went to Philadelphia, where he remained several years undiscovered, and accumulated some property. Wishing to purchase his freedom, he applied to Friend Hopper to negotiate with his master for the accomplishment of this object. A negotiation was opened with Col. Ridgely, who agreed to take two hundred dollars for the fugitive, and appointed a time to come to Philadelphia to arrange the business. But, instead of keeping his agreement honorably, he went to that city several weeks before the appointed time, and seized his slave, and took him to Friend Hopper's office, where he refused the two hundred dollars he had agreed to take, saying he was the best servant he ever had, and that he could sell him for a thousand dollars in Virginia.

"Under present circumstances," said Col. Ridgely, "I will take five hundred dollars for him, and not one cent less."

Friend Hopper asked that the bondman might remain with him until ten o'clock the next day, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the five hundred dollars could be raised for his manumission. Friend Hopper proposed to give his written obligation that the slave should be present at ten o'clock the next day, and should be surrendered to his master if the money was not raised for his manumission. This was agreed to by Col. Ridgely. The obligation was given, and the colonel departed, leaving his slave in the possession of Friend Hopper.

After the master was gone, Mr. Hopper said to the alarmed fugitive, "There now remains but one way for thee to obtain thy freedom. As to raising five hundred dollars,

that is out of the question. Thy master will come here to-morrow at ten o'clock, according to appointment. I must deliver thee up to him, and receive back the obligation for one thousand dollars, which I have given him. Do thou stand with thy back against the door which opens from this room into the parlor. When he has returned the paper to me, open the door quickly, lock it on the inside, and run through the parlor into the back yard. There is a wall there eight feet high, with spikes at the top. Thou wilt find a clothes-horse leaning against it, to help thee up. When thou hast mounted, kick the clothes-horse down behind thee, drop on the other side of the wall, and be off."

The premises were then shown to him, and he received minute directions through what alleys and streets he had better pass, and at what house he could find a temporary refuge.

Col. Ridgely came the next morning at the appointed hour, and brought a friend to stand sentinel at the street door, lest the slave should attempt to rush out. It did not occur to him that there was any danger of his rushing *in*.

"We have not been able to raise the five hundred dollars," said Friend Hopper; "and here is thy man according to agreement."

The colonel gave back his obligation for one thousand dollars; and the instant it left his hand, the fugitive passed into the parlor. The master sprang over the counter after him, but found the door locked. Before he could get to the back yard by another door, the wall was scaled, the clothes-horse thrown down, and the fugitive beyond his reach. The colonel returned greatly enraged, declaring that a trick had been played upon him purposely. After he had given vent to his anger some little time, Friend Hopper asked for a private interview with him. When they were alone together in the parlor, he said, "I admit this was an intentional trick, but I had what seemed to me good reasons for

resorting to it. In the first place, thou didst not keep the agreement made with me, but sought to gain an unfair advantage. In the next place, I knew that man was thy own son, and I think any person who is so unfeeling as to make traffic of his own flesh and blood deserves to be tricked out of the chance to do it."

"What if he is my son?" rejoined the Virginian. "I've as good a right to sell my own flesh and blood as that of any other person. If I choose to do it, it is none of your business."

He opened the door, and beckoning to his friend, who was in waiting, he said, "Hopper admits this was all a trick to set the slave free." Then turning to Friend Hopper, he added, "You admit it was a trick, don't you?"

"Thou and I will talk that matter over by ourselves," he replied. "The presence of a third person is not always convenient."

The colonel went off in a violent passion, and entering the houses of several colored families, in pursuit of his slave, he did considerable damage to person and property, for which complaints were entered against him in the courts. Not finding the object of his pursuit, he returned to Friend Hopper, and informed him that he would give a deed of manumission for two hundred dollars; but his offer was rejected.

"Why, that was your proposal!" vociferated the colonel.

"Very true," he replied; "and I offered thee the money, but thou refused to take it."

After storming a while, the enraged master went for legal advice. Meanwhile, several colored people had entered a complaint against him for personal abuse, and damage done their furniture. Acting under the advice of his lawyer, the colonel proposed to manumit his slave for one hundred and fifty dollars. The proposal was accepted, and the money promptly paid by the slave from his own earnings. The

lawyer had encouraged his client to believe that the suits for assault and battery against him would be withdrawn, and asked Friend Hopper to withdraw them. The reply of the latter was, "I have no authority to dismiss them."

"They will be dismissed if you advise it," rejoined the lawyer.

After some further conversation, developing the opinion of the Quaker, that the abused colored people ought to be remunerated for what they had suffered, the lawyer asked him what sum he thought would influence those people to withdraw the suits. Friend Hopper said he thought they would do it for *one hundred and fifty dollars.* This sum was paid, two-thirds of which was given the slave to help purchase his freedom, and the colonel returned to his home poorer than when he left it, to the amount paid for his expenses, and his lawyer's fees.

A slave-master, in pursuit of his property, called upon Friend Hopper to inquire if he knew where his slaves were. Mr. Hopper coolly replied, "I believe they are doing very well. From what I hear, I judge it will not be necessary to give thyself any further trouble on their account."

"There is no use in trying to capture a runaway slave in Philadelphia," rejoined the master. "I believe the Devil himself could not catch slaves when they get here."

"That is very likely," answered Friend Hopper; "but I think he would have less difficulty in catching the masters, being so much more familiar with them."

David Maps and his wife, a very worthy couple, were the only colored members of the Yearly Meeting to which Isaac T. Hopper belonged. On the occasion of the annual gathering in Philadelphia, they came with other members of the society to share the hospitality of his house. A question arose in the family whether Friends of white complexion would object to eating with them. "Leave that to me," said

the master of the household. Accordingly, when the time arrived, he announced it thus: —

"Friends, dinner is now ready. David Maps and his wife will come with me; and as I like to have all accommodated, those who object to dining with them can wait till they have done." The guests smiled, and seated themselves at the table.

One day Mr. Hopper went to a hosiery store, and said to the man, "I bought a pair of stockings here yesterday. They looked very nice; but when I got home I found two large holes in them, and I have come for another pair." The man summoned his wife, and informed her what the gentleman had said.

"Bless me! Is it possible, sir?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Friend Hopper, "I found they had holes as large as my hand."

"It is very strange," rejoined she, "for I am sure they were new. But if you have brought them back, of course we will change them."

"Oh!" said he, "upon examination, I concluded that the big holes were made to put the feet in; and I liked the stockings so well, that I have come to buy another pair."

He could imitate the Irish brogue very perfectly, and it was a standing jest with him to make every Irish stranger believe he was a countryman. During his visit to Ireland, he had become so well acquainted with various localities, that he seldom if ever failed to deceive them when he said, "Och! and sure I am from old Ireland meself." After amusing himself in this way for a while, he would tell them, "It is true, I did come from Ireland; but, to confess the truth, I went there first."

Once, when he found two Irishmen quarrelling, he inquired what was the matter.

"He's got my prayer-book," exclaimed one of them; "and I'll give him a bating for it: by St. Patrick, I will."

"Let me give thee a piece of advice," said Friend Hopper. "It's a very hot day, and bating is warm work. I'm thinking thou hadst better put it off till the cool o' the morning." The men, of course, became cooler before they had done listening to this playful remonstrance.

On a certain occasion, he was travelling in a stage-coach, that was stopped by a pile of stones, one of which was large, left in the road by a company of Irish laborers, who were using them in repairing the road. An attempt to pass the big stone was regarded dangerous, and Friend Hopper jumped out and kindly asked the laborers to remove it out of the way.

"And, sure, ye've no business here at all," they replied. "Ye may jist go round by the ould road."

"Och!" said Friend Hopper, "and is this the way I'm trated by my countrymen? I'm from Ireland meself; and, sure, I didn't expect to be trated so by my countrymen in a strange coontry."

"And are you from ould Ireland?" inquired they.

"Indade I am," he replied.

"And what part may ye be from?" said they.

His answer satisfied them that he was a son of the Green Isle, and they cheerfully removed the stone, and the stage passed on. When the passengers learned that he was not an Irishman, they had a hearty laugh over his power of mimicry, and rejoiced in the benefit the exercise of those powers had conferred on them. The character of his wife was extremely modest and reserved; and he took mischievous pleasure in telling strangers the story of their courtship, in a way that made her blush.

"Dost thou know what Sarah answered, when I asked if she would marry me?" said he. "I will tell thee how it was. I was walking home with her one evening, soon after the death of her mother, and I mentioned to her, that, as she was alone now, I supposed she intended to make some

change in her mode of living. When she said yes, I told her I had been thinking it would be very pleasant to have her come and live with me. 'That would suit me exactly,' said she. This prompt reply made me suppose she might not have understood my meaning, and I explained that I wanted to have her become a member of my family; but she replied again, 'There is nothing I should like better.'"

The real fact was, the quiet and timid Sarah was not dreaming of a proposal of marriage. She supposed he spoke of receiving her as a boarder in his family.

A rash, dashing, antislavery agent wrote him a business-letter, to which the following postscript was appended: —

"Give the hands at your office a tremendous blowing-up. They need it."

Friend Hopper briefly replied, —

"According to thy orders, I have given the hands at our office a tremendous blowing-up. They want to know what it is for. Please inform me by return mail."

These extracts will give the reader some idea of this remarkable man. He enjoyed a vigorous old age, and died at the close of a laborious life. To his love of fun, and systematic exercise of mirthfulness, he was, doubtless, largely indebted for the health he enjoyed, for the vigor he possessed through all the stages of his long life, for his ability to labor, and for the large amount of happiness he possessed and imparted to others. He had a rich vein of wit and humor, which made him attractive and useful. He wore a cheerful, smiling countenance, and bore a merry heart, which afforded him a continual feast, at which his associates, and even strangers, were often entertained. The case of Friend Hopper affords an illustrious proof of the profitableness of the appropriate exercise of the mental faculty we are considering; a faculty which was designed by our Creator to promote human happiness, and to add to the use-

fulness of the race. Had this trait in Friend Hopper's character been less prominent, he would have been less happy and less useful.

MERCANTILE ANECDOTES.

A POMPOUS, well-dressed person entered a bank one day, and addressing the teller, who was something of a wag, inquired, "Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New-England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well: I will wait."

After sitting in a chair, with which the teller politely furnished him, for an hour and a half, the pen-peddler asked, "How soon do you think the cashier will be in?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller; "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should be back in that time."

Peddler concluded not to wait.

When making his Northern tour, President Jackson visited the town of Pawtucket, the home of Mr. Slater, who introduced water-power machinery into our country. The President and attendants called upon Mr. Slater, after they had visited the manufacturing establishments in the place, he being confined to his home by rheumatism. The President addressed Mr. Slater as the father of American manufactures, as the man who had erected the first valuable machinery, and who spun yarn to make the first *cotton cloth* in America, in the first cotton-mill this side of the ocean,

which was erected by himself. In his address, the President said. "I understand you taught us how to spin, so as to rival Great Britain in her manufactories; you set all of these thousands of spindles at work, which I have been delighted in viewing, and which have made so many happy by a lucrative employment."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Slater; "I suppose that I gave out the psalm, and they have been singing to the tune ever since."

"We are glad to hear, also, that you have realized something for yourself and family," said the Vice-President.

"So am I glad to know it," said Mr. Slater; "for I should not like to be a pauper in this country, where paupers are put up at auction to the lowest bidder."

In an interior town in old Connecticut, a merchant by the name of Bond had a shaky customer, Ben Hogden, who had run up quite a bill, which he could not collect. One day, Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheelbarrow, and said, "Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and *I want to pay cash for it.*"

"All right," said Mr. Bond, and went with him to the back store and measured the corn, which was borne to the wheelbarrow by the purchaser, who started with it for his home, and had got some distance from the store, when Mr. Bond discovered him moving rapidly, and cried lustily, "Halloo, halloo, Ben! you said you wanted to pay cash for that corn."

Old Ben deliberately sat down on one handle of his barrow, and, cocking his head on one side, said, —

"That's all true, Mr. Bond: I *do* want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I *can't.*"

Just before the Declaration of Independence, a Yankee peddler started down to New York to sell a parcel of bowls and dishes he had made of maple. Finding no market for

his wares, he obtained a naval uniform, and called upon a merchant, one morning, in this garb, and asked him if he had any nice wooden-ware; adding, that the commodore wanted a lot for his fleet. The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but he could get him some in the afternoon. "Very good," said our naval officer, and immediately went to his stopping-place and changed his apparel, and waited a call from the merchant, who soon appeared, and offered to take his entire lot, if he would deduct fifteen per cent; but Jonathan declared "he'd take 'em home before he'd discount a cent." Finding him fixed in his price, the merchant paid it, and took the ware to his store, where it remained through the Revolution, as the British officer did not call for it according to agreement.

An honest old farmer received his grocery-bill, which contained charges like the following: —

"To one lb. tea. — To one lb. ditto," &c.

"Wife," said he, "this 'ere's a putty business: I should like to know what you have done with so much of this 'ere ditto."

"Ditto, ditto," replied the old lady; "never had a single pound of it in all my life!"

Confident that he had been charged for an article he had never received, he went to the grocer in high dudgeon, and said, —

"Mr. B., sha'n't stand this: wife says she ha'n't had a pound of this pesky ditto."

The grocer explained, and his customer returned home satisfied. His wife inquired if he had found out the meaning of that "ditto."

"Yes," said he; "as near as I can get the hang on't, it means that I am an *old fool*, and you're *ditto*."

A mule-dealer in Kentucky held a note, payable in four

months, against a man in a distant part of the State, to whom he had sold stock. At the close of two months he received half of the money, with the statement that the balance would be paid at maturity. Not being able to find "Maturity" on the map, he called at the store in his village, and said to the company collected there, "Can any of you tell me where Maturity is? I have a note payable there, and I can't find it on the map."

A sign-painter, being employed to letter the front of a large clothing-establishment, finished one line across the whole front, thus: "DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF LADIES'"— and, finding his ladder too long to paint the next line, went to his house for a shorter one; and, unfortunately, spraining his ankle, he did not return to finish his work until the afternoon of the next day, when he added, "AND GENTLEMEN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING."

FUNNY ADVERTISEMENTS. *Taken from an advertising column.* — "An airy bed-room for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen feet wide." "A house for a family in good repair." "A delightful gentleman's residence." "Red children's stockings for sale here." "A large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak lost near the market." "Green, black, and white ladies' veils for sale here."

PLEASANTRIES OF KEESE THE BOOK AUCTIONEER. — Mr. Keese commenced his business, in which he was very successful, in 1845, by giving an entertainment of oysters and champagne. Near the close of this entertainment, he addressed his guests thus: "Gentlemen, we are scattering our bread upon the waters, and we expect to find it after many days — *buttered!*"

The following will give the reader some notion of his pleasantries. "Is that binding calf?" asked a suspicious customer.

"Come up, my good sir; put your hand on it, and see if there is any fellow-feeling," was the ready reply.

A copy of "Watts's Hymns" was knocked down to a man who asked for the immediate delivery of the book. "Give it to the gentleman," said Keese: "he wishes to learn and sing a hymn before retiring."

As he knocked down another copy to another man, he said, —

"Blest is the man who shuns the place
Where other auctions be,
And has his money in his fist,
And buys his books of me."

Offering one of Dr. Hawks's books, he added, in an explanatory way, "A bird of prey."

When offered a shilling for "Caroline *Fry*," he said, "That isn't the price of a *stew*."

Selling a book labelled "History of the Tatars," he was asked, "Isn't that Tartars?"

"No," he replied: "their wives were Tartars."

"This," said he, holding up a well-known volume, "is a book, by a poor and pious girl, of poor and pious poems."

Some female bidders, one day, became excited to an emulous contention for a sauce-pan which they all wanted. Keese gave them a fair chance, with a final appeal, "Going, going, — 'the woman who deliberates is lost,' — gone!"

Deacon Johnson, being in the shoe-business, and having an opportunity to buy a much larger lot of leather than he needed, at a reduced price, the seller being compelled to raise money on it, purchased the whole lot. Soon after, there was a great fall in the price of leather, and the deacon could not sell his stock. One night his wife woke him out of a sound sleep, telling him she believed that thieves were stealing his leather. When sufficiently aroused to

understand her, he said, "Well, if it falls on their hands as it has on mine, they'll wish they had let it alone."

Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A saddler kept one for a pet, which usually sat on the counter. A countryman, who had never seen a monkey, came in one day, when the proprietor was in the back room, and asked the pet what he would take for a saddle at which he pointed. Monkey said nothing. Customer took a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket, and said, "I will give you that for the saddle." Monkey put the money into the drawer, and the man took the saddle, when the pet mounted him, pulled his hair, scratched his face, and so frightened him as to cause him to cry for help. The proprietor rushed in, and asked, "What's the fuss?" — "Fuss," said the customer, "fuss? I bought a saddle of your son sitting there, and when I went to take it he wouldn't let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

Speaking of wharfingers, a gentleman said, "They are a set of knaves; *I was one myself for ten years.*"

Sheridan, — a scholar, wit, and spendthrift, — being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered, "that it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the *interest*."

POETICAL PLEASANTRIES.

Rusticus wrote to a lady — Miss Rid,
And filled his letter full of love and keen desire;
He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did,
For the youthful lady put his nonsense in the fire.

ON AN ILL-READ LAWYER.

An idle attorney besought a brother
For "something to read, some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new."
"Take Chitty," replied his legal friend:
"There isn't a book that I could lend
Would prove more novel to *you*."

FAMILY QUARRELS.

"A fool," said Janette, "is a creature I hate."
"But hating," quoth John, "is immoral:
Besides, my dear girl, it's a terrible fate
To be found in a family quarrel."

AN ESSAY ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my *ankles* grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a *calf* they have to carry."

TO A LIVING AUTHOR.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfered best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock — and its case is uncommonly hard —
Will continue to work, though it *strikes*.

TO A BLOCKHEAD.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

BLACK AND WHITE.

The Tories vow the Whigs are black as night,
And boast that only they are blessed with light;
Peel's politics to both sides so incline,
His may be called the *equinoctial line.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We sha'n't make both ends meet."
The dame replied in words discreet
"We're not so badly fed,
If we can make but *one* end *meat,*
And make the *other bread.*"

TO A RICH WIDOW.

I will not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key;
Those *silent notes* of thine are such
As quite *suffice* for *me.*
I'll make no question of thy skill,
The pencil comprehends;
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw the dividends.

Which is of greater value, prythee, say,
The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?
Alas! it must. The bride is given away,
The bridegroom often regularly sold.

BAD POETS.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

THE LAW.

All those that do but rob and steal enough
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concerned a straw
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

THE FOOL AND THE POET.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

The Prince of Wales entered a hotel one day, and complained of cold; but, after drinking three glasses of brandy, said he felt better.

The Prince came in, and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head the rummer;
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came:
Then he pronounced *it summer*.

TO MISS ——.

With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you:
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go ask of Nature which you are,
Or what she meant to make you.
Yet stay; you need not take the pains,
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains,
For man or maid's desiring:
Pert as female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale,
The thing's not worth inquiring.

MY WIFE AND I.

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I there spoke, by the way of a joke,
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes! a relation — *by marriage!*"

LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

They met: 'twas in a storm,
On the deck of a steamer:
She spoke in language warm,
Like a sentimental dreamer.
He spoke, — at least he tried;
His position he altered;
Then turned his face aside,
And his *deep-toned* voice faltered.
She gazed upon the wave,
Sublime she declared it;
But no reply he gave, —
He could not have dared it.
A breeze came from the south,
Across the billows sweeping;
His heart was in his mouth,
And out he thought 'twas leaping.
"Oh, then, steward!" he cried,
With the deepest emotion;
Then tottered to the side,
And leaned o'er the ocean.
The world may think him cold,
But they'll pardon him with quickness,
When the fact they shall be told, —
That he suffered from sea-sickness.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

In this class will be found pleasantries of varied merit, some of which are as rich as any contained in the book. Some of them, had they been obtained in season, would have been arranged in classes to which they properly belong. Perhaps they will contribute quite as much to the enjoyment of the reader by being thus mixed, as they would if they had been arranged in their appropriate classes.

An aged clergyman in New Hampshire, living with his second wife, was asked how old he was, and he replied, "I am just ten years older than my wife." To the question, "How old is your wife?" he answered, "As she has some prospect of being left a widow, I think she would not like to have me tell her age."

Queen Anne paid great regard to her chaplains, and always listened with attention to their religious services. When confined to her room with sickness, a clergyman called to read prayers in her behalf; and her ladies in attendance suggested that the service should be read in another room. To this suggestion the clergyman strongly objected, saying, "I did not come here to whistle the prayers of the church through a key-hole."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy. "Do you?" said the person addressed. "Well, that accounts for her having sties."

An officer in battle, happening to *bow* when a cannon-ball passed over his head and took off that of a soldier who stood immediately behind him, remarked to those near him, "You see, gentlemen, that a man never loses by politeness."

A drunken passenger, making disturbance in the ladies' cabin, while travelling on a steamboat, the captain, who was an exceedingly fat man, was called to take care of him. The captain thus addressed the inebriate: "You must do one of two things: you must behave yourself with propriety, or leave the boat at the next stopping-place." The drunken passenger replied, "One of three things you must do: *eat less, physic more, or bust!*"

While a Pennsylvania Dutchman was absent from his native State, that State changed its politics. When he returned, and was told of this change, he was very much excited. He said, "I'm ashamt ov my State. I'm ashamt that I was born in her; and my only excuse for it is, I was so perry young I didn't know any petter."

A gentleman, speaking of the death of his wife, remarked, he thought it very strange that she died, for she had fifteen doctors, and took all the medicine they prescribed.

A number of years ago, when there was very strong prejudice against Yankee peddlers in the West, and especially against those who sold wooden clocks, one of these travelling merchants overtook a young white woman leading a mulatto child, and, bringing his horses to a walk, entered into conversation with her. He asked her if that was her child, and she told him it was. He asked her if she was married to a black man, and she replied in the affirmative.

"Did not your parents regard themselves disgraced by your marriage?" said he.

"Yes!" she replied; "but not half as much as they did by the marriage of my sister."

"Whom did she marry?" he asked.

"A *clock-peddler*," was her reply. The whip was applied to the horses, and they quickened their pace.

A witty student was arraigned before the faculty of a college, charged with belonging to a card-playing club, when the following dialogue passed between the parties: —

"Chapin, have you been engaged in playing cards?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there any thing bet?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"A hogshead of negroes."

Sir Walter Scott's faithful servant, Tom, said to him one day, "Them are fine novels of yours; they are invaluable to me. When I come home very tired, and take up one of them, I'm asleep directly."

A schoolmistress asked a dull pupil to tell her what word S double E spelt; and he could not.

"Dunce!" said the impatient teacher: "what do I do with my eyes?"

"Squint," was the boy's reply.

An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," to his injury, entered a tavern one day, where a grave Friend was sitting, warming himself. Lifting a pair of green spectacles from his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy-sling, he complained to the Friend that his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles did not seem to do them any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," said the Quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get well again."

A country chap told the hotel waiter, who handed him the bill of fare, that he would defer reading until after dinner.

Josh Billings says, that, if a man proposes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures corn, as well as when he hollers Glory Hallaluyer.

Dr. South, when preaching before Charles II., observed that the monarch and his attendants began to nod; and some of them soon after snored. On this he broke off his sermon, and said, "Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud, that you will awake the king."

When George the Second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to Gen. Wolfe, great objections were made by his ministry. The Duke of Newcastle said Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" said the king: "well, if he is, I wish his madness was epidemic, and that every officer in my army was seized with it."

When the regulations of the West-Boston Bridge Proprietors were drawn up by two famous lawyers, one section read thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, provided it does not fall on Sunday."

A person, looking over the catalogue of the members of the bar, wrote with his pencil against the name of one who was rather a bustling character, "*Has been accused of possessing talents.*" Another, seeing the accusation, wrote under it, "*Has been tried and acquitted.*"

A clan of Indians in Connecticut, finding one of their number dead, on a winter morning, near a tavern, unanimously agreed that "the death of the deceased was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his stomach, which had been imprudently mixed with the rum he drank."

An unmarried man, being told that bachelors ought to be taxed by the government for their celibacy, said they could well afford to pay a tax for so great a luxury.

The reason why a briefless barrister should not be spoken against is, it is wrong to speak against a man *without a cause.*

"Taking them one with another," said the Rev. S—— S——, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts."

A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word *surrogate.* "It is, miss," replied the gentleman, "a gate through which parties have to pass on their way to get married."

"Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of *sorrow gate.*"

"You are right, miss," replied the gentleman; "as woman is an abbreviation of *wo* to *man.*"

A saucy young fellow, sitting at table opposite the learned John Scot, asked him what difference there was between Scot and Sot. "*Just the width of this table,*" answered the other.

Susan Nipper, learning that a celebrated sculptor was at work on a bust, exclaimed that she couldn't understand how a man could do any work while on a bust.

A celebrated judge, whose form was much bowed, when walking one day, had a stone thrown at him, which passed over his head without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an *upright* judge, that stone might have caused my death."

John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirous of making a convert of him. "Friend John, I have come to thee with a message from the Lord; and, after having searched for thee in all the prisons in England, I am glad I have found thee out at last."

"If the Lord had sent you," returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out; for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years."

"Pete," said his mother, "are you into them sweetmeats again?" — "No, mem. Them sweetmeats is into me."

"Who made you?" said a lady teacher in a Sabbath school to a big, ignorant, awkward boy.

"I'd o know!" said he.

"Don't know!" said the lady. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. My little boy, three years old, can answer that question."

"The reason is," replied the boy, "'cause it ain't but little time since he was made."

A man called to see a sick neighbor, who, he was told, had lost his reason. Soon after he entered the sick man's room, the latter roused up, and asked who had called to see him. Being informed, he whispered, "Make him some hot toddy." — "Surely," said the neighbor, "he has his reason."

An unmarried female, between forty and fifty years old, hearing of the marriage of a lady acquaintance, observed with a sigh, "Well, I suppose it's what we all must come to."

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law thought a *third printer* could not obtain a living; and therefore she feared her daughter would not be supported.

Two ladies, encountering Dr. Johnson soon after the publication of his "Dictionary," complimented him for having omitted gross, indelicate, and objectionable words.

"What, my dears!" said the doctor, "have you been searching for them?"

A lawyer, having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, —

"I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day."

"Inoculated, brother!" said Erskine: "I thought you had it in the natural way."

A radical, inveighing against the rapacity of the clergy, gave it as his opinion, if they could have their own way, they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth.

William Pitt presided at a public meeting held in Dover, during the war, for the purpose of raising a volunteer corps, when the secretary, in drawing up the conditions on which they were to be embodied, said to the chairman, "I suppose, sir, that I am to insert the usual clause, *not to serve out of the country?*" — "Certainly, certainly," said Pitt, smiling; "except in case of an invasion.

A sportsman, who, during the shooting-season, had gone to pass a week with his friend in the country, on a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to have waited for a *special* one.

"I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road."

"You will see some still more beautiful," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

A Yankee, with his wife and horse, was making a brother a long visit, late one winter, when hay was high and scarce.

His brother came into the house, one day, crying; and, in reply to his question respecting the cause of his grief, said, —

"I'm afraid you will never come to see me again."

"Why, brother?" said the Yankee. "What makes you have this fear? I am certainly making you a very generous visit."

"I fear," said the other, "you will never come to see me again, because you will never go away."

Jack Taylor was rapidly losing ground in a literary discussion, when the opposite party exclaimed, —

"My good friend, you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine; you are an every-day man."

"Well, and you are a *weak* one," replied Taylor.

Taylor instantly jumped upon the back of a horse-laugh, and rode victoriously over his prostrate conqueror.

A gentleman who had acquired the nickname of Apollo received a visit from a peer, whose propensity for fibbing was well known. "I find," said his lordship, who was apt to mistake impertinence for jocularity, "that you are going to the fancy ball to-night; and I presume you will appear in the character of Apollo."

"I had some such idea," replied the gentleman; "and I am glad your lordship has called; because you can accompany me as my *lyre*."

In the town of Hopkinton, Mass., lived a certain Deacon Small, who lost his wife in old age, and, after a proper time had elapsed, resolved to obtain another. Hearing of a Widow Hooper residing in another town, he mounted his old brown mare, and soon reached the widow's door, where he discovered her pouring the suds from her wash-tub.

Said the deacon, "Is this Widow Hooper?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well," continued the deacon, "I am that little bit of old dried-up Deacon Small, and have only one question to ask you."

"Please propose, sir."

"Well, madam, have you any objections to *going to heaven by way of Hopkinton?*"

"None at all. Come in, Deacon Small." They were married the next week.

"What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Queen Elizabeth demanded of a choleric courtier, to whom she had not realized her promise of promotion.

"He thinks, madam, of woman's promise," was the tart reply.

"Well, I must not confute him," said the queen, walking away: "anger makes a man witty, but it keeps him poor."

The inundation of 1771, which swept away the greater part of the old Tyne Bridge, was long remembered, and alluded to with emphasis, as "*the* flood." On one occasion, Mr. Adam Thomson was placed in the witness-box at the assizes. The counsel, asking his name, received for answer, —

"Adam, sir; Adam Thomson."

"Where do you live?"

"At Paradise, sir." (Paradise was a village about a mile and a half from New Castle.)

"And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister.

"Ever since the flood," was the answer, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is perhaps needless to inform the reader that the judge had to ask for explanations.

The following act was passed some years ago by the Pennsylvania Assembly: "The State-house yard shall be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure forever."

The following was a Virginia statute: "Supplementary to an act to amend an act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked dog."

Judge Peters asked J. W. Condy for the loan of a book. The latter said, —

"With great pleasure: I will send it to you."

"That," said the judge, "will be truly condescending (Condy sending)."

Judge Peters was told that Congress had passed a law increasing the salary of *certain* judges, when he replied, "That law will not affect me, for I am an *uncertain* judge."

"Which do you think the *merriest* place in existence?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth," was the reply.

"Why so?"

"Because, I am told, *there* all bodies *lose their gravity*."

A mother told her seven-year-old son never to put off till to-morrow any thing he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night!"

In one of our State legislatures, some years ago, a member of the lower branch rose in his seat, and asked leave to state that an attempt had been made to bribe him. Shocked by the idea of bribery, the member said, "I have

been offered $500 to use my influence for a certain measure. Can any man, who knows me, indulge the opinion that I would sell myself for the paltry sum of five hundred dollars?" While the speaker was making a rhetorical pause, with a very excited and expressive countenance, a squeaking voice, from another part of the house, exclaimed, "Say *six hundred dollars*, and it's a bargain." This brought down the house.

During the long Massachusetts legislative session of 1869, a man from the country was walking with a citizen of Boston near the State House, when he asked him, —

"Is that a *gas-house?*"

"Yes," was the reply; "it is the *State Gas-house!*"

A sailor, not accustomed to attend church, being in a city upon a sabbath, attended a Presbyterian meeting in the morning, a Baptist in the afternoon, and an Episcopal in the evening. When asked which he liked the best, he replied, "I like the meeting I attended in the evening best, because the preacher there permitted the people to *jaw back to him.*"

In one of the back districts of Kentucky, some years ago, two self-made lawyers addressed the same political meeting in the capacity of candidates for the State legislature. The first speaker said he was a poor boy, and that, having purchased some law-books with the proceeds of his own hard labor, he obtained his knowledge of law by reading his books while the saw was passing through the logs he manufactured into boards, at the saw-mill he tended day and night. When it was dark, he read by the light of pine-knots, being too poor to purchase candles. To remove the strong impression made by this speech, the opponent of its author spoke substantially as follows, with

complete success: "Fellow-citizens, all that my opponent has said respecting his manner of studying law is strictly true. I know it; for I was so very poor, I could not purchase law-books, and I obtained my knowledge of law by looking over his shoulder." This speech called forth the most extravagant applause, and secured the election of its author.

A man was arraigned before the police-court of Boston some years ago, to whom the judge proposed the following question, and received the following answer: —

"What is your profession?"

"I used to be a *Methodist*, but I haven't worked at that much lately."

The horse an old lady was driving down a long hill became unmanageable, and ran, exposing the old lady to danger and to death. In describing her feelings during her perilous ride, she said, "My confidence in God remained *firm* until the breeching broke, and then I gave up in despair."

"I once had occasion to report," says a reporter, "that a certain noble lord was confined to his house with a *violent cold*. Next morning I found his lordship represented to be confined with a *violent scold!*"

In reporting a certain entertainment, a reporter wrote, "The first point of attraction and admiration was *her ladyship's looks*." This compliment was transformed by the printer to *her ladyship's cooks*.

In an account of Gen. Sandanha's conduct at Oporto, the reporter observed that he "*behaved like a hero;*" while the printer made it appear that "*he behaved like a hare.*"

"We," says "The John Bull," "often suffer in this way. About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having

joined a party of *friends,* in Hampshire, for the purpose of shooting *peasants;* and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a *surgeon* was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at ten cents a pound."

Between forty and fifty years ago, a woman in New Hampshire gave birth to three male children, to whom she gave the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. A pious old lady in the neighborhood said these children were named for the three prodigal sons described in the Scriptures.

A meeting was called, in the western part of Massachusetts, during our late Rebellion, to aid in securing volunteers for the army. A very excitable and earnest manager of the meeting, who was habitually profane, said to his associates, "Here is Mr. B., who can pray like a minister: I propose he be invited to open the meeting with prayer: it will add dignity and influence to our movement." The suggestion was adopted; and, after the meeting was opened, the profane advocate for the devotional exercise addressed his fellow-citizens thus: —

"My friends, we have looked to God for his blessing, and now I hope we shall be harmonious in devising means to put down this —— —— rebellion." The descriptive word he employed was a profane compound adjective, often used by his class.

Two commercial travellers meeting at an inn, near Bristol, held a conversation upon spiritual subjects, in which one asked the other if he belonged to the Wesleyan Methodists. "No," replied the man of business: "what little I do in the religious way is done in the Unitarian line."

In the State of Vermont, several years ago, a rustic old

gentleman was called upon the witness-stand to testify in a case on trial in court. He answered questions with so much hesitation, that the lawyer complained of him. Turning to the judge, the witness said, —

"May it please your Honor, I feel greatly embarrassed."

"What is the matter?" said the judge.

"Why," replied the witness, "I am summoned here by both parties, and I don't know how to testify."

After joining in the laugh, the judge told the witness he was not an advocate for either party, and all that was required of him was to tell what he knew about the case.

In another court, in the same State, several years ago, the judge committed a young lawyer for contempt. Several leading members of the bar appeared before the court in behalf of their unfortunate young brother. One of the oldest and ablest of these said to the judge, "My young brother did not intend to insult your Honor. All he said was that he was *surprised* at your ruling. His *manner* might have been objectionable, but no great fault could be found with his language. He said he was *surprised* at your ruling. Had he been as well acquainted with this court as some of his elder brethren are, he would not be *surprised* at *any* ruling of your Honor."

Dean Ramsey tells a story of an old Scottish lady, who, while mourning over the moral state of one of her relatives, exclaimed, "Our John swears awfu', an' we try to correct him; but" — she added in a candid and apologetic tone — "nae doubt it is a great set-off to conversation."

Mixing Things. — An excellent minister, in describing the joys of the heavenly state, said, "O my friends! there Satan shall harass you no longer; there the great enemy of souls can distress you no more: for there you shall be like him; there you shall see him as he is."

A soldier, describing the horrors of the Caffre War, wishing to wind up with a good sonorous sentence, said, "And when I reached my home, I found my children fatherless, and my wife a widow."

A pious minister, describing a certain class of persons, said of them, "They sell their birthright for a pot of message."

Several years ago, the preacher of the election sermon offended certain members of the House of Representatives by some sentiments he uttered in his sermon, and the offended gentlemen spoke against printing the sermon. Their project was defeated by a timely hit made by Hon. Josiah Quincy, jun., who was a member of that branch of the Legislature. Mr. Quincy arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I move that the next preacher of the election sermon be instructed by the Legislature to preach from this text, thirty-ninth Psalm, first verse: 'I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me.'" The sermon was printed.

A gentleman in Massachusetts, who bore the name of Father M——, was met one day by two of his acquaintances, one of whom attempted to show his smartness by saying, as Father M—— took him by the hand, and spoke his name, "You have the *advantage of me*, sir."

"Yes," said Father M——, "I dare say: anybody has who possesses common sense."

An English clergyman, who had two small livings joining each other, Newbury and Bibery, and who always performed the morning service in the former, and the evening in the latter, on being asked why he did not divide the duties

equally between them, made answer, "I go to *nubere* in the morning, because that is the time to *marry;* and I go to *bibere* in the evening, because that is the time to drink."

A Verbatim Copy of a Letter. — "*Dear Sir,* — On Monday next I am to be made a Mare, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be you will send me down, by the Coatch, some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am about to ax my brother, the old Mare, and the rest of the Bentch. I am, sur," &c.

The above was answered by a wag, into whose hands it fell, as follows: —

"*Sir,* — In obedience to your orders, have sent you two bushels of the best oats; and as you are to treat the *old mare,* have added some bran to make a mash. — Yours."

An ancient maiden, complaining that she was near thirty, was told by an acquaintance that every day removed her farther from her complaint.

A Western paper advertises a farm for sale, possessing the advantage of being fifteen miles from the residence of a lawyer.

How an Engagement was broken. — A gentleman was talking with his lady-love about the Chinese custom of bandaging the feet of female infants, and remarked that the design of the custom was to keep women from gadding about, — a very good thing. The lady remarked, "You had better marry a Chinese wife."

"Gentleman and ladies," said a showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lions' den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green umbrella under the left arm."

"Sammy, run to the store and get some sugar."

"Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning; send father, and tell him to get me some tobacco."

A country girl, coming from the field one morning, was told by a city cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew.

The girl, blushing, said his name was not Dew; "but how did you know he kissed me?"

A gentleman called at the home of his lady-love one morning, and was told by her mother that she had not risen from bed. He playfully remarked, "Give her my respects, and tell her I am very sorry she is in the embrace of Morpheus at this hour of the day." The gentleman called again in the afternoon, and found his lady strongly excited, with the idea that he had insulted her by his morning message sent by her mother. He asked for an explanation, and was told that he had charged her with being in the embrace of Mr. Morpheus, and she was sure she didn't know the man.

A man was driving a horse past a tavern, which had acquired the habit of stopping when he came near a group of men. The beast stopped; and the guests of the house, standing in the yard, laughed, and asked the driver if he would sell his horse. He said he would, but could not recommend him; for having been owned by a butcher, he would stop whenever he saw or heard calves.

"My brudders," said a waggish darkey to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar, whar?" shouted several of his auditors.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes sky-ward.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to permit her father's house to be used as a *court*-house.

An amorous swain said he knew the doctrine of homœopathy was true, — that "like cured like;" for he had been cured of the palpitation of the heart by applying to his own the palpitating heart of another.

A general, at the point of death, opened his eyes, and, seeing three doctors standing by his bed-side, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons, it is all over with me," and expired.

Old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases, — "an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain."

A young lady who gave herself many airs, having contemplated a sojourn to France, a friend expressed a doubt whether she would condescend to talk English when she came back. "Oh!" said one who knew her powers of language, "she'll never forget the vulgar tongue."

A wag, overtaking an old minister whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed him thus: "A nice horse yours, doctor; very valuable beast that you are riding; but what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?"

"The same that causes your tongue to wag so, — a sort of natural weakness," was the old gentleman's reply.

"Madam, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby."

"Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts."

"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have you got a peen about ye?"

"Yes, minister," was her reply.

"Then stick it into that sleeping fellow by your side."

"What would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going on shore.

"Humph! I shouldn't mind," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we are ourselves."

A poet wrote, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire!" The printer made him say, "See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire!*"

An Indian called at a tavern in Connecticut one autumn, and paid two coppers for a glass of rum. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another glass, and was charged three coppers for it. "How is this, landlord?" said he. "Last fall you asked two coppers for a glass of rum; now you ask three."

"Oh!" said the landlord, "it costs nearly as much to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as it does to keep a horse."

The Indian replied, "He won't eat so much hay; *maybe he drink as much water.*"

When Judge Howell of Rhode Island was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *vacuum caput* (empty head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance, except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up, and repeated the words, and, well knowing the author, addressed the court as follows: "May it please the court, I ask your Honor's protection" (holding up his hat), "for," said he, "I find that Brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

Once, after the celebrated John Randolph had been speaking in Congress, several members rose in succession, and attacked him. His reply was witty as it was prompt. "Sir," said he to the speaker, "I am in the condition of old Lear. The little dogs and all, — Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, — see, they bark at me!"

Moreau's Mistake. — When Gen. Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed fighting against his former commander in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was made a lion of the first quality. On one occasion, he was invited to Cambridge to attend Commencement exercises. The musical society of the college sang an ode, the chorus of which was "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Imperfectly acquainted with our language, he bowed gracefully to the gallery, supposing that they were singing in honor of him, repeating his name in the chorus of their song, — mistaking to-morrow for his name. The mistake produced great merriment in the audience.

CORRESPONDENCE

Between J. K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, and an agent of the Department in Alabama.

The secretary wrote, "*Dear Sir*, — Please inform this department, by return mail, how far the Tombigbee River runs up. "Respectfully,

"J. K. Paulding, Secretary."

Reply. — "Mobile: Hon. J. K. Paulding. *Dear Sir*, — In reply to your letter just at hand, I have the honor to say that the Tombigbee River don't run up at all."

The First Deadhead. — "Who was the first man recorded in history that didn't pay?" said Mathews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend.

"Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied the friend.

"Why, Joseph, of course," said Mathews: "did not his brothers put him in the pit for nothing?"

Charles Mathews, jun., was brought up as an architect. The father was once asked by a friend of what profession the young man was to be.

"Why," said the comedian, "he is to draw *houses* as his father does."

A Duel in the Dark. — An Englishman and a Frenchman having quarrelled, they agreed to fight a duel. Being both cowards, they agreed, for their mutual safety of course, that the duel should take place in a perfectly dark room. The Englishman was to fire first. He groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman, who had taken refuge there.

Love at Sight. — A servant-girl, of no strong intellect, told her mistress that she was going to give up her place because she expected to be married.

"And to whom?" inquired her mistress.

"Ou, he's a nice lad; a lad that sits in the kirk just fornent me."

"And when does he intend that you and he should be married?" said the mistress.

"I dinna ken," was the reply.

"Are you sure he intends to marry you at all?"

"I dare say he does, mem."

"Have you had much of each other's company?"

"Not yet."

"When did you last converse with him?"

"'Deed, we hae nae conversed awa yet."

"Then how should you suppose that he is going to marry you?"

"Ou," replied the simple girl, "he's been long lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speaken."

"I say, Bill, what have you done with that horse of yours?"

"Sold him."

"What did you sell him for?"

"Why, he moved so slowly, that I got prosecuted half a dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street."

Old Roger was asked by a fellow-boarder, who was rather addicted to strong drink, how a man could be said "to die daily." Looking at him significantly, the old gentleman replied, "Young man, it is when he daily takes his *beer*." The young man signed the pledge that very night.

"The voice of woman, gentleman," said a romantic individual, in a late argument at the club-room, — "the voice of woman, no matter how much some of you may be inclined to sneer at the sentiment, exercises a soothing, inspiring, and hallowing influence upon man, comforts him in affliction, encourages him in dismay, and banishes from his mind all those troubles, which, when she is absent, conspire to sink him into the depths of despondency."

"Tom, you rascal!" exclaimed his wife, at this instant bursting into the room, "come home, you loitering scamp, and leave these worthless fellows to themselves. Oh! when I get you home, won't you catch it? Well, I guess you will."

Here Tom left the room abruptly with his enraged spouse, evidently satisfied with the inspiring influence of the voice of woman.

Old Roger says, that, forty years ago, he began to make *woman* his study, and he has found himself unable to *mas-*

ter his subject. He says the reason why he has remained a bachelor is, that woman is so great a blessing that he could not bring himself to think that he was worthy to embrace it.

What Scripture name would a man use in telling his son to get into a crowded stage. *Answer.* "Ben-jam-in."

"In the millennium," said an eloquent preacher, who edited a weekly religious organ, — "in that happy time every newspaper subscription-list will be full, and every subscription paid." Editors called upon their subscribers to help along the "good time coming."

A Frenchman, exceedingly angry with a waiter, exclaimed, "You rascal, I'll *blow your nose* for you."

As the members of the New-Hampshire Legislature assembled in the State House, some years ago, before the session commenced, an aged farmer, who proved to be a man of good sense, appeared among them, being very poorly clad. He was told that that room was for members of the Legislature. He replied that he was a member elect from such a town; and added, "There are men in our town better qualified for the work of legislation than I am, but they *had not clothes fit to wear here.*"

"Iowa is teeming with grasshoppers," said a paper of that State, a month since. Quoting this, a Kansas paper said that the people of that State would be glad to *team with them.*

Speaking of *blackguards,* a certain paper called them *African sentinels.*

A love-smitten professor, in one of our colleges, after

conversing a while with his dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question, "Will you marry me?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain, but I must answer, *No.*"

"Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover; "and now, suppose we change the subject."

A young lady, engaged in conversation with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis.

"Was St. Louis your native place?" inquired the gentleman.

"Well, yes, — part of the time," responded the lady.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with the fingers of his lady-love.

"The best way to find out is to *ring* it," was the neat reply.

A little boy, being told that Indians did not *wash*, said he wished he was an *Injun.*

A newspaper clerk, meeting a negro who had not paid him for fifty papers, said, "Look here, you freedman, when are you going to pay for those papers?"

"Don't trouble me, boy, don't trouble me," replied the colored gentleman, assuming an air of business, and at the same time getting out of the way: "*Ise taken wid de bankruptcy;* no use to say nuffin more on dat subject."

Some years ago a certain legislature, early in the session, voted to dispense with the services of the chaplain, and an invitation was extended to the clergymen of the House to officiate instead. When, subsequently, the same

member, who was instrumental in securing this vote, was arguing in favor of reducing the salary of the chaplain of the State Prison, a gentleman gravely moved that the office of chaplain be dispensed with, and the religious services of the prison be performed by the pious convicts. This motion produced a hearty laugh.

"Is your note good?" asked a merchant of a person who offered his note for a lot of goods.

"Well," replied the purchaser, "I should think it ought to be. It is certainly very popular, for nearly all my acquaintances have one each, and some have had the article for years."

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalks.

"Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain: "with a little assistance from your father."

There was some confusion, and profound silence.

Those two celebrated divines and scholars, Dr. South and Dr. Sherlock, were once disputing on some theological subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using his wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give *you* wit; what would you have done?"

"Ah, Eliza," said a Puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets, — "ah, Eliza, had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you."

"So he did," replied the damsel, "when I was an infant; but now I have grown up, he leaves me to do it for myself."

During the last century an agreeable delusion prevailed

that the systematic inhaling of the breath of young ladies tended to prolong life. A physician, who had written upon health, was so much influenced by this theory that he actually took lodgings in a female boarding-school, that he might have a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. The author of "The Valetudinarian Guide," published in 1779, seems to have taken a dose of this pleasant medicine whenever he could. "I am myself," says he, "turned of sixty; and, in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in body and in mind, yet having always partaken of the breath of young women, whenever I met them, I feel none of the infirmities which are so manifest in men, years younger than myself, in this great city of Bath."

Not many years since, a certain Vermont church was in need of a pastor. One sabbath, the minister supplying the pulpit, well known for his eccentric turn of mind, prayed for "a man from the Lord," in this fashion: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his goslinghood, but a man *with all the modern improvements.*"

A very earnest preacher, who could stand no nonsense in the house of God, was much annoyed by the scientific singing in a city church, the pulpit of which he was occupying. He relieved his mind in prayer, thus: "O Lord! thou knowest, without doubt, what is the meaning of the song which has just been sung in thy house; but thou knowest that we know nothing about it. Nevertheless, we pray that it may, *in some way*, be blessed to us all."

Father Miller of Torringford, exchanging with a brother whose pulpit greatly needed repairs, stopped at the foot of the pulpit stairs, eying them suspiciously for a moment, apparently doubting whether it would be safe to step upon

them. He then put one foot on the lower step, carefully but fearfully, making the structure shake throughout. He ascended the flight in the same careful but secretly malicious manner. When he sat down, he made the whole pulpit edifice tremble. During his sermon he would bring down his weighty fist upon the desk with power, and then start back as though he feared the whole structure would give way and let him fall to the floor. The congregation were so affected by this performance, that they repaired the pulpit before the next sabbath.

Mr. Dexter of Massachusetts, sitting in court during an unsuccessful attempt of a member of the bar to be pathetic in his address to the jury, said that the effort of the gentleman resembled the effort of a lobster attempting to fly.

P. Carrigan, Esq., having been chosen a hog-reeve by the town of Concord at an annual meeting, with a view to put a joke upon him, arose and thanked them for the honor they had done him, and assured them that he should, as the best return he could make them for the favor, do his duty with the utmost fidelity; and told them that, while he remained in office, they must not think of evading the laws against hogs by going on their hind-legs, as many of them had long been accustomed to do.

It used to be a common saying at the bar in Middlesex, Mass., "that it was *full* of all manner of *emptiness*."

A father, whose weak-minded son was in a chamber above, went to the foot of the chamber-stairs and called to the son, and said, "John, is your mother *there?*"

"Yes, I guess so," answered John, "for she is not *here*."

A lawyer, examining a witness, asked him, if, while a par-

ticular transaction was going on, his client did not stand *facing* the door with his *back*.

A witness was called upon the stand to prove the hand-writing of a person whose name was upon a note. After being examined and cross-examined, he finally said that he thought it was *very likely to be* the hand-writing of the person, but, at the same time, he thought it was *very likely it was not*.

A miser objected to the luxurious table of Aristippus. The latter showed him an expensive dish of dainties, and said, "Would you not buy this if it was sold for a penny?"

"Certainly I would," said the other.

"Then," said Aristippus, "*I* only give to luxury what *you* give to avarice."

Queen Elizabeth, being much enraged against Dr. Heyward, author of the "Life of Henry the Fourth," had ordered her law officers to proceed against him, and, amongst others, inquired of Bacon "if there was not treason in the book."

The witty lawyer readily answered, "No, madam, I cannot answer for there being *treason* in it, but I am certain it contains much *felony*."

"How?" eagerly exclaimed her Majesty, "how, and wherein?"

"In many passages," replied he, "which he has *stolen* from Tacitus."

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in *all* ages our friends."

Dr. Robertson observed that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in Scripture as being like excellent oil.

"Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

A soldier boasted to Julius Cæsar of the many wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, said to him, "The next time you run away, you had better take care how you look behind you."

Cicero saw Lentulus, his son-in-law, a man of very low stature, with a very long sword by his side. He called out, "Who has tied my son-in-law to that sword?"

Gnathena was a Grecian courtesan. When a very diminutive bottle of wine was brought to her to taste, with the recommendation that it was very old, "It may be so," said she, "but it certainly is very small of its age."

Quinn thought angling a very cruel diversion; and on being asked why, gave this reason: "Suppose some superior being should bate a hook with venison, and go a-*Quinning;* I should certainly bite, and what a figure I should make dangling in the air!"

Quinn told Lady Berkeley, who was a beautiful woman, that she looked blooming as the spring; but, recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, "I wish the spring would look like your ladyship."

A fair lady, to whom the poet Santeuil owed a sum of money, met him one day, and asked him why he did not visit her as formerly. "Is it," said she, "because you are in my debt?"

"No, madam, that is not what prevents me; but you are yourself the cause that you are not paid."

"How so?" said the lady.

"It is," continued the poet, "because, when I see you, I *forget* every thing else."

A certain clergyman preached at St. Merry, and did not please his audience. Santeuil, who was present, said, "This preacher did much better last year."

Some one observed, "How so? He did not preach at all last year."

"For that very reason," said Santeuil, "he did much better."

"Pray, Sir Henry," said the Earl of Essex, "what is your opinion of poets?"

"I think them," said Sir Henry, "the best writers next to those that write prose."

"How does your new-purchased horse *answer?*" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never asked him a question."

Lord M., an Irish nobleman, was remarkable for no small share of vanity. When he was indulging in his favorite strain of egotism in a large company, he made the following remark: —

"When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a-laughing."

"I envy your happiness, then," said Charles Townsend, "for you must live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

A simple youth coming to Rome from the country, was observed to resemble Augustus so much that it was the subject of general conversation. The emperor ordered him to

appear at court, and inquired of him if his mother had ever been in Rome.

"No," answered the youth, "but my father has."

As Augustus was pleased with the company of Virgil and Horace, he invited them frequently to his table, and used to seat himself between the two poets. Virgil was asthmatic, and Horace had weak eyes. The emperor said jocosely, in allusion to his situation between these two invalids, "Here I am, between sighs and tears."

The following is the account of an accidental meeting between a stranger and a crusty old gentleman. As the latter was riding, his horse made an odd kind of motion with his fore-feet, so as to kick forward.

"This action of your horse," cried the stranger, "is quite new to me; many a horse have I seen, but I never saw a horse kick *before*."

The old gentleman was so tickled with the pun that he invited the stranger to dinner, and ever after made him his welcome guest.

When Oliver Cromwell first coined half-crowns, an old Cavalier, looking at one of them, read this inscription, "*God with us*," on one side, and "*The Commonwealth of England*" on the other side. "I see," said he, "that God and the Commonwealth are opposite ideas."

A gentleman of reduced fortune came to a person who had formerly been his servant, to borrow money of him. The upstart servant gave him a very mortifying reception, and asked in a haughty tone, "Sir, why do you give me all this trouble? Upon my honor I have no money to lend you, or any one else."

"I am certain what you say is false," said the gentleman; "for if you were not rich, you dare not be so saucy."

"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins."

"Yes, very pleasant indeed."

"Good day for the race."

"Race, — what race?"

"The human race."

"Oh, go along with your stupid jokes! get up a good one like the one with which I sold Day."

"Day, — what day?"

"The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

Down-East Lyceum. — Question for discussion: "Can a big man ache harder than a little man?"

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches?" said a young lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling.

"The process is very simple. I once made one," he answered.

"How did you manage it?"

"By leading you to church."

Eve, according to Milton, kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk. Her daughter Eves have preferred talking to listening.

An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet."

"Oh!" imprudently replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you; perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?"

"No, I thank you, sir," said the woman tartly: "there are old women enough there now."

In all noble enterprises, the ladies are as the electric telegraph, — far in advance of the *males*.

Even French women are disagreeable to one another sometimes. The other day, two "dearest friends" were in conversation. "My dear," said the eldest, "do you know that your husband told me last night that my cheeks were like roses?"

"Yes, love, I know he did. He spoke of it afterwards, and said it was a pity they were yellow roses."

Laws, like sausages, cease to inspire respect in proportion as we know how they are made.

A soldier was going off the field too hastily, when a provost guard cried, "Halt!" — "Can't." — "Wounded?" — "No." — "Sick?" — "No." — "What's the matter?" — "I am *scared*, and want to go to the rear to — *rally!*"

Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool. The poet Moore, to whom this story was told, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural than for a literary lady to double down a page."

"I would rather," said one of the company, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

A colonel of one of our cavalry regiments was recently complaining, at an evening party, that, from the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he, "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and" — "Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

A contraband, undertaking to find a situation for her

daughter in Cincinnati, insisted upon said daughter's being instructed. Upon being requested to indicate what kind of accomplishments she was desirous of having her hopeful daughter possess, she said, "De gal must be larned de piano and painting, anyhow; and mebbe, arter a while, readin' and writin'."

A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming, "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last sabbath while I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication."

Swift, on his return home in the evening, called on a blacksmith by the way, and asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

A lunatic, confined in an asylum for life, being asked how he came there, answered, "By a dispute. The world said I was mad, and I said that the world was mad; and they carried it against me."

Two cardinals objected to Raphael, that in one of the pieces he had put too much red in the countenances of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. "Be not astonished at that, my lords. I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the Church *so badly governed.*"

"Dey may rail against wimmin as much as dey like," said Sambo: "dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found them fust in love, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best, and last in de sick-room. What should we poor crea-

tures do widout dem? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as you please, and a woman's arms are open to receib us. She it am who gibs us our fust dose of castor-ile, and puts close upon our helpless, naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toses in long flannel petticoats; and she it am, who, as we grows up, fills our dinner-baskets with apples as we start to skool, and licks us when we tears our trousers."

A Quaker, having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, was asked, after the ceremony, by the clergyman, for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved the fees were a crown, he would give it; upon which the clergyman directly turned to the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, verse fourth, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."

"Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion. Solomon was a wise man: here is thy money, which thou hast well and truly earned."

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated, that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have the most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, general: they won't be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming, "*E*

pluribus unum, sine qua non, ne plus ultra, multum in parvo!" The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard at a great distance.

In examining a class of students, Dr. Abernethy asked one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the cool reply.

A gentleman visiting Mr. Wood's school, Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word *inheritance* occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: —

"What is inheritance?"

"Patrimony."

"What is patrimony?"

"Something left by a father."

"What would you call it if left by a mother?"

"*Matrimony.*"

"Dear me, how fluidly he does talk!" said Mrs. Partington recently, at a temperance lecture. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every nerve and cartridge of my body; verdigrease itself couldn't be more smooth than his blessed tongue is." And she wiped her spectacles with her cotton bandanna, and never took her eyes from the speaker during the whole hour he was on the stand. Women are curious creatures, after all; when they once see a man that they like, they will watch him.

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who resided at Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! by no

means," replied the doctor: "I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out to *kill two birds with one stone!*"

Remarking on an actress of Drury-Lane Theatre, remarkable for her coquetry, "That lady," said Mr. Garrick, "is like those sparkling wines which every one tastes, but none buys."

During the census in a certain city, an ancient dame returned herself as a Congregational *decanter;* meaning, in correct language, "dissenter."

A gentleman crossing the water lately below Lime House, where laborers were at work in a tier of colliers, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the Pool, hailed one of the men with, "Well, Paddy, how are coals?"

"Black as ever, your Honor," replied the Irishman with a hearty laugh.

A member of Parliament, having brought in a bill that required an amendment, which was denied him by the house, frequently repeated that "*he thirsted* to mend his bill." At length another member rose and addressed the speaker, humbly moving, that, "as the honorable member who spoke last *thirsted* so very much, he might be allowed to *mend his draught.*" This put the house into good-humor, and his petition was granted.

"Have you the *Lays* of the *Last* Minstrel?" said a city miss, addressing a young man who stood behind the counter of a country store.

"No, we haven't any o' them kind," said the clerk; "but we have good fresh hen's eggs, that we can warrant were laid last week."

A Scotch blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows: "When he who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himself, that is metaphysics."

When Foote was at Salt Hill, he dined at the castle; and when Partridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked him his name. "Partridge, an't please you," said he. "Partridge!" returned Foote: "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your bill."

As the late Prof. H—— was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," says the professor, accosting him, "how long can a man live without brains?"

"I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "how long have you lived yoursel', sir?"

Councillor Lamb, an old man when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous disposition, and usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect. On one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he remarked that he "felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older."

"No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister; "every one knows, the older a lamb grows, the more sheepish he becomes."

The first time the musical instrument called *the serpent* was used in a concert where Handel presided, he was so much surprised with the coarseness of its tones, that he called out hastily, "Vat de deil is dat?" On being informed it was the serpent, he replied, "It never can be de serpent vat seduced Eve."

"What under the sun can cause that bell to ring to-day?" said one man to another as they were approaching a country village.

"If I was to express my candid, unbiassed opinion," was the reply, "I should say that some one was pulling the rope."

"Now then, Thomas, what are you burning from my writing-table?" said an author to his servant.

"Only the paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

"Well, G——, how do you like your profession?" asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been lately admitted to the bar.

"My profession is better than my *practice*," was the reply.

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darky; "don't stand dar on the railroad."

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase, if de cars see that mouf ob yours, dey tink it am de depo', and run rite in."

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting, instead of the men, they would make cruel work of it?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because they have such an *engaging* way with them."

"That's very true; but then they have such a *captivating* way, that there would doubtless be more prisoners than killed."

You often hear of man being in advance of his age; but you never heard of a woman being in the same predicament.

"My dear, what shall we name bub?"

"Why, huz, I've settled on Peter."

"I never knew a man by the simple name of Peter that could ever earn his salt."

"Well, then call him Salt Peter."

"I don't know where that boy got his temper. He did not take it from me."

"No, no, my dear; I cannot see that you have lost any."

A lawyer, not over young and handsome, in examining a young lady in court, complimented her on her personal beauty.

"Were I not under oath to tell nothing but the truth," she replied, "I would return the compliment."

"Pray, Miss C——," said a gentleman, one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?"

"How stupid!" replied Miss C——. "Is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good *offer*, sir?"

A gentleman, whose order was largely developed, had a clerk in his employ whose habits about the office were any thing but orderly. Nothing under his hand had a fixed locality, and every thing was at odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer, who, after a general lecture on the subject of mal-arrangements, quoted the old precept, and said, —

"Sir, you should have a place for every thing."

"I have, sir," replied the junior, "a great many places for every thing."

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping."

"I know it, daddy; but *bills* are not always paid when *due*."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to his religious opponent in front of the Tremont Temple on a Sunday evening, "I say, sir, to what sect do you think I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but, to judge from your make, size, and appearance, I should say you belonged to a class called the *in-sect*."

"Pa, what makes the people go to hear Webster, if they have all got to be put in irons?"

"To be put in irons! Cimon, what do you mean?"

"Why, the papers say, that, at his great speech t'other day, the entire audience were chained to the spot."

"Susan, put this boy to bed as quick as possible."

A little boy, four or five years old, was much vexed with his grandmother for boxing his ears; but, not daring to express his feelings directly to the old lady, he took up his favorite cat, and, stroking her back, thus addressed her:—

"Well, pussy, I wish one of us three was dead; and it ain't you, pussy, and it ain't me!"

A down-easter lately came to New York, and took lodgings at one of the *high* houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upwards, till having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, when Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus:—

"Look here, stranger! if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now; as 'twill be that time *afore I can get down again*."

At the time when Whitefield was in Boston, drawing crowds to listen to his eloquence, Dr. Byles remarked one day, that he would "go *sooner* to hear Whitefield than any other preacher." The person addressed marvelled at the

remark, because Whitefield's doctrines were not consonant with the doctor's feelings; and he said to him, "Why so, doctor?" — "Because," said the wag, "if I didn't, I couldn't get in."

Many years ago, in Connecticut, a certain justice was to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth five pounds.

"Well, Johnny," said the justice as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?"

"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount *at present*."

"Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest; so step forward, Johnny."

At one time, Daniel Webster had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him, and said, "Mr. Webster, if I had thought we should have lost the case, I might have testified a great deal more than I did." — "It's of no consequence," replied the lawyer: "the jury did not believe a word you said."

A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one, as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked him if he wished him to fill both vessels. The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de *milluk*, and dis for de *water;* and I will mix dem to shute mineself."

A Western orator declared from the "stump," that "he was born at a very early period of life."

A clergyman, preaching in the city of London, took occasion to reprove some of his congregation for sleeping in church, and observed that many arguments could not be necessary to show the enormity of that offence, as it was one of those sins which people must commit with *their eyes open.*

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Say," cries the losing client, "how came *you*
To be such friends, who were such foes just *now?*"
"Thou fool!" one answers, "lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between."

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a black-eyed girl to her lover.

"Why not I smoke, as well as your chimney?"

"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir: I've been married for a week."

"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"

"No, no: I belong to the order of married men."

"Mercy! how dumb! Are you a Mason?"

"No: I'm a carpenter by trade."

"Worse and worse. Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Bother you! no: I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling." The querist went away.

Dr. Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said, "Come, doctor, your old toast." — "Excuse me," said he: "as I cannot make her *Brown*, I'll *toast* her no longer."

"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain, under whom he had served.

"In what way?"

"Why, I served under you in battle; and when you ran away, I followed."

Judge Jeffrey, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane who was to be tried, said, "There's a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed asked, "Which end, your Honor?"

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum upon such a pledge."

A clergyman, having preached during Lent in a small town where he had not been once invited to dinner, said, in a sermon exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried in this town."

A minister was walking out one day, and passed two little boys, one of whom made a bow. As he turned his back, he heard the following amusing conversation: —

"Why, John, didn't you know that was Parson M.?"

"Yes, of course I did."

"Well, why did you not make a bow to him?"

"Why, my mother don't belong to his church."

A High Churchman was once asked what made his library look so *thin*. His reply was, "My books all keep *Lent*."

A judge once reprimanded a lawyer for bringing several small suits into court, remarking that it would have been better for the parties in each case had he persuaded his clients to an arbitration of some two or three honest men. "Please your Honor," retorted the lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble honest men with them."

A painter, having turned physician, was asked the reason. "Because," replied he, "my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner; therefore I have now chosen one in which they will all be buried."

A jury of twelve "wise men" returned a verdict of not guilty in a case respecting a female prisoner, but accompanied it with the hope that she would never be guilty of a like offence again!

An attorney, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to "make it as light as possible."

"Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

A lawyer wrote "Rascal" in the hat of his brother-lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

A fellow with a scolding wife, hearing that the dumb ague prevailed in a certain region, proposed making his home there.

"What did you give for that horse, Jones?"

"My note," was the reply.

"You got him cheap, I must confess; but the man of whom you purchased him must be a sufferer."

A lady wrote upon a window some verses intimating her intention of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath : —

> "The lady who this resolution took
> Wrote it on glass to show it could be broke."

"I fear," said a country minister to his congregation, "when I told you in my last charity-sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of your contributions."

A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gubernor ob our State. He come in wid very little opposition: he go out wid none at all."

A country trader, purchasing goods in Boston, was asked if he did not want some half-mourning goods.

"I think I will take a lot," was the reply, "as many people up our way appear to be about half dead."

A Frenchman translating an English book into his own language, on coming to the words "chestnut horse," translated them, "a horse made of chestnuts."

Rev. Dr. B. having inadvertently preached one of his sermons for the third time, one of his parishioners said to him, after service, "Doctor, the sermon you preached to us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it be passed."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas.

"Why," replied a bystander, "he is barking at another puppy, which he sees in your boots."

Queen Elizabeth entering Bristol, a speech was to be delivered to her. The honest man appointed to perform this service began: "May it please your sacred majesty, I am the mouth of the town;" and then, all amazed, forgot the rest. The queen, sporting, said, once or twice, "Speak, good mouth!"

"Mother," said a bright-eyed girl of thirteen years of age, "may I be married?"

"No."

"Why not? *You* have been."

"I know I have, and have seen the folly of it."

"Well, I want to see the folly of it too."

A shopkeeper had obtained the name of *little rascal.* A stranger asked him why he had received this appellation. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," said he, "who are all *great rascals.*"

A poor German, a relative of John Jacob Astor, once applied to him for charity. Mr. Astor gave him a five-dollar bill.

"Why," said the disconcerted relative, "your son just gave me *ten* dollars."

"Well he may!" said the old man: "the dog has a rich father."

A member of a legislature, who indulged in afternoon naps, requested his friend to awaken him when the lumber act came on. His friend omitted it by forgetfulness, but accidentally gave him a jog as the house was discussing a bill to prevent fraud. The sleeper started up suddenly, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, a word or two upon that bill, for more than half of my constituents get their living no other way."

A clergyman preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told the preacher, who was very angry, and called on the gentleman to retract his words.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "in the habit of taking back what I have said; but in this instance I will. I said you stole the sermon. I was wrong; for, on referring to the book from whence I thought it was taken, I found it there!"

"Husband, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed."

"Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask the question?"

"Only to see, love, if you would let me have my *weigh* once."

"My brethren," said Dean Swift in a sermon, "there are three kinds of pride, — of birth, of riches, and of talent. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

A peddler was offering Yankee clocks, with a looking-glass in front, to a very homely lady. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender.

"Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady.

"Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that hain't got no looking-glass in it."

A fop, dining at a fashionable hotel, was requested by a gentleman to pass him some article of food. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite.

"No, sir: I mistook you for a gentleman," was the sarcastic reply.

An ignoramus, in giving orders for a library, requested the bookseller to furnish him all the works of Pope, Milton, and Shakspeare; and added, "If those fellows publish any thing new, don't fail to let me have them."

"What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay damsel of her lover.

"I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply.

"The *smallest* favors gratefully received," was the merry response of the lady.

"Pa, isn't that man in what they call the springtime of life?"

"Why, my son?"

"Because he looks so very green."

A clergyman was censuring a lady for tight lacing. "Why," replied she, "would you recommend loose habits to your parishioners?"

A young lady being asked by a bore of a politician which party she preferred, replied, "A wedding-party."

A Scotch clergyman, a strict catechist, in examining one of his flock, thus addressed her: "Janet, can you tell me how Adam fell?"

Janet fell a-laughing, and answered, "O me bonnie dear doctor, you're na serious!"

"Very serious indeed," said the doctor.

Janet (whose husband's name was Adam) then said, "Weel, weel, sin ye will ha't, doctor, you see, 'Adam just gaed o'er the tither night to Lucky Liston's for half a muchkin o' whiskey, when an oar lying on the road took his foot, and o'er fell Adam; and that's the hale truth o' the matter."

A poor son of Crispin having secured a steak for his dinner, found he had no other instrument with which to prepare his meat for mastication than an awl. With this he began the operation, saying, "*My awl is at stake.*"

A very ignorant person being complimented on his good sense in the presence of a clever young lady, "I don't wonder," said she archly, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense, for he never wastes any."

A witness was examined before a judge in a case, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the whole court upon him; then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began: "May it please your Honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "Turn to the jury, sir!"

A Mr. Fuller and a Mr. Sparrowhawk walking together, among other merry discourse, says Fuller, "What is the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?"

"Oh!" says Sparrowhawk, "'tis *fuller* in the face, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

"Do you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Poland?"

"Indeed, brother; then it's well you and I are not there."

The following notice was once fixed upon the church-door of Ludford, in Hertfordshire, and read in the church: "This is to give notice that no person is to be *buried* in this churchyard but those *living* in the parish; and those who *wish to be buried* are desired to apply to me.

"Ephraim Grub, *Parish Clerk.*"

In former times, it was a maxim that a young woman should not marry until she had spun herself a set of body and table linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters, — an appellation they still retain in England, in all deeds and legal proceedings.

A clergyman, having but little practical knowledge of horses, was called to testify in an English court with regard to the soundness of a horse. He was very confused in giving his evidence; and a furious, blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to say, "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I acknowledge my ignorance," said the parson: "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull; only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully, I see," bowing respectfully to the counsellor, "luckily for me, has none."

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," said the urchin.

A prince, laughing at one of his courtiers whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not what I look like," answered the courtier, "but this I know, that I have had the honor, several times, to represent your Majesty in person."

Dr. A——, physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct as to raise his indignation, so as to draw from him this expression: "Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as I *have covered so many of your blunders.*"

A healthy old gentleman was once asked by the king what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life. "Sir," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been *a horse*, and my apothecary *an ass*."

A finished coquette, at a ball, asked a gentleman near her whether he could *flirt a fan* which she held in her hand. "No, madam," answered he, proceeding to use it; "but I can *fan a flirt*."

The Duke d'Orsuna, being Viceroy of Naples, went on board a Spanish galley, on a festival, to exercise his right of delivering one of the wretches from punishment. On interrogating them why they were brought there, they all asserted their innocence but one, who confessed that his punishment was too small for his crimes. The duke said, "Here, take away this rascal, lest he should corrupt all these honest men."

A painter was employed in painting a West-India ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got alongside for the purpose of going on shore, ordered the boy to let go the *painter* (the rope which makes fast the boat). The boy instantly went aft, and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain, surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "You lazy dog, why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "*He's gone, sir, pots and all.*"

Sheridan made his appearance, one day, in a pair of new boots. These attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many *probable* guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will. I bought them and paid for them."

When Sir Elijah Impey, the Indian judge, was on his passage home, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called one of the sailors to tell him what it was. "Why," replied the tar, "I don't know what name they know them by ashore, but here we call them '*sea-lawyers.*'"

Lady Bath, with an unbearable temper, had a great deal of wit. Lord Bath, saying to her, in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper," she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well, and I wonder you should."

Mr. Pope, sneering at the ignorance of a young man, asked him if he knew what an interrogation was. "Yes, sir," said he: "'tis a little crooked thing that asks questions."

A gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through an inn in chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, he was advised to complain to the principal, which he did accordingly; and, coming before him, accosted him in the following manner: "I have been grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house; and, understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it."

A mischievous boy, having got possession of his grandfather's spectacles, privately took out the glasses; and when the old gentleman put them on, finding he could not see, he exclaimed, "Mercy on me! I've lost my sight;" but, thinking the impediment to vision might be the dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them, when, not feeling them, he, still more frightened, cried out, "Why, what's come now? Why, I've lost my feeling too!"

A certain lodging-house was very much infested by vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "No, sir, we haven't a single bug in the house."

"No, ma'am," said he: "they are all *married*, and have large families too."

A person who was famous for arriving just at dinner-time, upon going to a friend, where he was a frequent visitor, was asked by the lady of the house if he would *do as they did*. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure, she replied, "*Dine at home*, then." He, of course, received his *quietus*, for some time at least.

A shoemaker having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

"Why do you not admire my daughter?" said Lady Archer to a nobleman.

"Because," replied he, "I am no judge of *painting*."

"But, surely," replied her ladyship, not in the least disconcerted by this rude reflection, "you never saw an angel that was not painted."

A countryman was driving an ass by St. James's gate one day, which, being dull and restive, he was forced to beat very much. A gentleman coming out of the gate, chid the fellow for using his beast so cruelly. "Oh, dear! sir," said the countryman, "I am glad to find my ass has a friend at court."

An old Roundhead in Oliver's time complaining of some heavy rain that fell, said a Cavalier standing by, "What

unreasonable fellows you Roundheads are, who will neither be pleased when God rains, nor when the king reigns!"

A gentleman having occasion to call on Mr. Joseph G——n, a writer, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked upon the great heat of the apartment, and said "it was as hot as an oven." — "So it ought to be," replied Mr. G——n; "for 'tis here I *make my bread.*"

Mrs. Drummond, a famous preacher amongst the Quakers, being asked by a gentleman if the spirit had never inspired her with thoughts of marriage, "No, friend," says she; "but flesh and blood often have."

A young woman, not averse to matrimony, requested her father to look out a husband for her. Surprised at her impromptu, he made use of the quotation from St. Paul: "They who marry, do well; but they who do not, do better." — "Well," says she, "let me *do well;* and let who will, *do better.*"

A father chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him, as an inducement, that a certain man, being up betimes, found a purse of gold. "It might be so," replied the son; "but he that *lost it was up before him.*"

A gentleman who went to hire a house, asked the maid-servant of the family occupying the house, — a very handsome girl, — whether she was to be let with the house. She answered, "No: she was to be *let alone.*"

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library. "In the first place, I want for the vacant shelves six feet of theology, the same quantity of school metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

A gentleman observed one day to Mr. Henry Erskine, who was a great punster, that punning was the *lowest* sort of wit. "It is so," answered he; "and therefore the *foundation* of all wit."

A father was going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman; and, after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long; for it is a woman that speaks."

A physician travelled in Cambridgeshire, and found the roads so inaccessible around the town, that he repaired to the rector of the parish, and exclaimed, "Ah, sir! you may preach long enough; but your parishioners will never mend their ways."

All the teeth of a talkative lady being loose, she asked the Chevalier Raspini the cause of it, who answered, "It did proceed from de violent shocks her ladyship did give them with her tongue."

An old offender was lately brought before a learned justice of the peace. The constable, as a preliminary, informed his worship that he had in custody John Simmons, *alias* Jones, *alias* Smith.

"Very well," said the magistrate, "I will try the *two women* first. Bring in *Alice Jones*."

A gentleman, whose nose and chin were both very long, had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought together. "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly," said one to him. "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman; "for a great many words have passed between them already."

Two country attorneys, overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore horse was so fat, and the others so lean. The wagoner, knowing them, answered, "that his fore horse was a lawyer, and the others were his clients."

A person, complaining to another of the want of liberty in their country, was answered, "Surely you have liberty to live and do as you like." — "Oh! yes," rejoined the other; "but I want to have liberty to make *others* do as I like."

A preacher who advised a drowsy hearer to take a pinch of snuff occasionally at service to keep him awake, was advised in his turn to put the snuff in his sermon.

A man lately confined in a Scotch jail for cattle-stealing, managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday; and, being captured on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer, "I might have escaped, *but I had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.*"

A contemporary introduced a piece of poetry with these words: "The following lines were written more than fifty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave *merely for his own amusement.*"

Horne Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a king from a knave."

"Col. W—— is a fine-looking man, isn't he?" said a friend the other day.

"Yes," replied another. "I was taken for him once."

"You! Why, you're as ugly as sin."

"I don't care for that: I was taken for him once. I indorsed his note; and I was taken for him by the sheriff."

There is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the Court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present, "Mr. ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client then withdrew; and, in fifteen or twenty minutes, the lawyer returned into court.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court.

"He has gone, your Honor," said the hopeful legal "limb." "Your Honor told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest; and, as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to cut and run; which he took at once."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snob."

"Pooh, nonsense! tell right out. Jane, which do you like best?"

"Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U the best."

A man in Ohio, well mounted, urging forward a drove of fat hogs to market, met a charming lot of little girls as they were returning from school, when one of them, as they passed the "swinish multitude," made a very pretty courtesy.

"What! my little gal," said the man, "do you curchey to a whole drove of hogs?".

"No, sir," said she with a most provoking smile; "only to the one on horseback."

A young lady, who had been severely interrogated at court by an ill-tempered counsel, observed, on leaving the witness-box, that she never before fully understood what was meant by *cross*-examination.

"Stranger," said a benighted American traveller, who had been wending his toilsome march through brier and brake, through bramble and thicket, as he came upon a raw-looking genius at the door of a log hut, "which is the road to ——?"

"There's two roads," responded the fellow.

"Well, which is the best?"

"Ain't much difference: both on 'em awful bad. Take which you will, afore you've got half way you'll wish you'd tuck t'other."

A domestic newly engaged presented his master with a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?"—"I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Lord Chesterfield's physician having informed him that he was dying "by inches," he thanked Heaven that he was not *so tall* by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

A young man, whose self-esteem appeared to be more fully developed than his conscientiousness, offered a very inadequate price for some property he was desirous of possessing, and, having waited a few days without receiving any reply from the owner, called upon him for a decision, and with much self-complacency put the question, "Pray, sir, do you entertain my proposition?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "but your proposition entertains me."

Mr. Curran passing through an obscure alley in Dublin, observing a pane of glass patched by a page of a very dull book, exclaimed to his companion, "'Tis the first time, I believe, that the author has *thrown light upon any subject.*"

The household furniture of an English barrister, then recently deceased, was being sold in a country town, when one neighbor remarked to another that the stock of goods and chattels appeared to be extremely scanty, considering the rank of the lawyer, their late owner.

"It is so," was the reply; "but the fact is, he had very few causes, and therefore could not have many effects.'

A pompous parish clergyman felt his dignity mightily offended by a chubby-faced lad, who was passing him without moving his hat.

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass in this unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think, sir."

"Whoy, maybe it is so, mestur; for yo teyches me, but I feeds mysel'."

In a school, the perplexed master, addressing an unruly, careless lad, who gave him more trouble than all the spalpeens together, emphatically said, "I do wish you'd be after paying a *little* attintion to what I'm telling av ye."

"So I am," replied the impudent urchin; "I am paying as little as I can."

When Cape wine was first introduced into England, a merchant with whom Sheridan was dining brought out a single bottle, which he had received as a sample, and begged the opinion of his guests on its merits. It was thoroughly approved, and another bottle was urgently called for. The host declared, upon his honor, that he could not gratify the

company by any more of the wine; it was a mere sample, a single bottle, and he was glad they liked it. "Well, well," said Sheridan, "if we cannot double the Cape, we must return to Madeira."

"Ma, whereabouts in the map shall I find the State of Matrimony?"

"Oh! my dear, that is one of the United States."

It was a good play upon words by which a lazy, unpunctual man was greeted on his happening to be early at an appointed meeting one day. "Why, you are first at last; you have always been behind before."

And a little gentleman very truthfully said, he never lay long in bed, nor ever wore a great coat.

An Irish gentleman, building a house, ordered a pit to be dug to contain the heaps of rubbish left by the workmen. His steward asked what they should do with the earth dug out of the pit. "Make it large enough to hold both the rubbish and the earth, to be sure," said he.

In a speech, at a meeting in the Presbyterian church in Saratoga, a temperance lecturer said, "Fathers, you have children; or, if *you* have not, your *daughters* may have."

The transmigration of souls was the subject in a large company. A young gentleman attempted to turn the subject into ridicule, and said, "In fact, I can remember having been the golden calf myself."

"That we can readily believe," replied George Selwyn; "for you have only lost the gilding."

Mr. Erskine, being indisposed in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyl that he had a pain in his bowels, for

which he could get no relief. "I will give you an infallible specific," replied the humorous barrister. "Get made attorney-general, my friend, and then you will have *no bowels* at all."

At the conclusion of a meeting for the choice of town-officers, a Mr. Shote was chosen hog-constable, which produced the following impromptu:—

> "The wisdom of this town now stands confessed:
> They chose one *Shote* to govern all the rest."

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom! Mercy on us, how my head swims!"

"Zounds, madam, never fear," said one of the sailors: "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims.*"

Strange, *Moore*, and *Wright*, three notorious punsters, were, on a certain occasion, dining together, when Moore observed, "There is but one knave among us, and that's *Strange.*"

"Oh, no!" said Wright; "there is one *Moore.*"

"Ay!" said Strange: "that's *Wright.*"

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"

"What right have I to her?" replied the other.

"Every right, by the law of nations, as the first discoverer," said Foote.

A band of young empty-headed divinity-students paid a visit to a manse, and a flock of turkeys followed them to the door. "Sir," says one of the probationers, "do you allow the turkeys to come into your house?"

"Sometimes," replied the minister; "but I will not permit them at this time, for I never suffer turkeys and geese to enter at the same time."

A Yankee tar was once in York, England, who was somewhat deformed by having a large bunch on his back. An Englishman that saw him thought he would have a joke with the Yankee, and said, "What in the world is that hump on your back?"

"Bunker Hill," promptly replied the Yankee.

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "tell me what is a nailer."

"A man that makes nails," said John.

"Very good. What is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails."

"Oh, you stupid fellow!" said the dominie, biting his lips: "a man who makes tails?"

"Yes, master," returned John: "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made, they would be all jackets."

A physician at Bath told Foote he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many irons in the fire, he did not well know what to do.

"Then take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

Lord H., who was very much addicted to the bottle, sitting with Foote previous to a masquerade-night, asked him what new character he ought to appear in. "New character!" said the other, pausing for some time: "suppose you go *sober*, my lord."

Henry IV. enacted some sumptuary laws, prohibiting the use of gold and jewels in dress; but they were for some

time ineffectual. He passed a supplement to them which completely answered his purpose. In this last he exempted from the prohibitions of the former, after one month, all prostitutes and pickpockets. Next day there was not a jewel nor golden ornament to be seen.

Dr. Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

"Doctor, I is anxious to understand de nature ob my health."

"Why! 'tis berry lucky you hab come to me in time. You see, you hab got de inflammation of de bronchial tubes, dat acts on de flaxon longus digitous pedis; and dis has ended in de confirmed delirium tremens, for sartin. Ise de only doctor what can cure you."

"Shades ob natur! am it possible?"

"A Dutch justice refused to hear but one side of a case, for fear it would puzzle him to hear both sides.

A very brave soldier was in the habit of drinking too much. His colonel remonstrated with him. "Tom," said he, "you are a bold fellow, and a good soldier; but you will get drunk."

"Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you expect all the virtues of the human kind combined for seven dollars per month!"

In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his Reverence, said, "I've been spinning it out."

"Yes," said the dean; "I see you have; and you are *reeling* it home."

"Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger as he entered it. "I beg your pardon," replied the individual, rising to go out, "I fear I have: I thought it was a Christian's."

"What's that letter?" asked a schoolmaster of an urchin, at the same time pointing to the letter X.

"That's my father's name," replied the boy.

"No, it is not," said the teacher.

"I tell you it is my father's name," retorted the lad; "for I have seen him write it more than a dozen times."

Some one advertises for the recovery of a lost wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf-skin.

"That's what I call a real finished sermon," said a man as he was coming out of church.

"Yes," replied the other, "finished at last, though I began to think it never would be."

"I say," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I've got an idea in my head."

"Well," replied the other, "if you don't cherish it with good care, it will die for want of companions."

An Eastern editor, speaking of a brother contemporary, says that he must be a believer in hydropathy, for he lies in wet sheets.

A sailor was called upon the stand as a witness. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?"

"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What! not know the meaning of the words plaintiff

and defendant?" continued the lawyer. "A pretty fellow, you, to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other one?"

"Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle! what do you mean by that?" asked the lawyer.

"A pretty fellow, you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means!"

A learned clergyman of Maine was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher, who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth without *any* learning."

"A *similar* event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

A New-York paper contains an advertisement, announcing as lost a cloth cloak belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with the cry, "Miss Wilberforce forever!"

"I thank you, gentlemen," remarked the lady; "but, really, I do not wish to be *Miss* Wilberforce forever."

An old streaker was accustomed to drive the best horse and the costliest buggy in town. He had got so deep in debt, that he was obliged to go into chancery. He was

soon seen, however, driving the identical horse and buggy that he owned before going into chancery.

"How now?" said an old acquaintance, "the same horse and buggy again? I thought you had been through chancery."

"So I have," was the quick reply; "but my horse *went round.*"

A man with eleven daughters was complaining that he found it difficult to live.

"You must husband your time," said another, "and then you will do well enough."

"I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

A dancer said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one foot as I can."

"Perhaps not," said the Spartan; "but my goose can."

A number of years ago, when it was the custom to let out the care of town paupers to the lowest bidder, a weak-minded man, belonging to a certain town in New Hampshire, who had been fed and clothed for his labor, becoming somewhat infirm, no person at the annual town-meeting was willing to take him for the coming year without pay; so he was put up to the lowest bidder. To this he strongly objected, saying "that he could earn his living, he knew he could; and if he couldn't, he would *stay longer.*"

A man in the Granite State, after a severe sickness, met a fellow-townsman on the highway, who inquired with what disease he had been afflicted. The convalescent replied that "he had had the brain-fever in his head, and he had been told that that was the most dangerous place in which a man could have that disease."

When fears were expressed that President Lincoln might be assassinated on his way to Washington for his first inauguration, a man not skilled in the best use of language, yet very partial to long words, was talking with a gentleman, hard of hearing, at the post-office, upon the exciting subject, to whom he addressed the following question, in a very loud tone of voice: —

"Do you think the President will get *vaccinated* on his way to Washington?"

A pastor in Massachusetts was once asked by a parishioner if the sermon he preached the sabbath before was not an old one. The pastor replied by saying, "Can't you tell whether it was or not?" He thought it was, but could not say positively. "Well," said the pastor, "if you have heard the sermon twice, you ought to be able to tell something about it. What was the text?" He had forgotten it. "What was the subject?" he inquired. The hearer could not tell. "Well," said the pastor, "can you repeat any of the leading thoughts, or any of the thoughts presented in the discourse?" After thinking a few minutes, he acknowledged that he could not. "I think," said the pastor, "I ought to preach that sermon again, for *your special benefit.*"

It is reported that Father Moody preached a long sermon, during which a large portion of his audience slept. As he closed, they all waked up, prepared for the closing service, which would release them; but were unpleasantly surprised by the announcement, "that, as they were all awake, he would repeat his sermon, hoping that it would be heard." This was regarded a severe penalty for sleeping.

When slavery existed in Massachusetts, a negro slave went to meeting, one sabbath, and took his seat in the gallery as

usual. A strange minister was in the pulpit, who took for his text, "*Thou art the man.*" He repeated his text several times, accompanied with an emphatic gesture, which pointed directly to the guilty negro. As soon as the service closed, the slave hurried home with the confession, "I did steal de hatchet, massa, I did steal it; but who tole de minister ob it? After de prayer, and de singing, de strange preacher got up in de pulpit, and point right at me, and say, Dat he! dat he! I got down out ob sight, and de preacher talk 'bout somethin' else little while, and I rise up tremblin'; and pretty soon he see me, and say 'g'in, p'intin' right at me, *Dat he! dat he! dat he!* and made me feel so guilty, dat I come right home and tell you, massa, I did steal de hatchet."

An eccentric clergyman, preaching in the pulpit of a brother, on exchange, one sabbath, announced his text twice, before telling his audience where it might be found, thus: "*Zaccheus, come down; Zaccheus, come down.*" Speaking with *emphasis*, the effect was felt by a negro bearing that name, who supposed himself called by the preacher to come down to him for some purpose. So Zaccheus, accustomed to obey, left his place in the gallery, and walked to the pulpit-door, and humbly asked what his Reverence required of him.

A clergyman called upon a quarrelling pair in his parish, for the purpose of influencing them to change their manner of life. He commenced with the husband, who made very severe charges against his companion, declaring that she had a very bad temper, got mad at nothing, and, when mad, would strike him with the broom, the shovel and tongs, or any thing she could lay her hands on. "Well," said the minister, "what do you do?"

"What do I do? Why, strike back, of course. What should I do?"

"Oh, you should do very differently," said the minister. "When she throws *fire*, you should throw *water*."

"Well," said the husband, "I don't know what effect water would have upon her; but I threw a *pail of swill* on her the other day, and it didn't do a mite of good; it made her worse, if any thing." That husband did not understand figurative language, nor how to tame a shrew.

A boy was asked by his teacher, what made the water of the sea salt; and his reply was, "Codfish."

In a certain college, the students were accustomed, in conversation among themselves, to call the president by his Latin name, "*Prex*," and his wife "Madam Prex," and his daughter "Sister Sally Prex." Two of the students went, one night, to steal some of the president's chickens, which roosted in a tree not far from his house. One of the college thieves ascended the tree, while the other stood under the same, prepared to bag the game as it was dropped down to him by his comrade. Before the latter commenced operations, the former, frightened by the approach of the president, fled, leaving his bag under the tree. The president took his position, prepared to bag the game dropped by the man in the tree. The latter wrung the neck of a rooster, and threw him down, saying, "There is Master Prex." Serving a pullet in the same way, he said, "There is Madam Prex." Seizing another pullet, and subjecting her to the same process, he exclaimed, "And there is Sister Sally Prex." The president bagged the poultry, and bore it into his house. When the student, from the tree, descended to the ground, he found neither his chum nor his game. Joining the former in his room, the two concluded that the president had the chickens in his possession, and a knowledge of the men who had attempted to appropriate them. The next morning the guilty pair received an invi-

tation to dine with the president, and accepted the same. The dinner-party was seated at the table, and thanks were returned, when the president, addressing his guests, said, "Young gentlemen, this is *Master Prex;* this is *Madam Prex;* and this is *Sister Sally Prex.* From which will you be helped?"

A young man, in the employment of a railroad company, obtained a pass to the home of his intended bride for himself, and from that home to his for the united twain. When asked for their tickets, the bridegroom, through mistake, handed the conductor his marriage certificate instead of his pass. The conductor returned it to him, saying, "This paper entitles you to *many privileges,* but not to a free ride on this train."

A Second Marriage Contract. — In a certain town in New Hampshire, a widower, about threescore years and ten, married a widow some ten years his junior, with the following understanding: She was to give him all her property, which consisted in one hundred and fifty dollars, cash, and he was to give her a deed of his house and lot, worth three hundred dollars, which deed was not to be put on record unless she survived him. The two appeared before his neighbor, the chairman of the board of selectmen, and he stated the agreement, and appealed to her if the statement was not correct. She replied that it was; "but she had been thinking the matter over, and had come to the conclusion, that, *if he should be sort o' poorly* for a good while, and she should have to *nurse* him, she ought to have a *heifer* in addition to the *place.*" This marriage contract was quite a business affair.

"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much quicker than the hair on my head."

"Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than with your brains," observed a wag.

One Hog was to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was kinsman. Says the judge, "No hog can be bacon till it is hanged."

A country squire, being one day in company with his mistress, and wanting his valet, pompously cried out, —

"Where is my blockhead?"

"Upon your shoulders," replied the lady.

A young lady being asked why she did not study French, replied, that, in her opinion, one tongue was quite sufficient for a woman.

Two men owned a ship at sea, concerning the safety of which they felt great anxiety. Meeting in their place of business, one said to the other, who was not skilled in the meaning of words, "Our ship is in jeopardy!"

"Is it?" replied the other. "Well, I am truly glad that it has got into *any* port."

While the prohibitory liquor-bill was in the hands of the Massachusetts Senate Committee of Six, in the month of May, 1869, after both branches of the Legislature had devoted several weeks to its discussion, two temperance men met in the city of Lowell, and one asked the other, —

"Where is the liquor-bill now?"

The reply was, "I don't know; but I guess it is in the port of Jeopardy, with the lost ship." With this reply, he repeated the foregoing anecdote.

A Yankee, walking in one of the streets of Boston with an Englishman who had recently come to this country, asked

him if he could read the sign over the door of a saloon. He replied in the affirmative, and proceeded to spell the word, thus: "Hes and Ha and Hell and two Hoes and a Hen."

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts, that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

A gentleman accustomed to the signature of the firm of which he was a partner, having to sign a baptismal register of one of his children, entered it as the child of Smith, Jones, & Co.

A hardy seaman, who had barely escaped drowning by shipwreck, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves rolled over him. He replied, "Wet, ma'am; *very* wet."

"What are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow who was stealing his lard. "*I'm getting fat,*" was his reply.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey.

"No, not exactly. I have never broken a *horse,*" replied Simon, "but I have broken three horse-*wagons.*"

A gentleman learning that a literary pretender, with a "plentiful lack of wit," had been seized with a *brain* fever, dryly observed, "Oh! the thing is impossible."

"Why impossible?" asked his informant.

"Because," was the reply, "there's no *foundation* for the fever or the report."

Two gentlemen, walking together, observed a horse whose tail had been closely sheared. One remarked to the other, "That horse is like the Dutchman's, who said, 'Mine hos is petter in de-mane dan in de-tail.'"

An aged clergyman in New Hampshire read a sermon before his ministerial association, bearing the title of "A Plea for Dumb Animals." One of the brethren playfully remarked, that all the jackasses in the country ought to thank Father M. for his sermon. The author, turning to the critic, said, "I am glad that I have *one* appreciative hearer."

Some twenty years ago, two Congregational clergymen, in Massachusetts, had negotiated an exchange for a certain sabbath; and they went to each other's house on Saturday afternoon, each with his own team. One of them, having no hay, had spoken to one of his deacons to take care of his brother's horse over sabbath, and said nothing to the family about the arrangement, as he expected to communicate the same to his clerical brother when they met on the way. But that brother coming by a different route, they did not meet. That brother put his horse into the stable, as there was no male connected with the family of his host, except his little son. Having put his beast into the stable, he went into the house, and thought no more of him until sabbath morning just before the bell rang for meeting. He then went to the barn, and found no horse there, and made known the fact to the family. The little son of the pastor went to two or three of his father's church-members near by, including Dea. Smith, and learned where

the missing horse was; but when he returned home, the minister had gone to church, where he himself went, and took his seat in his father's pew. The minister announced his text, and repeated it with some rhetorical effect, before stating where it might be found, *thus:* "Oh that I knew where I might find him! oh that I knew where I might find him!" The pastor's little son, supposing that the preacher was talking about his lost horse, cried out, in excited tones, "*He's down in Dea. Smith's barn.*"

A gentleman ordered a beef-steak for dinner, and a very small piece was brought to him, which he held up on his fork, and said to the waiter, "Yes, that's it; bring me some."

Sydney Smith had a brother distinguished for his talents, but exceedingly sedate, having no element of wit or humor in his composition. Sydney said that he and his brother contradicted the law of gravitation; for his brother had *risen* by his *gravity*, and he had *sunk* by his *levity*.

An Irishman, feeling great interest in a pending election, declared himself confident of the success of his favorite candidate, who was defeated. Speaking of the defeat, he said, "I am disappointed, sadly disappointed, and I knew I should be."

Rev. Dr. Osgood of Springfield, Mass., conducting religious services in his chapel at a weekly evening conference, gave out a hymn to be sung by his brethren present, who did not happen to be the musical members of his sabbath congregation. Some of them could with difficulty distinguish one tune from another. At the close of the singing, which inflicted the most excruciating pain upon the doctor's nerves, he remarked, "Well, brethren, I hope you

have made melody in your hearts, for I am sure you have made none with your lips. You began with Old Hundred, and ended with Mear."

Passing the Universalist church then being completed in Springfield, a prominent member of the parish, with whom he was on very friendly terms, said to Dr. Osgood, "We are building a church in which the truth will be preached." — "If it is," replied the doctor, "some of your ears will tingle, I guess."

Passing the Union House, — a hotel being erected in Springfield by a joint-stock company of which Mr. D. was a member, which proved, as many prophesied, an unprofitable investment, — Dr. Osgood said, "That building will do for George D. what, with all my preaching, I have been unable to accomplish. It will bring him to repentance."

A petition was started by the colored people of Philadelphia, addressed to the city government, asking that a school might be established for the benefit of their children. The petition commenced with this language, "We, the parents of colored children." Several colored men signed the petition. Some of the petitioners, thinking that it would add strength and respectability to their paper to secure upon it the names of some leading white men, asked such men for their names, who readily gave them, without stopping to read what they signed. The obtaining this class of signatures was stopped by a white man's reading the petition.

When Gen. Howard had charge of a large number of colored men, he made a rule that all the *swearing* in that department should be done by himself. One day, a black man, driving a six-mule team, got stuck in the mud, and

his mules refused to obey him. Getting vexed with his contrary animals, he swore at them very profanely, and in loud and harsh tones. Gen. Howard, being within hearing, approached the enraged negro, and reminded him of the rule he was breaking. The negro replied, "I did not forget the rule; but as you were not here, and there was some swearing to be done, I thought I must do it myself."

A certain lawyer, after having obtained a large amount of money from Boston liquor-dealers for professional services, which proved worse than useless to his employers, turned against them; and although grossly intemperate, bearing the evidence of his habits in his red, bloated face, has recently become the ally and advocate of the ultra temperance men in Massachusetts, and has figured before a legislative committee in behalf of extreme prohibitory measures. While conducting an investigation before said committee, this lawyer was made the subject of the following remark by Judge P. Turning to a friend, the judge whispered, "No one can truly say that Mr. S. is not a *deep-red* (read) lawyer."

A certain man married a charming lady on whom his affections were strongly fixed. Her features were attractive, and her disposition amiable. She had but one defect in the estimation of her husband, and that was so great as to essentially mar his happiness. She was tongue-tied. Hearing of a celebrated surgeon in a neighboring city, who could remove his wife's defect, he took her to him for the desired operation, which was successfully performed. The happy pair returned to their home, the husband being overjoyed with the prospect of soon hearing the melodious voice of his charming wife. As soon as the wound inflicted by the surgeon's knife was healed, the woman's tongue began

to run, and it could not be stopped. Her husband hastened to the surgeon, and, with feelings strongly excited, said. "I gave you fifty dollars to untie my wife's tongue, and I will now give you one hundred dollars to tie it again."

A favorite dogma of the Stoics was, that there was no such thing as motion. They proved this doctrine of their creed by a syllogism, thus: "A thing must move where it is, or where it is not. A thing cannot move where it is, nor where it is not. Therefore a thing cannot move at all."

A leading philosopher of this school was thrown from his carriage, and his shoulder dislocated. His surgeon was called, but refused to operate, saying, that if motion was impossible, according to the patient's philosophy, his shoulder could not be set. The suffering philosopher urged the surgeon not to trifle with him, but to hasten in the employment of his skill in granting him relief. The surgeon replied that he would not replace the dislocated shoulder, unless the patient would renounce his philosophy, and acknowledge that motion was possible. This requirement was complied with, and the desired operation was performed.

The compiler's mother had this one fault, — she would make excuses to her guests respecting different articles of food, when they were the best she could prepare. On a certain afternoon, an aged neighbor took tea with her, whom she asked to take a piece of poor apple-pie. The old lady replied, "I thank you: I never eat poor apple-pie."

The compiler taught an academy one year in Rising Sun, Indiana; and, with his assistant, boarded six months in the family of a wealthy farmer, a short distance from the village. The wife of that farmer was a superior cook,

and set an excellent table; but she habitually spoke disparagingly of her food, frequently saying she did not know as it could be eaten. After being annoyed in this way for several weeks, the preceptor said, one day, when the usual excuses were made in an objectionable manner, —

"Mrs. J——, I have been accustomed to poor table-fare during a portion of my life. While preparing for college, I lived upon miserable food; and, during most of my college-course, I kept bachelor's hall. With this experience, I am prepared to eat almost any kind of food without fault-finding. Don't make any more excuses; for I am not at all particular about what I have to eat."

All eyes at the table were directed toward the good lady and the speaker, both of whose countenances indicated their peculiar states of mind. After a few seconds' gaze, the whole company burst into a fit of loud laughter at the expense of the housewife, who felt the point, and was cured of her folly. If, subsequently, she began to make excuses, she would instantly check herself, remembering the severe reproof she had received from her boarder.

During a Universalist convention, Father Ballou and several other gentlemen were entertained by a family, the wife and mother of which was a neat housekeeper and an excellent cook; but to her belonged the fault which attached to the two ladies described in preceding anecdotes. One day she prepared two pies for dessert, of a kind which was known to be Mr. Ballou's favorite. The pies were as perfect as the skill of the cook could make them. When the time came to present the dessert, the two pies described were placed upon the table with all their attractions. Directing attention to them, Mrs. W—— said, —

"Gentlemen, here are some pies; but they are not fit to eat, not even fit to bring to the table: but they are as good as I could make them under the circumstances."

During this speech she had been cutting one of the pies, the appearance of which caused the mouths of her guests to secrete saliva in anticipation of the luxury prepared for them. Turning to her chief guest, she said,—

"Father Ballou, shall I give you a piece?"

The old man slowly and solemnly shook his head, and said,—

"I am very fond of that kind of pie when it is properly made; but surely, Sister W——, you should be a competent judge of your own work; and, as I think you are a woman of truth, I must take your word for it. You certainly cannot expect me to eat that which you yourself most emphatically pronounce unfit to eat,—unfit even to bring to the table! I had promised myself a famous treat; but I must wait until you have better luck."

With this the old gentleman arose, and left the table. The other guests saw Mrs. W—— sink back aghast; and, as a matter of delicacy, they followed Mr. Ballou. Mrs. W—— had a very unhappy afternoon; and from that time onward she never indulged in the foolish habit of misrepresenting the products of her culinary skill.

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood which he had sent to her during a hard winter.

Foote being annoyed by a poor fiddler, "straining hard discord," under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one scraper at the door was sufficient.

"Have you any travelling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young stationer.

"No, ma'am: we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job.

"If I save me four thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years. Now, which way will I do?"

A gentleman was one day arranging music for a lady to whom he was paying his attention. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?"

"Oh," she replied carelessly, "any time will *do*, but the quicker the better."

A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied, "My lord, I wore a mask."

"Oh, well," returned the bishop: "that puts a new face on the affair."

The conversation at Holland House turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes."

"Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

A clergyman, on reading the twenty-seventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of the First of Kings, incorrectly placed the emphasis, rendering the verse an absurdity. "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle *me* the *ass*. And they saddled *him*."

"I say, my little son, where does the right-hand road go?"

"Don't know, sir; t'ain't been nowhere since we lived here."

Sheridan, being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated for business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I take the chair?"

Talleyrand, the prime minister of Napoleon, was disliked by Madame de Staël. It so happened that Talleyrand was lame, and Madame cross-eyed. Meeting one day, Madame says, "Monsieur, how is that poor leg?" Talleyrand quickly replied, "Crooked, as *you* see."

Hook being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, "I am very glad to hear it." Then suddenly added very compassionately, "And yet I don't see why I should be: poor fellow! he never did me much harm."

"I rise, sir, for information," said a very grave member of a legislature.

"I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander; "for no man is in greater need of it."

A man in the West has moved so often, that, whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up, and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied, and carried to the next stopping-place.

It is supposed by learned theologians, such as Petros Canoton, that Adam entered the Garden of Eden in the spring. However that may be, it is certain he came out in the *fall.*

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good."

"No, my child; you must not be good for *pay:* you ought to be *good* for *nothing.*"

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "Be me sowl, an that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

A wag said, that once, on a journey, he was put into a sleigh with a dozen or more passengers, not one of whom he knew; but, on turning a short corner, the sleigh upset, and he found them all *out*.

"Josiah, how many scruples are there in a drachm?"

"Don't know, zur."

"Well, recollect there are two."

"Oh, there is, hey! Well, daddy takes his dram every morning without any scruples."

An Irish gentleman said to another, "I called to see your family, but they were not at home; and I suppose they had gone to ride in a carriage which was standing at the door."

"You labor over-much on composition, doctor," said a clergyman to an eminent divine. "I write a sermon in three hours, and make nothing of it."

"So your congregation *say*," quietly said the doctor.

"Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman.

"No, sir: I'm the man who cooks the *mate*."

An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer, who was said to be the father of the New-York bar, exclaimed, "Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children."

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a lady one day to her visitors. "I am at home myself, and wish you were."

During an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" he replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, *No.*"

A traveller stopped at an inn to breakfast, and, having drank a cup of what was given him, the servant asked, "What will you have, tea or coffee?"

To which the traveller answered, "That depends upon circumstances. If what you gave me last was *tea*, I want *coffee*. If it was *coffee*, I want *tea*. *I want a change.*"

"John, I fear you have been forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart.

"Yes, Sue, I have been for *getting* you these two years."

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at a dessert, if he would not venture on an orange.

"Madam, I should be happy to do so, but am afraid I should tumble off."

In Cork, the crier of the court, anxious to disperse the crowd around the bar, exclaimed, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"

A conscientious person affirmed that once in his life he beheld people minding their own business. This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, persons being too sick to attend to each other's concerns.

There was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday, he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and went to stop their

sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them, "Boys, do you know what day this is?"

"Yes, sir," immediately replied one of the boys: "Deacon Day, the cooper."

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?"

"What have you had, sir?"

"Three fish."

"Only brought up two, sir."

"I had three, — two trout, and one *smelt*."

"I suppose," said a quack while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug."

"Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

On one of the state trials, the judge shook his head while Curran was speaking. The latter said to the jury, "Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head there is nothing in it."

A lady of wealth put her daughter, who had been pampered by indolence, under a governess. Upon calling to inquire how she progressed with her studies, she was told, "Not very well."

"Why, what is the reason?"

"She wants capacity."

"Well, you know I don't regard expense: purchase one immediately."

A bachelor sea-captain, who was remarking that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a lady present that she had no objection to being his *first* mate. He took the hint and the lady.

An Irishman was directed by a very large lady to secure and pay for two seats in a stage-coach, for her accommodation, as she desired comfortable room in riding. The fellow returned and said, "I've paid for the two seats you tould me to; but as I could get but one seat for the inside, I took the other for the outside."

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife: "a sect of woman philosophers has sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane; "and what do they hold?"

"The strongest thing in the world," said he: "their tongues."

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry-goods clerk to a girl from the country.

"Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel: "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

An Irish veterinary student, when under examination, was asked what he would recommend if a horse should be brought to him with a particular disease. "Och! by the powers," was the answer, "I'd recommend the owner to get rid of him."

Josh Billings says, "It iz highly important, that, when a man makes up his mind to bekum a raskel, he should examine hizself clusly, and see if he ain't better konstructed for a phool."

Though there were not enough righteous people in Sodom to save the city, there was nevertheless a pretty good Lot.

A side judge, in one of our county courts, said the presiding judge never consulted him but twice. On one occasion, he asked him what he guessed the law was in the case

on trial; and on another occasion, after listening to some windy pleas of an hour's length each, he turned to him and whispered, "Isn't this bench made of very hard wood?" And he told him he thought it was.

"Sir," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but you did not tell me that you smoked yourself."

"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with them from his childhood."

A lady, in speaking of a gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court-house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the place where they would shortly lie."

"John, how is your sweetheart getting along?"

"Pretty well, I guess: she says I needn't call any more."

A few years since, a gentleman residing in Lowell, Mass., accompanied by his wife, spent a few days with a family in Boston, on a friendly visit. The wife, under the direction of a physician, was, at that time, taking whiskey daily as a medicine, and the husband, though a temperate man, occasionally took the same liquid without a doctor's prescription. Before leaving home, the wife said to her husband that she would not take her medicine with her, because the gentleman and lady whom they were going to visit were such ultra prohibitionists that the carrying of whiskey into their dwelling by guests would be offensive, even though the latter should assure them that the article was used as a medicine. The husband told his companion to act her pleas-

ure: if she could do without her whiskey until she returned, and she thought the carrying it with her would give offence to her friends, she had better leave it at home. The pair reached their friends' house at early eve; and, after tea, the gentlemen spent most of the evening by themselves, while the ladies held a friendly chat together in another room. When the visitors retired, the wife told her husband that the lady of the house was in feeble health, and was taking whiskey as a medicine, under the direction of a physician, but her husband did not know what she was doing, and she did not dare to let him know it, fearing he would disapprove her course, even if he thought it was benefiting her health. She took her whiskey when he was at his place of business, and contrived ways to prevent her breath betraying her.

On the following day the host and his male guest took a ride over the Mill Dam, and stopped to warm at the Mill-dam Hotel. Being a cold day, the guest became so thoroughly chilled by riding that he could not get warm by outward application. He went out with his host to take a view of the fast horses in the shed, and, slipping away from him, entered the house with the intention of obtaining some hot drink with which to warm himself within; but, before he could accomplish his purpose, his friend was by his side. Finally, the guest said to his host, "Mr. ——, I am so thoroughly chilled that the fire will not warm me. I feel that I am taking cold, and I believe that a hot whiskey sling would do me good. Will you please take some with me."

"I shall be very happy to. I feel very much as you do, and should have asked you to drink with me, had I not understood that you were an ultra temperance man."

While they were drinking together, the Boston man said to his Lowell friend, "Don't let my wife know that I drank whiskey with you, for she is so ultra in her temperance views that she would disapprove of my taking an intoxicant under any circumstances, or for any purpose."

A young man stepped into a bookstore, and said he wanted to get a "Young Man's Companion." The bookseller directed him to his daughter.

The first edition of Morse's Geography contained this item of information: "The town of Albany, N.Y., contains —— —— houses, and —— —— citizens, all standing with their gable-ends towards the street."

Fifty years ago, and less, it was the custom in country towns in New England for the afflicted family, on a funeral occasion, to provide a feast for the mourners, bearers, and helpers. A notorious eater, in a certain town in New Hampshire, used to attend all the funerals which occurred in the region where he dwelt, and would contrive to perform sufficient service to secure an invitation to supper. A bachelor wag, residing in the neighborhood, said he meant to insert in his will, that Uncle Tim, as he was familiarly called, should not be invited to supper at his funeral; for he feared that his estate would not defray the funeral expenses if the old gentleman partook of that meal.

Professor Munson, M.D., a respectable physician in New Haven, was riding one day upon a cream-colored horse, followed by Judge Edwards, whose reputation in the department of the common virtues was not good. The gentlemen were intimate acquaintances, and were capable of perpetrating and enjoying a good joke. The judge quickened the movement of his horse, and, as he approached Dr. M., repeated a part of the eighth verse of the sixth chapter of Revelation, thus: "And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death."

The doctor, turning to the judge, repeated the remainder of the sentence, thus: "And Hell followed with him."

Madame de Staël, in her work called "Delphine," was charged with having represented Talleyrand in the character of an old woman. Meeting that distinguished gentleman, Madame urged him to give her his opinion of her book. In reply to her urging, Talleyrand said, "That is the work, is it not, in which you and I are exhibited in the disguise of females?"

A certain Yankee merchant, who was a successful trader, and a distinguished ladies' man, said, in company with several of his gentlemen associates in a barber's shop, that he would sell any article he owned, if he could get his price. He wore some very handsomely dressed whiskers, of which he was manifestly proud. One of his associates said to him, "Will you sell your whiskers?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What will you take for them?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Will you give me a written obligation for the whiskers whenever I please to call for them, if I will give you fifty dollars now?"

"Yes."

The obligation was written and signed, and the money was paid. A few weeks after this business transaction, on the evening of a ball, of which the whiskered gentleman was a manager, the man who had bought his whiskers sent for him to meet him at the barber's shop. He answered the call, and met him who issued it, at the place named. The whiskered gentleman was dressed for the ball, and said that several ladies were expecting him to call for them in a few minutes from that time. The purchaser of his whiskers told him he wanted the article then, and directed the barber to prepare to shave them off. The ball-manager asked if the shaving could not be postponed until the next day; but was told it could not. The purchaser told the

barber to shave just one-half of the whiskers, and stop. This order was obeyed; and he who gave it said he should delay taking the remainder of his purchase until he gave notice. The half-shaved man urged that the work might be completed; and offered twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty dollars, if the purchaser would take the remainder of his purchase *then*. Finding himself unable to make a bargain on this line, he asked his tormentor if he would sell him the whiskers. He said he would sell them to him for one hundred dollars. The bargain was closed, the money was paid, the other half of the whiskers was taken off, and he who was so proud of them went to the party with a smooth face, and with a loss of fifty dollars in this business transaction.

"Pat, if Mr. Jones comes before my return, tell him that I will meet him here at two o'clock."

"Ay, ay, sir; but what shall I tell him if he don't come?"

"Mynheer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?"

"I do not, really."

"Vell, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans is, it ish his name."

A barrister who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed that he had been turning over Coke.

"Coke," exclaimed a waggish brother, "I thought it was coal."

An Irish captain in the army, newly appointed to drill his regiment, vociferated his first order in a loud voice, to show his authority, thus: "Advance three steps backwards; and those men without arms, hold up your hands."

"Colonel Brown, I owe you a grudge: remember that."

"I shall not be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay any thing you owe."

A young talented lawyer, who had distinguished himself on the sea and on the land, called one day on the great jury advocate of Massachusetts, just about the time the latter was accustomed to take a stimulating beverage. Soon after the interview commenced, Mr. C. stated to Mr. D. what his custom was, and added, "My friend, shall the beverage be *coffee*, or *brandy?*"

Mr. D. replied, "Being your guest, sir, it would be highly improper for me to decide upon the entertainment of this occasion. Permit me to submit this important decision to your mature and practised judgment. That decision, no doubt, will be eminently wise."

After giving profound attention to the subject for a brief time, Mr. C. said, with great solemnity of tone, "The weight of the argument appears to be strongly in favor of the brandy; and my decision accords with the argument, finding myself unwilling to resist its force."

Having announced his decision, the distinguished advocate drew a small chest from under his office-sofa, and took therefrom a bottle and a couple of tumblers. While in the act of pouring the contents of the former into the latter, footsteps were heard approaching the door, and the bottle and tumblers were quickly returned to the chest, and the latter removed to its place. The office-door soon opened, and the Hon. Mr. H., a successful business-man, and one of great physical and intellectual weight, entered with his countenance adorned in smiles, and his bosom swollen with kind feelings towards all.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, Mr. H.," said Mr. C. "It imparts to us peculiar pleasure to look upon your genial face, and to take your friendly hand in ours. As we heard

your footsteps approaching the door, we thought they were the footsteps of a *Presbyterian:* we are happy to learn our mistake. Our mutual friend, Mr. D., has imposed upon me the task of deciding whether we should regale ourselves with *coffee,* or with *brandy,* at this hour of the day; and, after considering the subject candidly, I decided in favor of the latter; and, as we heard the noise of your coming, we were about to adopt the decision in a practical way. Will you, respected sir, join us in this adoption?"

Mr. H. replied, "Mr. C., you are always irresistible, and I have neither ability nor disposition to throw the least obstacle in the way of executing a plan so fully approved by *your tastes and mine.* I move we all regale in accordance with the decision of which you have spoken."

The motion was put, and unanimously adopted, *and they all regaled.* How strange, and wholly out of place, would such a scene as this in a lawyer's office appear in these *prohibitory times!*

On a certain occasion, when useful machines were being arranged at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston, the question was asked, "What motto shall be placed over the Fairbanks scales?" Judge Russell and Judge Warren being present, the former recommended this quotation from Job: "His scales are his pride." The latter suggested this Latin motto, "*Monstrat viam,*" "He shows the way" (weigh).

Before the present representative district system was adopted in Massachusetts, the number of representatives was reduced by permitting small towns entitled to one representative each year to send one a certain number of years in ten, and the number was expressed by the numerator of a fraction. Towns entitled to *two* representatives were permitted to send *one* every year, and another a certain number of years in ten. By this new arrangement, Concord

was entitled to one every year, and one other four years in ten. What belonged to them was expressed by the fraction, $1\frac{4}{10}$. Concord had sent the same two men to the Legislature for several years; and when the town was furnished with their new apportionment, expressed thus, $-1\frac{4}{10}$, — Judge Hoar remarked, in the presence of several gentlemen, "I suppose that Concord will continue to send the same two men to the Legislature who have represented her there the past few years, as she is entitled to *one and four-tenths of a man.*"

Love is Blind. — An attractive young lady, whose parents possessed great wealth, was strongly prejudiced against tobacco-smoking. The smell of the weed was very offensive, and the man who used it in the form of a lighted cigar was positively disgusting to her. She resolved never to entertain a proposal of marriage from, or even to keep company with, a cigar-smoker. An accomplished young gentleman offered himself to her, who falsely asserted that he never smoked, and that the smell of burning tobacco was positively offensive to him. To convince her of the truth of his assertion, he proposed boarding in her father's family six weeks, during which time his habits would be subjected to her inspection. The young lady's affections were soon won by the young man, whose every action seemed to her attractive. A short time before the expiration of the six weeks' trial, the young lady's servant-maid ran to her one day, greatly excited, exclaiming, "As true as you are alive, Mr. —— is smoking."

"It can't be," said the young lady; "I won't believe it." But she consented to accompany her servant to the door of the room occupied by her lover, and to look through the key-hole for the purpose of seeing what was to be seen. As she *looked*, she discovered the object of her affections sitting in the fire-place, with his head so arranged that the

smoke from his cigar was passing up chimney. After looking upon this object a brief time, she turned to her maid, wringing her hands in agony, and exclaiming, "It is a *fact:* he *does* smoke." She took a *second* look, and turned a *second* time to her maid, repeating her former exclamation, but with much less emotion. A third time she looked through the key-hole, and continued her gaze longer than before, during which her countenance underwent a manifest change. As she turned to her maid the third time, she exclaimed, "*It is a fact,* he *does* smoke; but did you *ever* see *any* man smoke *so gracefully?*"

The Folly of borrowing Trouble. — An ancient maiden lady, in her forty-seventh year, was found by her mother strongly excited with grief, which manifested itself in loud crying and flowing tears. The kind mother asked her the cause of her crying. As soon as the daughter could compose herself sufficiently to enable her to speak so that she could be understood, she said, —

"I have been thinking, that if I should marry, and should have a pretty little son, and he should get to playing with a fork, and should put out both of his eyes, how *badly I should feel.*"

The mother *laughed,* and told her daughter she was in no *immediate* danger of experiencing such an overwhelming affliction.

Col. Isaac O. Barnes attended a funeral, the services of which were delayed considerably beyond the time of their appointment. Being tired of waiting, the colonel commenced a conversation with the person who sat next him upon the character of the deceased.

"Mr. —— was a very nice man, wasn't he?" The reply was in the affirmative.

"He was a man of energy and of good executive power, wasn't he?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I really believe," said the colonel, "if Mr. —— had been here, he would have put these ceremonies through before this time."

A Scotch clergyman, preaching one day, quoted the language of the Psalmist, —

"I said in my haste that all men are liars."

Addressing the author, he said, "What's that, Mr. Psalmist? Said it in your haste, did you? Had you lived in *our* day, you might have said it at your *leisure*."

A man was arraigned before a justice of the peace, out West, charged with stealing a pig. Two good witnesses swore they saw the accused take the pig from the pen, and bear it away to his home. The lawyer for the defence brought twelve good witnesses, who testified positively that they did *not* see the accused steal the pig. The only point made by the advocate for the accused was, that the testimony of twelve men should outweigh that of two. This one-point argument prevailed, and the accused was acquitted.

A case was on trial before a justice of the peace in Vermont, one party in which was his own advocate, while the other employed a third-rate lawyer. The unprofessional advocate saw that his opponent was manifestly gaining advantage of him, and began to consider his case as lost; when, casting his eye out of the window, he discovered a distinguished lawyer passing in his carriage. Leaving the court-room, he rushed into the street, and called upon the passing lawyer to stop, and, much excited, told him to go into court and take care of his case, and he would take care of the team. The lawyer did as he was requested; and the old justice felt himself highly honored by having such an advocate appear before him. After shaking hands with the

old squire, who was very deaf, the lawyer said he would take the history of the case from him to the stage which had been reached. Taking a seat near him, the lawyer said, —

"I will now hear your statement."

After describing the case, the old squire stated the principal points in the testimony, and what he himself had said and done. The lawyer said to the old gentleman, —

"I heartily approve of all you have done: I should have done just so myself, had I been in your place."

This complimentary approval pleased the court wonderfully; and the opposing counsel saw how the cunning lawyer was working himself into favor with the man who was to decide the case, and he addressed him thus: —

"You are not acting honorably."

"What does he say?" said the deaf old squire to the lawyer.

"He says you are not acting honorably."

"Silence!" said the court.

"You misrepresent facts."

"What does he say?"

"He says you misrepresent facts."

"Silence! The court will not be insulted."

"You are a rascal."

"What does he say?"

"He says you are a rascal."

"Silence! The court will not endure these insults. I give my verdict for the defendant."

The defendant was the man who undertook to manage his own case. The distinguished lawyer took a respectful leave of the old squire, and went out with his client, who asked him for his fee, and was told, "*Nothing!*"

About the year 1795, the first stage-coach ever run in New Hampshire was put upon the road connecting Amherst with Boston. The commencement of this enterprise

excited great public interest. It was a two-horse covered vehicle, owned and driven by Mr. Joseph Wheat; and ran from Amherst to Boston and back again once a week, — a distance of fifty miles. The stage stopped in Billerica over night, making the trip in about four days. The advantage of changing horses was not then discovered; for the same team performed the whole journey. People came from a distance of several miles "to look at the stage;" and they gazed upon it with the same feeling of wonder that their successors did upon the iron horse with his train of cars. As very few people travelled in the stage, Mr. Wheat could not afford to keep a good team. His horses were poorly fed, and slow travellers. Several anecdotes are told of him, illustrating these qualities of his team. He used to drive through Middlesex Village, Chelmsford, and there bate his horses. On a certain day, he stopped at that place; and being without passengers, as was often the case, he asked an Irishman, who was going to Boston, to ride with him. The Irishman replied, —

"I thank you, Mr. Wheat, I thank you very kindly; but I have engaged to be in the city at such a time, and therefore I cannot travel as slowly as you do. I must be after going on foot. If I only had time, it would give me great pleasure to ride with you; indeed it would."

On another occasion, this witty Irishman walked a considerable distance in company with the stage, when it happened to be loaded. The driver said to his foot-companion, —

"I am sorry I cannot take you up."

"Oh, no consequence, no consequence, Mr. Wheat," replied the Irishman; "but hadn't I better take the mail? I'm going directly to Boston, and it may accommodate the good people there to obtain their letters before you shall arrive."

On another occasion, Mr. Wheat overtook a man on foot,

and, being without passengers, asked him to ride. The traveller accepted the invitation; but, going up ascending ground, he jumped from the coach, and walked on, saying to the driver that he was in a hurry, and therefore could not stop to ride in the stage.

Mr. Wheat had a very long nose. The newspaper published at Amherst, in one of its issues, contained this statement: —

"The weekly mail has not arrived; but, as we go to press, the nose attached to the mail-coach has made its appearance at the lower end of the plain; therefore we confidently expect the mail soon."

The English Clergy in the Time of Elizabeth. — The following quotations are from Macaulay's "History of England:" "The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. . . . The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite — such was the phrase then in use — might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year; and might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the

carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded. . . . With his cure, he was expected to take a wife. . . . A waiting-woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant-girl without the consent of her master or mistress. During several generations, accordingly, the relation between priests and handmaidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of cook."

What a contrast between the American clergy of the nineteenth century and their predecessors just described! The former are often chief guests at the table, where they are permitted to partake of every course, not omitting the luxuries which constitute the dessert. As a class, they are peculiarly attractive to the other sex, and find no special difficulty in forming a union with fair ones from the higher ranks of society. The old and feeble, as well as the young and vigorous, are drawn into this union with female companions fully competent to share with them the responsibilities and duties, the privileges and honor, of the sacred office. Even the aged ministerial cripples whom Bishop Asbury regarded so perfectly destitute of attractions that no females on their circuit would attempt to win them into matrimony, — even they were drawn into this relation, before the expiration of their first year's service. Surely times have changed! There *is* such a thing as progress.

A young man, who had formerly attended Dr. Bethune's meeting, after an absence of a few years called upon him,

and said, "Dr. Bethune, I have become a Christian since I saw you, and have joined the army of the Lord."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the doctor; and added, "With what denomination have you become connected?"

"The Baptists," was his reply.

"The Baptists," said Dr. Bethune, "constitute the *navy* of the Lord."

In a public lecture upon the education of children, Dr. Bethune said that the best essays on this subject had been written either by wives who had never borne children, or by maiden ladies.

The compiler, some thirty-five years ago, heard, in the city of Cincinnati, an introductory political speech, which closed in the following language: —

"Fellow-citizens, on next Tuesday you will be called to perform an important duty. You will be called to exercise the right of suffrage, — a most sacred right. In that exercise, remember, you are acting not only for yourselves, but for your *progenitors*."

The trustees of a female Baptist seminary being in want of a principal, and learning that a Congregational lady of good reputation as teacher could probably be obtained for their service, called upon her and made known their wants, and learned that her services could be obtained. Her credentials were satisfactory to the gentlemen, and the pay they offered was satisfactory to her. They told her that it was a rule of the seminary that all the pupils should attend church twice each sabbath, when in health; and as *their* church was the only one in the village, they all attended it, and the principal accompanied them. They asked her if she would be willing to attend a Baptist meeting.

"Oh, yes, gentlemen," was her reply: "I will *worship* with you, and *commune* with you too."

A young physician in the West, having the gift of talk, was persuaded to take the stump in the advocacy of his fitness and claims for a political office. While absent from home, in conducting his part of the campaign, he was so much abused by his competitor, and others opposed to him in the contest, that he said he began to think he was not the man he used to be; that he had really become another person, possessing a bad reputation and a vile character. As he approached his house, he was met by his little dog, who recognized him as his master, and who manifested great joy in welcoming him there. Witnessing this conduct of his dog convinced him that he had not changed, and that all the representations of himself he had heard were false.

A great many years ago, a good mother found her two little boys, her only children, quarrelling, and said to them, "Boys, why can't you play together in peace? If you will observe this simple rule, you will get along without trouble: 'Let each one take care of one.'"

"That is just what I wish to do," said Peter: "I wish to take care of John."

Within a few miles of the old homestead where the compiler's youthful days were spent, there stood, not long ago, a very old house, in which an honest and wealthy farmer of the Puritan stamp lived, and died at the great age of more than ninety years. He reared a respectable family. One of his sons is now residing in a city of Massachusetts, retired from business with a fortune which ranks him with the independently rich. The house in which this old Yankee gentleman lived a temperate, religious, and useful life, was a low, one-story building, without paint, plastering, or clapboards. Two rooms were sheathed below the windows, and all the others were without this shield from the

cold. The chamber consisted of one room, which was well supplied with such chamber-furniture as the following: There stood the boys' beds, the family meal-chest, with all its partings, and the bins for different kinds of grain. When the owner and occupant of this house was about sixty years of age, he married a widow, who brought to his home two minor children. Wishing the house to be made more comfortable for herself and hers, the new wife asked her husband to plaster two rooms below, and to furnish a sleeping-room above. The reply of the husband was, "This house has served my first wife and her children, and I guess it must do for *you* and *your* children."

Some years ago, there was a caricature, very graphically portraying the grades of difference in the ardor of the three nations, — the English, Irish, and Scotch. An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were represented as looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending a half-crown with the dear craytur, that we may look at her convaniently, and have a bit of chat with her."

"You extravagant dog!" says Mr. George: "I'm sure one-half the money will do quite as well. But let us go in, by all means: she's a charming girl."

"Ah, wait a wee!" interrupted Mr. Andrew: "dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally weel just to ask the bonny lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling, and inquire where's Mr. Thompson's hoose, and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as weel save the siller."

When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh

importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted; but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigor. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began: "Agh! my lady; success to yer ladyship, and success to yer honor's honor this morning, of all the days in the year; for, sure, didn't I drame last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and that yer honor gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase yer honor?" rejoined the old woman: "then it must be yer honor that will give me the tay, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

An English yeoman once evinced an ignorance of the meaning of words which proved profitable to his religious teacher. The latter, in closing a sermon, stated that he had full confidence in the scriptural correctness of the views he had expressed; yet he must admit that other opinions prevailed, and certainly the commentaries did not agree with him. On the following day, the yeoman referred to called upon his pastor, followed by a stout fellow bearing a well-filled sack upon his shoulders, and said to the reverend gentleman, "Ser, yo towd us yisterday, i' yore sarmon, th' common 'tatoes didn't agree wi' yo; so I've browt a seek o' th' Ormskirk sets, o' my own growin'; and I *know* they're *good uns:* so I hope yo'll accept on um, and that they'll agree wi' yo."

One evening, at Oxford, Dr. Johnson was present at a private party, when, among other topics, an essay on the future life of brutes was mentioned, and a gentleman present was inclined to support the author's opinion, that the

lower animals have an "immortal part." He familiarly remarked to the doctor, "Really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Upon which, Johnson, turning quickly round, replied, "True, sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of *him*."

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, "Sir, you'll burn your spurs presently."

"My boots, you mean, I suppose," said the gentleman.

"No, sir," replied the other: "*they* are burnt already."

A busy impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher one day with a tedious discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him.

"No, really," replied the philosopher: "you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you said."

As a certain musician, who had a very bad voice, was singing one day, he took notice of a gentlewoman who fell a-crying; when, imagining that the sweetness of his melody awoke some passion in her breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. When he had ended his song, he approached the lady, and asked her why she cried.

"Oh!" said she, "I am the unfortunate woman whose ass the wolves devoured yesterday; and when I heard you sing, I thought on my poor beast; for, surely, never were two voices so much alike as his and yours."

When Garrick was last at Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa. Our Roscius, being

in a gay humor, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly ply between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the fellow answered that he would do so as soon as he had got his complement of four passengers.

A caprice immediately seized Garrick: he determined to give his brother-player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the door, went round the coach, and, by his wonderful command of countenance, — a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Drugger, — palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick stepped out a third time, and, addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and was about to drive off without him, when Preville cried out, "Let the stranger in: he is a small man, and we can accommodate him without discommoding ourselves."

This plea prevailed, and Garrick was permitted to enter the coach.

Boswell, dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet.

"I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a dog in the town but what thinks so."

M. Lalande, the French astronomer, during the whole time of the Revolution confined himself to the study of his favorite science. When he found he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, "I may thank my *stars* for my safety."

A witness in court spoke in a very loud and harsh voice, and the lawyer employed on the other side exclaimed, "Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?"

"Because," replied the rustic, "I think I see a thief."

An author was reading some bad verses to a friend in a very cold apartment, when the latter, shivering, cried out, "You must either put fire in your verses, or your verses in the fire, if you wish to prevent my freezing."

Several of the British dames are very fond of the Trafalgar garter, on which is inscribed the memorable signal, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Two gentlemen discoursing in a public company, one of them observed that the disorder of the king's-evil was very uncommon in this country.

"True," replied the other: "the *king's evil* seldom rages in a *republican government.*"

A Yankee, according to the poet Saxe, is a driving young man: —

> "He sees aqueducts in bubbling springs,
> Buildings in stone, and cash in every thing."

A physician who carries a merry physiognomy into the sick-room, and among chronic, nervous, and hypochondriac people, does much more to effect cures by his warm, hearty laugh, and joyous face, than by his medicines.

An Athenian (as was customary with that people) had caused the following inscription to be placed over the door of his house: —

"Let nothing enter here but what is good."

Diogenes asked, "Then where will the master go in?"

ADDRESS.

HAVING completed my book, I send it forth among the millions to work its way to public favor. I ask for it a general circulation, with the hope that it may contribute largely to the rational enjoyment of the people. With great labor I have collected a very large variety of witty and humorous sayings, of anecdotes and pleasantries, free from those objectionable features which have too often belonged to the exciters of mirthfulness. I have endeavored to exclude from this collection every thing that would tend to demoralize or even offend the taste of the virtuous and the good. I think I have succeeded in making a collection of rational exciters of that human faculty which helps distinguish man from the lower grades of animals, and, in its appropriate exercise, tends strongly to promote his health and happiness. I sincerely hope that some conscientious persons, who, through incorrect views of spiritual Christianity, have thought it wrong to laugh, will have their views corrected by my essay; and that the same persons will find profitable amusement and rational enjoyment in the occasional reading of my innocent promoters of laughter. I think my book will fill a niche that has never been properly filled, and will supply a demand felt by a large number of persons. I have long felt this demand myself, and have heard many others express the same feelings. I hope my book will do good, as a medicine, by exterminating the blues, and making those cheerful and happy who might otherwise be sad, and even wretched. I do not claim for it the most exalted agency, and yet I claim for it an important agency. If properly used, it will benefit the user. It is not designed, like many other books, to tax the energies of the mind, and to impose labor on

those who peruse it. Its design is to impart rest to the weary by rationally exciting their mirthfulness, and affording them rational enjoyment. Its design is also to meet the demands of the mirthful for fun, without inflicting upon them moral injury. To what extent I have accomplished my purpose, which must be regarded laudable by all reasonable persons, my readers must be the judges; to whom I submit the book.

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